



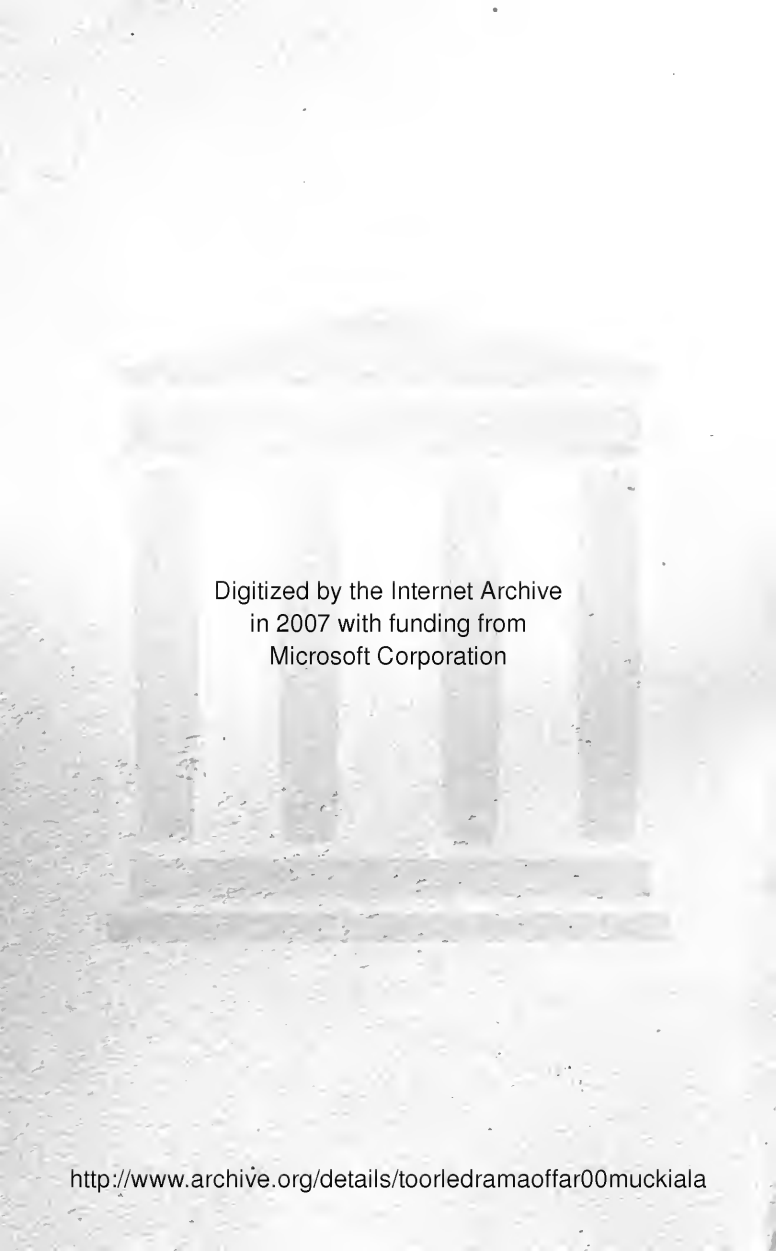
"Toorle"
&



OTHER
PIECES

James A. McMillan



A faint, grayscale background image of a classical building with four prominent columns and a pediment, possibly a library or museum. The image is centered and serves as a backdrop for the text.

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“TOORLE”
AND OTHER PIECES



“TOORLE”

A Drama of Farm Life in the Lothians

IN FIVE ACTS

AND

OTHER PIECES

BY

JAMES LUMSDEN

(“*Samuel Mucklebackit*”)

LATE OF EAST LOTHIAN

AUTHOR OF “LAYS AND LETTERS FROM LINTON,” “EDINBURGH POEMS
AND SONGS,” ETC. ETC.

Edinburgh

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DEDICATION :

TO ALL THE SUBSCRIBERS TO, AND READERS AND CRITICS OF,
MY FORMER VOLUMES
I HUMBLY DEDICATE, WITH SINCERE AND PROFOUND
GRATITUDE, THIS BOOK.



PREFATORY NOTE.

WITH the exception of the minor poems entitled, 'Frank Anderson,' 'A Trip to Dunbar,' and the three 'End of Century.' pieces, the Contents of this book are here printed for the first time.

I have to explain in regard to 'Toorle,' that the effort is designed to represent merely a phase or two of rural life in the Lothians; for to depict it all, even generally, would require the scope of many dramas—indeed of many even 'five act' ones.

Considering also that so much of this play, if written dramatically, would need to be penned in the district vernacular—the dear, 'braid auld Scottish tongue,' which William Sinclair, in his very able and most interesting book, truly declares, 'has a strength, a beauty, and a homeliness which a Scotsman at anyrate cannot find in English'—I have written it in the firm belief that it would never be found suitable for stage

representation. With that idea predominant in my mind, I have striven to write it all truly and interestingly for reading only, albeit I have modelled 'Toorle' strictly after the form and style of the old playwrights.

For dialectic reasons I have likewise given throughout both the 'Drama' and the 'Other Pieces' brief meanings in English of all the probably difficult or obscure Scots words and phrases, still in constant use in country quarters, and therefore surely occurring in the text of a play and poems claiming these localities as their 'Calf-ground' *par excellence*.

This plan was suggested by Chambers's Edition of Burns, where the difficult Scots is explained on the right-hand margin of each page. This method, and its twin the foot-note one which I have adopted, have, however, to balance the supposed ease they afford the southern reader, the grievous fault of necessitating the printing of ceaseless yet unavoidable repetitions, but I have made trial of it notwithstanding, and need say no more. The book contains, I believe, my best.

Now that it is before the Public I can only fervently pray that it may reap the success of its immediate predecessors.

J. L.

EDINBURGH, *January*, 1903.

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“TOORLE”

A Drama of Farm Life in the Lothians.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LAMMIE, *Farmer of Laigh-lea.*

ROBIN, *Son to Lammie and Godson to Toorle.*

YOUNGER, *Farmer of The Braes.*

MURRAY, *Farmer of Scadfoot.*

HUGH, JOHN, WILLIAM, and THOMAS, *Sons to Younger.*

} *Neighbour
Farmers.*

ROBERT FORMAN, otherwise “TOORLE,”¹ *A Country Millwright.*

WILL CHAPMAN, *A Country Blacksmith.*

JOCK, *Son and Journeyman to Chapman.*

ROB. BRODIE, *Grieve, or Farm Steward to Lammie.*

WILLIE BRODIE, *His Brother, A Scoto-American.*

BLUNT, *Factor for Lammie's and Murray's Landlord.*

DOCTOR LANG, *Medical Practitioner, Fraiks.*²

REV. MR LITTLE, *Minister, Fraiks.*

JAMES WOOD, or “WUDDY,” *Ploughman, The Braes.*

TAM WHITE, or “WHITEY,” *Ploughman, Laigh-lea.*

PADDY MURPHY, *An Irish Harvester.*

PATSY, *Son to Murphy, a Boy.*

DAFT DAVIE, *A Country “Natural.”*

MRS LAMMIE, *Second Wife to Lammie.*

MRS BRAIDHEAD, *A Widow, and Aunt to Effie Brodie.*

MRS MURRAY, *Wife to Murray of Scadfoot.*

MARY BLYTHE, *Daughter to the Proprietor of the Goat's Head Inn.*

¹ Said to be the name he called himself by when a child.

² *Anglicè, Freaks.*

EFFIE BRODIE, *Daughter to Rob. Brodie, Beloved by Robin.*
 VAE, or VIOLET HORSELEY, *Sister to Daft Davie.*

PEGGY GRAY, }
 PHEMIE BRACK, } *Servant Girls with Lammie.*

JESSIE ROSE, *Servant with Mary Blythe.*

A Country Policeman, A Prison Warder, Servants, etc.

SCENE.—Edinburgh and the Countryside East and South of it.

TIME.—In Acts First and Second, the Early Sixties of last Century; in the other Acts, several years later.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room in the Goat's Head Inn of the Market Town of Fraiks. Afternoon of Market Day.

Enter YOUNGER and MURRAY, meeting.

Young. Hallo, Maister Murray! Gled¹ to see ye. Hoo's a' wi' ye?

Mur. Thenk ye, weel eneuch²—tho' I muckle fear we are gaun to hae a gell³ o' wind sune?

Young. Aye the auld man! aye 'fearing' something. Houts, touts, man! never say 'fear.' And e'en tho' a wind do come, surely we hae tholed winds afore, and are aye to the fore yet oursel's?

Mur. I hae this day three haill fields o' barley, a forty-five acre ane o' Fenton wheat, and twa bigger anes⁴ o' tattie aits⁵—a' maist deid ripe an' ready for the hook, an' were a wind to come the nicht, I wad be a

¹ Glad. ² Enough. ³ Gale. ⁴ Ones. ⁵ Potato oats.

ruined man the morn. Oh! its terrible to think o'.
Dreidfu'!

Young. Man, Tammas, ye are naething but a doun-richt self-tormentor, in fac' a what they ca' a 'hipokon-dree-ack' eedywut!¹ Mourn the win' whan it has come an' dune ye damage. It'll maybe ne'er come ava,² and in that case, ye'll hae yer mourning for yer pains. Ring that bell!

Enter MARY.

Mary. Were ye ringin', gentlemen?

Mur. [*Aside.*] Nae wund! I only seek a lown hairst,³ a fair field an' nae favour.

Young. Ha! my bonnie lassie. There again! Come here, my doo! Ye *do* look weel! Fesh⁴ in a gill o' yer best and a potawsh. [*Exit Mary*]. My princess o' the Braes to be!

Mur. Be-the-bye, neebor,⁵ do ye ken Sandy Lammie—him that's noo in Laigh-lea, I mean? I've gotten a note frae him about our Mairch fence—an ugly job I fear. Curse baith him and it!

Young. Do I ken Mr Lammie o' Laigh-lea? Why! man, I ken him, an' have kenn'd him for abune thirty years noo—in fac', sin' afore he took the Auld Mills. He ran a nineteen years' lease out there. Afore that, he was a corn dealer here, and in Embro'⁶ as weel, for mony, mony years. Gin⁷ *you* dinna ken him, yer auld faither did, I trow. Lammie's an elder o' the Auld Kirk—he was madeane after the Disruption,⁸ sair again'

¹ Idiot. ² At all. ³ Calm harvest. ⁴ Bring. ⁵ Neighbour.

⁶ Edinburgh. ⁷ If. ⁸ Secession from the Church of Scotland in 1843.

his will, it was said. Onywey,¹ Tammas, nae doubt the Kirk, at that time, wad be sair press'd for offishers, as weel as for members an' hearers, and Lammie, I jalooze, wad be ane o' the vera best they fell on, or could fa' on, for that maitter.

Mur. I understand a' that, neebor, but—

Re-enter MARY, with refreshments.

Young. Ay! come awa, Mary! come awa, my lady! Gie me a kiss the day!

Mary. Gae awa, Maister Younger! Fye, fye! an auld white-headed man like you! A half-crown? I'se bring the change directly, sirs.

Young. 'Change!' Not a stiver! Tak' 'change' o' a half-crown frae my queen—my bonnie Mary Blythe! Na, Mary! Na, na!

Mary. 'Na, na!' to you, too, Mr Younger. But mony braw thanks, sir, a' the same. Ye *mean* weel, I know. *[Exit.]*

Young. Tammas! I'm a lone widower noo, as ye ken, and I'm a Dutchman too, gin I wadna tak' for a second wife bonnie Mary Blythe the morn.² She's the cleverest and the sweetest lass in Loudon; but I fear Deanhaugh.³

Mur. Sae weel ye may, if Toorle be for Mary. He's an awfu' man! Nane could stand up again' him, if he wad sober himsel', I believe. But, what! a carle as auld as you to dream o' anither wife? Losh,⁴ man, Younger, tho' no' half your age, I'm married, an' I'm an ass gin I wadna gie a' I'm possessed o' to be *free* the morn!

¹ Anyway. ² To-morrow. ³ Toorle's place on Leddie Water side.

⁴ Exclamatory, equal to 'Great Scott!'

This curst warld is gorgit¹ wi' troubles, an' a woman is the greatest o' them a'—at least a wife is! But, as I was sayin' about Lammie, what kind o' man is he? Tell me, sir, an' ye hae kenned him sae lang. Our north fence (his south ane) threatens to turn out a ticklish job atween us.

Young. Lammie, Maister Murray! Lammie's a man o' men—that's a fack! He's a strong, dacent, wise man—kind o' releegious, but no' owre muckle o' that. And he's a man, Tammas, that there is nae cowing—a perfit deevil² for pushin' on an' gettin' throo. Ony mair drink?

Mur. No! not anither drap. We start shearing on Monday wi' fifty rigs, an' there's a hantle³ to do an' mak' ready afore than. I'se see ye neist⁴ market-day. Sae ta-ta 'enoo. Do ye raley⁵ think, neebor, the wind 'ill keep down?

Young. I canna say. Ask the wife!

Mur. (*Viciously.*) Oo-oo-oo! hang the besom! her!! *[Exit.*

Young. Ha, ha, ha! What a man! Nae drink? He'll be fou⁶ or he's out the toun! I canna say I like him—*owre weel*. There's something o' the fiend owre muckle in him for me. I'se wairn Lammie to keep his cautious e'e on him. That I sall!⁷ He's nae fule⁸ either—but a dounricht daft destroyer o' his ain, an' his puir wife's peace. That's owre true. He's getting to be owre wat,⁹ an' gin he doesna mind, drink will be his ruin. But there is something even waur¹⁰ about him than his drucken tastes, tho' the deil o' me can say what it is.

¹ Gorged, full to the throat. ² Perfect fiend. ³ A great deal. ⁴ Next.

⁵ Really. ⁶ Drunk. ⁷ Shall ⁸ Fool. ⁹ Drunken. ¹⁰ Worse

He's an able, clever fermer eneuch,¹ ane in the tenancy o' ane o' the finest fermes in the Loudons,² under a canny laird, and a factor wha kens what's what—a fermer himsel'—a giant fallow, an' a big-mindit carle as weel. But Murray, I see, is jealous, an' feart for Lammie. Their fermes lie neist ilk ither,³ an' of coorse Sandy Lammie far outshines Murray, baith as a respectable man, and as a cawpable fermer. That lang-negleckit mairch fence dispute 'ill raise the deevil atween them yet, as sure's the warld. Murray's mailen⁴—Scadfoot—is ane o' the surest places in the East country, an' dirt cheap—ta'en by his faither afore the war. Lammie pays three times owre the rent that Murray does, has a lairge sma' family, an' a puir bed-fast, deecin'⁵ woman for a wife. Neither is Laigh-lea as sound a ferm as Scadfoot. It's nae doubt a far bonnier place, wi' the Leddy Water and a' its green howes an' knowes, an' its bonnie spreadin' haughs an' howms, its White Brig, an' auld ruin'd castle, but there's mair siller in Scadfoot—had it only haen⁶ a man like Lammie to work it out. I'se see Mary down in the Inn kitchen afore I joogle awa' hame i' th' gig. Will Toorle be there? I fear he's afore me, the deevil! he's aye afore!

[Exit.

SCENE II. *A Country Turnpike Road. A Band of Irish Reapers resting—smoking and singing.*

Reapers [*singing*] *Flocking from Ireland all the way,
Thick thramping night and morn,
Across the land, across the say,
To rape the goulden corn!*

¹ Enough. ² Lothians ³ Next each other. ⁴ Farm. ⁵ Dying. ⁶ Had.

*On to the Loudons¹ right we flee,
The early harvest's there,
And 'tis a land as swate to see,
As our own county Clare!*

*They welcome kindly all the boys,
And darlints, bright as morn,
Coom'd all the way across the say
To rape their goulden corn!*

Enter LAMMIE, from a side road, to them.

Lam. Guid morning, boys! Ye hae your hooks,²
I see;

I am the tenant o' that farm down byc,
And sairly needing *hands*.—What say ye, lads?
Will ye hire on with me?—What! Paddy Murphy!
[*Recognising an old harvester of his.*
Mercy! never?

Murphy. Och, och! sure 'tis me ould Masther av
The Mills!

But how, sor, be yeez here?

Lam. I've ta'en Laigh-lea;
You ken that mailen,³ Paddy Murphy, weel?
Aft hae ye shorn there in the bygane hairsts!

Murphy. Laigh-lea? Hoch! Me ould masther!
So I have,
I've shorn, an' bansther'd⁴ too, at ould Laigh-lea,
For thirty years wid good ould Master Slate—
Now dead and gone—the Vargin rist his sowl!

Lam. Of coorse! Laigh-lea being later than The
Mills,
Aften, when we were shorn, ye gaed⁵ there next?

¹ The Lothians. ² Sickles. ³ Farm. ⁴ Stooked the sheaves
behind the reapers. ⁵ Went.

Murphy. I did. But are yeez needin' hands? We be Seekin' for shearin'. Say, thin, what's yer tirms, And take me back agin, Masther Lammie!

Lam. Terms? The same as those langsyne, my boy! Port wages,¹ and the halesome harvest fare: The toothsome parritch,² ilka morn and e'en, With sweet skim-milk;³ and for your denner⁴ meal, The gratifecin' shearer's bap⁵ an' beer— The best that coin e'er coft,⁶ forbye,⁷ of coorse, Your cosy bed and blanket.

[*The Reapers consult by themselves.*]

Murphy. Masther, we'll agree, if so be us all, Together in wan coompany, ye'll take?

Lam. O! I'se do that. Ye've a' a working look! So, Paddy, aff at once, doun to the grieve, Ye ken him weel—he's auld Rob Brodie still! He left The Mills, and hither cam' wi' me, An' wadna be denied!

Murphy. Sure, right he woz! Meself it is as would have done that same, Unless you'd stayed wid me!

Lam. Ha! ha! But, Pat, Where is your little laddie, Patsy, now?

[*Murphy whistles on his fingers.*]

Enter PATSY, chewing beans.

Murphy. The spalpeen is at war, your Honour, plaze,

¹ The wages agreed to by farmers and reapers, and then publicly announced by the Chief County Constable every Monday morning during harvest at the West Port, or entry, of Fraiks.

² Porridge. ³ Milk with the cream skimmed off. ⁴ Dinner.

⁵ Loaf. ⁶ Bought. ⁷ Besides.

Wid that outrageous brut' called Oirish want,
Whom nothing has o'ercoom, but naips an' banes,¹
Since we did lave our ship! (*Aside to PATSY.*) O
you young thafe!

Coom here, you scub, an' spake his Honour sinse,
Sure it's ould Masther Lammie av The Mills!

Patsy. O father! So it is! He gave me wonct²
The night that Little John, his boy, did die,
A whole half-crown, bekaze that I 'did play,
An' woz the coomrade of his dear dead lad!

Lam. (Excitedly.) Nae mair o' that! Paddy, awa!
Haste to the field, an' get yer baps an' beer,
The denner cairt's at hand! [*Exeunt Reapers.*

Eh, me! eh, me!

That gabbie youngster made my saft briest thud
As it had held the heart o' our Pet Lamb!
Owre saft am I, owre womanish an' weak,—
Me! the "leading agriculturist" a' owre,
To whinge an' bubble like a jilted wench!
And this the ouk³ that Murray comes to learn
Gin we can settle 'bout that cursed mairch hedge,—
When, Lammie, ye'se need a' yer wits, I trew,
For, by a' rumours, he's a sicker carle!—
But, O my laddie! O my favourite bairn!
The flower o' a' my flock! To dwine an' dec!—
He was owre guid⁴ for hungering death to leave!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Kitchen of the Goat's Head Inn.*

Enter YOUNGER and MARY.

Young. Yes, that's it. What is't to be the nicht?

¹ Turnips and beans.

² Once.

³ Week.

⁴ Good.

Consent? O bonnie Mary Blythe, I'll tak' nae less!

Mary. 'What is't to be the nicht?' The same as hitherto, of course. Weel that ye ken. It winna do. Ye're far owre auld for me.

Young. 'Auld,' lassie! Ca' ye me 'auld?' Ninety is auld, an' I'm younger—ca'd 'Younger,' an guid for thirty years yet at least.

Mary. Ye are 'ca'd' Younger, truly. That's your name. But he wha ca's ye younger than seventy odd years, is as big a fool as yourself, an' ye are nae midge, I trow! Gae awa, ye auld white-headit Romeo! Ye crazy lusty fule. Thinkna ye shame o' yersel', ye daft, doited frailty? A wooer! A gran'-gutcher,¹ rather! Isna Hugh, yer auldest son, a married man wi' fowre o' a family? And arena yer twa youngest anes strapping troopers in the Loudon Yeomanry?² Gallant lads they be baith!³ Gae awa hame, ye glaiket,⁴ fuisted,⁵ gray-green, auld stock! I winna hae ye! A man like a mickle swallen bour-tree trunk in a snaw storm, just about to tapple owre! Me tak' ye! Gae awa hame. I'll no' hae ye.

Young. Mary! Mary! Listen to me, Mary! Ye hae gotten brains, an' smert anes at that. Sae my dainty, my angel! my diveenity! listen to me. I am a man o' means, as ane may say, an' tak' me, tak' ane that sall mak' ye a perfit lady! Ye'se dress, Mary, ye'se dress in silks, an' satins, an' white lace; an' drive about i' th' gig like the Queen Viktory. Ye'se hae fowre servants to do yer bidding amaist afore ye speak; an' to say 'Mem' to ye every ither word. Think o'

¹ A great grandfather. ² The Lothians and Berwickshire Regiment of Yeomanry. ³ Both. ⁴ Silly. ⁵ Withered.

that! O Mary, think on a' that. They sall milk a' the kye,¹ ca' the kirn,² feed baith the pigs an' the pooltry, kinnle every fire i' th' house ilka³ morning. Guid-sake, guidness! think on a' that, Mary! Ye sall be as idle as a princess, or a minister's wife! What say ye, lass? Bonnie leesome⁴ Mary Blythe! O! what say ye, noo?

Mary. Bide back! stand abeigh⁵—there! I am to blame for this mysel'. I am too free an' familiar wi' ye, I fear. But we've kenn'd ye sae lang, an' ye've aye been sae extraordinary guid an' kind, baith to father an' me, that I've looten ye gang⁶ owre far. Silks, satins, lace, gigs, servants servile an' slavish, idleness, kye milkit, kirns ca'd, fires kinnelt, and VERSEL'—a' for just saying the ae wee wordie 'Yes!' But—

Young. Toorle! O, Mary, is it Toorle?

Mary. No, never! It is *not* Toorle.

Young. Then for what does yer face aye redden whanever I name his name?

Mary. Does it? (*blushing deeper*) Mr Toorle is a toper; and no man, no matter whom he might be, nor how greatly and truly he loved me, shall ever gain one jot of my favour who indulges to excess in strong drink. But hush! I hear a customer. Hold your tongue.

Enter TOORLE agitated, and somewhat tipsy.

YOUNGER and MARY step aside.

Toorle. Ho! ho! No plebians here? Come on!
Come on!

¹ Cows. ² Turn the churn. ³ Every. ⁴ Lovable. ⁵ Aloof.

⁶ Permitted you to go.

O, I could drink John Barleycorn's last lees.
I have a stomach greedy as the sea
That swallows Amazonia. Drink! drink! drink!
My dear Grandam is dead. Her all is mine!
I'm left her all—down to her kitchen tangs!
Peal loud Hosannas, all ye burgh bells;
Proclaim the hallow'd midnight she succumb'd,
Until I die myself—an era hence!
I'm stronger than *This Age*, though drier than
The Year of the Short Corn! Where be the waits?
They cannot all, like Gran, be 'dead and gone?'
Small matter—if they've been as good to me,
Her sole inheritor! Not one mortal else!
I'll keep her last day as a Hansel Monday,
Sacred to all the muses and high jinks!
Let saws and lathes, gouges, and chisels rot!
Glue-pots and patterns waste and fall to dust!
Why need I care? My Grandam dear is dead,
And safely plank'd in Bank is all her gear!
Mary! O, Mary Blythe! a horn of brandy here.

[YOUNGER and MARY come forward, then Exit MARY.

Young. What! Maister Toorle here, and fuddled
fou? ¹

Gin ye'll gae at it, tak' ye tent,² my son!—
Sich on-gauns maistly end whare ruin lies.

Enter CHAPMAN, Elevated also.

Chap. (*Fauntily.*) 'Whan market days are wearin'
late,
And folk begin to tak' the gate,'
We meet wi' freens we dinna hate—

¹ Fully intoxicated.

² Take heed.

What are ye gaun to hae?—just say't!

*Young. Od, Chapman! whan a wee drap's i' yer ee,
A fuunnier fouter round there downa¹ be!—*

*Toorle. O! rhyming are you? Then, I won't be
beat!*

Chapman and Younger, two chum fogies, meet;

Which of the two the greatest bore may be,

Let others say—for I am on the spree!

Will! touch that bell—for 'Toorle's' on the spree!

Re-enter MARY.

*Toorle. (Mock-earnestly.) Ha! Come on, Mary Light-
of-heels, draw nigh!*

*I saw thee, flirting one, when passing near
The Witches' Loan, at nine o'clock, one night,
(That very night on which poor Granny died,
And left so mindfully her all to me!)*

*I saw thee Mary Many-joes, I say,
Keep love's sweet tryst with Job the butcher's son!*

Mary (Taking him seriously.) Me! Mr Toorle!

Out out-owre this house

*I haena been sin' I was at the kirk,
On Sabbath afternoon, which I can prove!
O sir! O sir! An' sic a man as you!
How can ye stain a helpless lassie so?*

*Young. Toorle! Rise up, ye dog! I am 'auld'
may be,*

But no sae auld but that I can do that!

[Knocks TOORLE down.]

*Mary. Help, help! Police, police! Murder,
murder!*

¹ Cannot.

Chap. Wheesht, lassie, wheesht, I say, an' haud yer tongue!

Div ye no' see ye scaur the vera deuks,¹
That plouter² i' the strands³ along the street?

Toorle. (*Coming to himself.*) What is it now?
'Drunk?' Mr Younger, didst thou knock me down?
Then I was 'drunk' indeed. What was it for?
Thou art, my friend, the only living man,
In all the *Lothians Three*, that could do this,
Or, having done't, whom I would not destroy!

Chap. But Me! Rise up, ye wind-bag, an' be burst outright!

Young. Is my machine ready? Answer me that!

Toorle. Ye hit rather fast—ye were mista'en.

Young. Is my machine ready, I ask of you?
The devil damn'd wha'd cast a slur upon
This matchless maiden, sall be *damn'd*, atweel.

[*Exeunt* YOUNGER and MARY.]

Toorle. Well, one gill more. Old Chapman, touch the bell!

[CHAPMAN rings.]

Toorle [*sings*]. *By Chapman's bum*⁴ *I fain would creep,*

Lay down my head, and go to sleep—

I sheer forget it all. But now, it is,
My 'Mary's liquor' here, not 'Logan Water.'⁵
Yet both to me are sweet—measure beyond.

Chap. O Toorle, for a dounricht bletherskate,⁶
France couldna equal ye whan drink is in.
Man, man! ye mak' me lauch,⁷—But here she comes!

¹ Ducks. ² Dabble. ³ Gutters. ⁴ Back. ⁵ Scots song so-called.

⁶ Talker of nonsense. ⁷ Laugh.

Re-enter MARY.

Mary. [To TOORLE]. Younger left word that he
will call on you,
And, Mr Toorle, say, even here, and now,
How could ye sae belie an' hurt my name,
As ye this e'ening tried sae hard to do?—
The name o' ane, atweel, that fient a haet¹
Did e'er wrang you or yours.

Toorle. [To MARY]. Mary! I mind no more of
that than thou
Mind'st of thy birthday. Let it be forgot.
I was befool'd by lack of sleep, and too much skeich!²
(My Grandam's gone, and left her all to me—
O what I've suffer'd since she breathed her last,
And lawyer Brockie read her touching will,
Tho' she was ninety-nine, and years bed-rid!)—
Upon thy dear auspicious marriage day,
I will present thee, Mary, with a gift
That shall exceed Grandmother's legacy,
In absolute proportion, as much—as—
Thy beauty and thy merit do Old Nick's!
No thanks! Another little smile—and—Mum!

Exit MARY.

Chap. (Drinking) Here's pith! Ye are a dev'lish
man, I ken,
And guid for news. Come! tell us what's the soom³
Your Granny's left ye? You an' me are freends,
Auld, life-lang freends, your secret's safe wi' me,
As it is wi' yer Grandam in her graff.⁴

Toorle. Chapman, our shops are near together placed,
We, therefore, for each other job, and are,

¹ Devil a bit. ² Drink whisky. ³ Total Amount. ⁴ Grave.

Both better for our mutual help and skill ;
So, then, I say, I'll herewith tell thee all ;
If thou'lt reciprocate, and—in one word—
Will state exactly what is Lammie's rent ?
Thou wast a witness to his lease, I'm told ?

Chap. I was. And I agree
To barter for the will¹ poor Lammie's lease,
Sae, say ye on.

Toorle. I was bequeathed her all—
House, furniture, and shares—with all her cash—
Amounting in the gross to (*holding all the fingers of
one hand up*) these thousand pounds.

Chap. Lord, Toorle ! ye sall hae boozing noo
galore ?

Toorle. No ! I'll turn cynic in the House of Lords,
And stagger Rome with my asceticism.
Come ! What is Lammie's real rent ?

Chap. Na, only in yer lug ! (*Whispers in Toorle's ear.*)

Toorle. Ah, ah, alas ! now he is trapp'd indeed !
What monstrous folly, in a common man,
This rent would show ! but, paid down by Lammie,
It will be look'd on as a feat of mind,
And be applauded to the shrinking heavens !
For each acre Scots, he, first in current cash,
Pays down to Blunt, the factor, thirty 'bob ;'
And then, in kind, and for the self same land,
Another sum, to represent in full
Six bushels wheat, computed at
The second Fiars of this so-famous shire
Struck by our gentle sheriff year by year ?
Then, plainly, Chapman, 'tis a rent per acre,

¹ Last testament.

Which, were we sober, I could demonstrate
Is one—for any farm—a charge impossible ;
But we must ‘ waly up the brae ! ’—Drink up,
And let us (*sings*)—

‘ *Gae toddlin’ hame !
Toddlin’ hame, toddlin’ hame,
As round as twa neeps
Gae toddlin’ hame !*’ [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Banks of Leddy Water.*

Enter ROBIN and EFFIE—*boy and girl—
gathering flowers.*

Eff. Eh, Robbie, what a bonnie day, an’ what a bonnie place this is ! O, I like the Leddy Water side.

Rob. Langsyne, they ca’d it *Ledi Water*, meaning the ‘ *Water of God*.’

Eff. An’ nae wonder ! Did ye ever see a place sae bonnie ava, Robin ? It pits me aye in mind o’ my mither’s sang that’s ca’d ‘The Banks an’ Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.’ She says, Robin, that Burns, the great poet, made it. O, Robin, he maun hae been an’ awfu’ fine-feeling man ? I wish I could read his book—a richt through. Can ye do that, Robin ?

Rob. I am readin’ him the noo, for the first time, but it’s gey ill.¹ The Scotch bits are the warst,² but the best tae, Effie, efter ye ken them. O, Effie wummin,³ he’s awfu’ grand ! But I think ye wad like *Mailie* best.

Eff. What wey, Robbie ?

Rob. Because it’s sae like you.

Eff. What is’t about ? Come, tell’s, Robin.

Very difficult.

² Most perplexing.

³ Woman.

Rob. It's about a pet yowe¹ that Burns had. The time he was at the ploo, he used to hae her tether'd be the fit² on some fine grass plot or ither—whare the grass was lang an' fine an' green, an' whare there was rowth³ o't. It was kindness in Burns made him do that, nae doubt, but a tether's a kittle⁴ tow aye, Effie. Weel, ae day he spied a grand bit for Mailie on the edge o' a deep dry ditch, an' he tether'd her on't the verra next mornin'—for Burns was e'en a fine man, Effie—afore his brither Gilbert an' him gaed awa to the ploo. Efter bre'kfast time, auld Mailie was sae thrang fillin' hersel' up, an' sookin'⁵ her twa lambs, that she forgot the tether an hankit hersel' on't, an' trippit, an' syne tummelt owre an' slade rowin' down to the verra bottom o' the beastly dry ditch, an' couldna geit oot.⁶

Eff. Eh, mercy, Robin! Was she kill'd? Did she dee?

Rob. Ay! O, Effie, she was kill'd; an' her death near hand kill'd Burns as weel. But I'se pit the book i' my pouch an' read it to ye the morn, if ye winna be sae thick wi' Jock Lowrie?

Eff. O, Robin! Ye ken fine that John Laurie is in our class at the schule; an' I only help him wi' his lessons because he was sae lang no' weel,⁷ an' because he is sich a fine laddie.

Rob. But we're no' at the schule the noo; this is harvest time.

Eff. Ay, but when John comes down frae Kippie, I canna send him awa hame without speakin' to him. I dinna like.

¹ Ewe. ² Foot. ² Plenty. ⁴ Ticklish. ⁵ Suckling. ⁶ Get out.

⁷ Indisposed.

Rob. Of coorse no'. But what wey do ye convoy him sae far hame ?

Eff. I no ken, Robbie, but I pity him. He's no' strong. An' ye ken, Robbie, that I am *your* lass—tho' we're little better than bairns yet.

Rob. Gey big bairns ! But sin' ye say, Effie, that I am your lad, an' that you are my lass, I'll read ye *Mailie* the morn, an maybe the *Wee Mouse* tae !

Eff. O, yes, Robin ! Hoo does *Mailie* begin, div¹ ye mind ?

Rob. No' just vera weel, yet, but it's something like this—'As *Mailie* an' her lambs thegither war' a' three busy at the tether'—No, that's no' it ! But ye ken Burns had her tied be the fit to a stab² or a hedge ruit³ (I think it wad be a hedge ruit, Effie, because *Mailie* could hae eithly⁴ pu'd a stab out o' the grund whan she cleekit on the rope), no' to let her come batherin' him whan he was plooin'—'Upon her cluit⁵ she cuist a hitch,⁶ an' ower she whammelt⁷ i' th' ditch !'

Eff. Puir craitur ! An' Burns to be far awa at the ploo at the time. He wad never ken, Robbie ? Puir craitur ; nae wonder she was kill'd !

Rob. Burns kenn'd Effie, but no' till it was owre late. He had a little callant⁸ for herdin' his kye⁹ they ca'd Hughoc, or Hughie, an' *he* saw *Mailie* in the sheuch¹⁰ first, afore she was fair deid. He wad likely be gaun hame for his denner at the time, an' swithly,¹¹ nae doubt, he wud rin an' tell Burns, an *he* sune loot¹² a' the world ken about it.

¹ Do. ² Stake. ³ Root. ⁴ Easily. ⁵ Foot. ⁶ Cast a
loop. ⁷ Tumbled sideways. ⁸ Boy. ⁹ Cows. ¹⁰ Ditch.
¹¹ Smartly. ¹² Let.

Eff. Ye're richt, Robin ! They'll ken in America be this time ? But *Mailie* couldna *speak* to wee Hughie ? An' hoo could she *baa* so's to let him ken ?

Rob. Of course, *Mailie* couldna speak like *folk*, altho' Burns says she did. But what he means, Effie, is—*Mailie* wad hae spoken a' that's in the poem, could she but hae spoken ava at sich an infernal time. A minister couldna speak than, far less a puir Cheviot yowe ! But just you wait till the morn,¹ Effie !

Eff. O, I wis' it was the morn the noo ! I'll think about *Mailie* an' the *Wee Mouse* a' nicht. Robin, let us gang an' get some hips. I ken where to get grand ripe ancs—a' as red as roses. Come on !

Rob. I'se gae wi' ye, Eff, but ye maunna mak' sae muckle o' Jock Lowrie. I could wrestle or fecht a dizzen o' him ! Could he stand up for ye like me ? The biggest tyrant in the schule daurna look at ye !

Eff. I ken that ; but wha's saying they daur ? John's no like you ava. He's no sae strong, nor sae clever either. But he's a fine laddie, for a' that.

Rob. Gin ye say, Effie, that I am baith far stronger, an' far cleverer than Jock, it's a' richt ! I'se gae wi' ye for hips, or haws, or blackberries, or slaes wharever ye like ! Jock's faither is a big fermer, I ken fine ; but he's nae bigger a fermer than my faither ? They have six ploos an' sae hae we ; an' I hae a cuddy,² an' Jock has nane. Shoo ! *Him !*

Eff. Your cuddy an' you, I trew, are weel fittit—tw a wild, rampagein', dangerous donkeys baith o' ye !

Rob. MY CUDDY ! My cuddy is a stallion and a stunner³—a true *Wild Ass* o' the thirty-ninth chapter

¹ To-morrow.

² *Anglicè*, an ass.

³ A majestic one.

o' Job kind—an Asiatic that my noble god-faither, Toorle, gae me for *my* twalfth birthday present. He brang¹ him fresh an' strecht² frae Job's 'range of the mountains'—the Urals, even! His lugs³ are nae langer than Jock Lowrie's; an' yet he eats an' drinks Scotch dulse an' dub-watter,⁴ as gin they were seybies an' kirn-milk!⁵ Dockens,⁶ whin-busses,⁷ an' thristles⁸ he canna pass by, for he maun pree⁹ them. They are his ae¹⁰ 'weakness—his killin temptation'—an' sae he *maun* hae them. For a' that, he devours as mony aits¹¹ as a ploo horse. That's the wey, Effie, he is sae souple¹² an' sae strong. A' the folk say they ne'er saw his match, an' sae some o' his names are—'Non-such,' 'Jupiter,' 'Wallace,' 'Cæsar,' 'Lord Neelson,' 'John Bright,' 'Napoleon,' etcitery. I'll gie ye a ride on him the neist¹³ day ye gang to Fraiks for groceries. Ye'se sit on him, ahint me, as easy as on yer mither's big chair at hame.

Eff. Eh, Robbie, he wad fling me aff! He wadna bide the find o' my coats¹⁴—flap, flappin' about his sides. Eh, na, na!

Rob. Nae fear o' that. I'll read ye Burns the morn, an' we'se¹⁵ gae to the toun the day efter the morn. The folk 'ill a' think Mary Queen o' Scots has come back again—bonnier than ever! O, Effie, Effie!

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Brought. ² Direct. ³ Ears. ⁴ Sea-weed and rain water.

⁵ Young onions and buttermilk. ⁶ Docks. ⁷ Gorse, shrubs.

⁸ Thistles. ⁹ Must taste. ¹⁰ One. ¹¹ Oats. ¹² Supple.

¹³ Next. ¹⁴ Tolerate the touch of her petticoats. ¹⁵ We shall.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lammie's House.**Enter LAMMIE and MURRAY.*

Mur. Guid e'enin', Maister Lammie! You an' me
Are strangers yet, but we maun better *that*.
Think ye the wind 'ill keep awa a-while?
O man, my haill crap's ready for the hook,
An' did a gell¹ but rise, a' me an' mine
Micht dicht² our nebs an' tak' the paupers' flicht,
For past redemption wad our ruin be!

Lam. O no! You're not sae short as that, I know;
And as for wind, we've mickle, man, owre little.
I gasp an' sigh for mair o't a' day lang—
For corn in stook wad win' a hantle³ quicker?
But to the business that ye've ca'd about:
I've seen the factor, daurin'⁴ Blunt himsel',
And he tells me, that, by yer hinmaist⁵-lease,
Per clauses nine an' ten, ye're bund, like me,
A' fences to mainteen, an' keep in trim,
Up to the stan'art o' guid husbandry
In vogue in Loudon here? Noo, this hedge,
Being the mairch deveesive⁶ o' our fermes,
Wants our partic'lar care, because, if ane⁷
Neglects this chairge, his neebor suffers for't,
An' that in a degree mair than the faultier—
Should his lands lie upo' its shady side,
As mine do of the subject in dispute.
Weel, for forty years, you, an' yer faither—
(God rest his saul, he was a canny man!)—

¹ Gale. ² Rub; wipe. ³ A great deal. ⁴ Fearless. ⁵ Latest.

⁶ Dividing line. ⁷ One of us.

Between you twa, this hedge has been loot¹ grow
Ontill its present maist outrageous state,—
Reachin' in hicht some places thirty feet!—
Wharein the cushies² yearly big their nests,
An' squirrels play an' breed! I speak nae whuds³—
Come doun an' see its curst effeks yersel'!
Whey! man alive, it is a loss to me
Of n'ar twa riggs⁴ o' crap throo its haill len'th,⁵
An' that len'th is, as, neebor, ye wat weel,
Full fourteen hunner yairds—a'maist a mile!
The thing's preposterous—not to be tholed!
It must come doun—its gaps replainish'd be,
And here's yer ain contractor's estimate.

[*Takes a document from his pocket.*]

Bisset wad cut the thorns doun to three feet,
Mak guid a' gaps; an' pailin' it alang
Frae ae end to the ither—*on my side*;
Likewise, *on yours*, scour out the ditch in style,
A' for the soom,⁶ as be this dokiment,
O' jist ane hunder⁷ five an' fifty pounds
O' sterlin' siller, to be paid be times.⁸

Mur. A hunner an' fifty pound!! Man! are ye
daft?

Whaur think ye it could come frae? Frae the Bank?
The Bank ne'er held the *half* o' that o' mine!

Lam. Than Gibb, the awgent, is a blastit lee-ar!⁹
Here is his note the factor had frae him,
Giein' yer cash account in full—whilk¹⁰ is
To the amount o' thousands! Is that richt?

¹ Allowed to. ² Wood-pigeons. ³ Falsehoods. ⁴ Two ridges—36
feet: ⁵ Entire length. ⁶ Sum; amount in cash. ⁷ One hundred.
In instalments, as agreed on. ⁹ Wicked liar. ¹⁰ Which.

Mur. Out, out upon ye for a meddlin' sumph,¹
Waur than e'en bloomin' Blunt the factor's sel',
An' Gibb, the eedywut,² to gang an' blab!
What wey did Blunt ne'er speak o' this afore?—
The hedge has aye been there.

Lam. 'Deed, that it seems!
But as it isna frae the High-road seen,
Twas ta'en for grantit that, like them in sicht,
Ye keepit it in form.

Mur. O hang its "*form!*"
Your "form" is clear a form'd conspiracy
To reive an' ruin me! I'll cut yer throat!

[*Lammie steps back, but quickly comes forward again.*]

Little I trow'd that I for neebor had
A treach'rous, hairtless, mean conspirator!
An' 'Elder o' the Kirk!' My faith, they war'
Hard up for knaves that you an *Elder* made!
But ye slunk in at their *Disruption* time,³
Whan elders, ministers, an' members war'—
To fill again their cauld deserted barns—
As scarce as modern ghosts! A *man?* an ass!
To lease a ferm at n'ar five pund the acre
That's bare worth three, an' syne to mak' it pey,
To ruin dacent people, on pretence
Of an auld, ugly, owre-grown thorn-tree hedge,
That's been owre-lookit sin' the race o' Coup
Frae Prestonpans to Berwick!⁴

¹ Blockhead. ² Idiot. ³ The great Secession from the Church of Scotland in 1843. ⁴ Sir John Cope, General of the Royalist Army at the famous battle of Prestonpans, from which, after his defeat, he fled pell-mell to Berwick, 50 miles distant.

Lam. Halt, ye brute!
Ye hae nae noddle, man! But I'm nane vex'd.
I had made up my mind to bear the half
O' the Contractor's bill—ev'n for the ditch,
Whilk ye undoubtedly should meet yersel',
Our mairch line being the *centre* o' the hedge,
And on your side the ditch entirely rinnin';
But noo I'se bear nae 'halves'—pay a' yersel',
For sae insulting me in my ain house,
Ye disreputable, low gallows doug!¹
Gude nicht! What is it now?

Enter PEGGY, excitedly.

Peg. (To LAMMIE.) O, sir! O, sir!
Rin to the Mistress! She is muckle waur!
I fear insensible! [Exit LAMMIE.

Mur. Hey, lass! Tell me,
What ails thy mistress—is she vera ill?

Peg. Sae ill, sir, that she ne'er will better be!
It is Consumption an' the Change o' life—
She's turn'd forty-seeven—an' she's been ill
Three years come Whitsunday. O what she has
borne!
And such a haly Christian lady aye!

Enter PHEMIE, running.

Phem. Peggy! Peggy! She's deid!² O! O!
She's deid!

Peg. O! O! is that dear angel deid at last?
Then thro' a' Heaven this nicht great joy is felt.
May be the Cherub choirs around the Throne
Sall chant their sweetest hymns. Hoo did she dee?

¹ Dog.

² Dead.

Phem. Ye ken she sleepit quately frae yestreen
 On till an hour syne, when she wauken'd up—
 Raving unconsciously, an' growing weaker—
 Just as the Maister cam' to her bedside
 An' took her wasted hand in his, an' syne,
 Wi' mickle love did kiss it owre an' owre,
 An' press'd it 'tween his ain, as ne'er again
 He'd let it gang, for either God or man! [Weeps.]

Peg. Lord! Lord! O Lord! [Weeps.]

Phem. 'Twas than that she cam' to hersel' again,
 An' saw the Maister first—staring at him—
 Lying as white's an alabaster stane—
 Her face *fair shining*, nae doubt like the look
 O' ane o' the archangels, whilk langsyne,
 My godly mither used to tell me stude¹
 The nearest to the THRONE! Syne she spak',
 Lownly an' eerie like, an' wi' fixt een,
 'Sandy!' she said, 'the lang-fear'd hour has come—
 Not fear'd by me, but for you and the bairns!
 I'm dying, Sandy; weel ye ken that's true!—
 Sae be nae mair o' phrasin'² that anent!
 We're pairtin', surely! but again as sure
 We'se meet whare pairtin' never, never is!
 O Sandy! aye keep guid,³ an' join me there—
 Wee John an' me wad *walcome* ye atweel!⁴
 I'm deen'!⁵ Mind the bairns! Baith big an' sma'!
 Mind little Joe an' Jenny! Sweeter tots⁶
 Nae mother ever huggit in her breist!⁷
 And, O! mind, Sandy, tent without devald⁸
 Our first-born boy, sae heid-strang an' sae bauld!

¹ Stood. ² Sophism. ³ Good. ⁴ Indeed. ⁵ Dying. ⁶ Pets;
 darlings. ⁷ Bosom. ⁸ Mind unceasingly.

Tak' heed o' him 'bune a',¹ for he beats a',
For either heid or hert.² O! guide Robin weel!
She grew sae weak, she couldna say aught mair,
But her last words were—'Canny, cannily,
And ne'er by word or deed up-rouse him, for——'

Re-enter LAMMIE.

[Exeunt PEGGIE and PHEMIE.

Lam. (*Turning to MURRAY.*) Are you still here?

I spak' ye surely, man,

My last word whan I bade ye a guid nicht.

Then, what wey loiter here, at sich a time?

A time o' death an' stress! I've lost my a'!

My a' is gane, my sainted Nell is deid.

But, losel,³ I'se let not e'en *her* sad end

Be reason for a finish to our quarrel,

For it's yet open as the tale untauld,

Whase prologue's only spoken. Twa weeks hence,

I sall begin the several chapters o't,

And they'll owre-whalm ye, as maists tempests do

The doom'd shipwrecks o' life on land an' sea.

Begone! I say, begone! Ye've met your match!

Mur. I heard wi' some surprise o' your wife's death,

And for that reason I'se tak' leave bedeen.⁴

But, Maister Lammie, *cut that hedge yersel'*!

I sweir⁵ by a' the gods—e'en your god Knox⁶—

(I'se pey ye for this blast wi' ither *knocks*!)

Not ev'n an *elder's aumos*⁷ I'll disburse

For a 'Contractor's bill,' for ony man!

Ye freely teuk a war-time rentit ferm, sae dree

¹ Above all. ² Head or heart. ³ Idle rascal. ⁴ Soon. ⁵ Swear; take oath. ⁶ The Scottish Reformer. ⁷ The value of an elder's alms.

The browst yourself hath brew'd. As for the fence,
 Which now hath grown, for lang-forgotten years,
 Safe frae the docking knives o' upstart fops—
 As silly as they're sma' an' hatefu', aye.—
 Lay hands on't whan ye like, an' crop it doun,
 E'en to yer prim an' 'scientefic' gauge,
 But pey the barber-monster, I shall not—
 No! tho' he clipp'd it beld¹ as ye're yersel'!
 Sae a' your canting gang defiance sheer
 I bid noo an' for ever, dear, my Lord! [Exit.

Lam. The man's stark daft! A wild outrageous hound,
 Unreasonable an' senseless as the pigs
 He fitly drives to Fraiks!² But I'll *drive* him
 Ense *dregg* him to the gullion he maun loup,³
 Or, failing, bottom sure. But O, wae's me!
 Puir Nelly! sauntly Nelly!—*deid*, at last!
 I' th' ripe middle o' the harvest, too!
 But rest, my love, an' never rest gie me
 Gin ever for ae moment I forget
 Yer last advisements, or yer dear behests! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The gateway of one of Lammie's
 harvest fields.*

Enter BLUNT.

Blunt. A splendid tenant! Losh!⁴ what craps
 he has:

This man's a modern Cockburn, out-an'-out!
 Here's wheat, noo, i' th' stook,⁵ that stude, I'll sweir,
 Abune⁶ sax feet in hicht, an's stookit, tae,

¹ Bald. ² The weekly live stock market at Fraiks. ³ Otherwise
 drag him to the gulph he must leap. ⁴ "Good lord"!

⁵ Collection of sheaves. ⁶ "More than" *here*.

Ilka¹ twa rigs, as thick's the tacketts² n'ar
In my new buits!³ Wow! here he comes himsel'.

Enter LAMMIE.

Gad! Mr Lammie, ye're a clever man,
Ye'se mak' yer fortune in this glorious ferm!
Adam, I daur believe, nae grander craps
E'er grew in Aiden⁴ than I've seen this day
Upo' thae fields o' yours! But things are mix'd!
Sae, in this time divine, death too has hairst,⁵
An' some maun greet⁶ e'en noo! But dinna whinge—
We a' maun gang at last—pruve⁷ thou'rt a man.

Lam. I try to do't—but Nell was mair than 'wife,'
Or common woman—Blunt! a gifted saint,
A vera angel in our flesh was she.
Her marrows the fowre continents of yearth,
In conjunct, couldna shaw as mony mae
As ane could count of mates for our John Knox!
But she is gane, an' I sall bide⁸ her loss
The bauldest wey that can become a waif,
In mid-life reft of compass, chart, an' helm!
But noo!—anither topic a'thegither!—
Grant me your ears a wee—for I have Murray broach'd
About the fence, and he defies us a',
An' sweirs that not wan farden⁹ will he pey
To help its renovation—e'en tho' I stude—
As I—waik fule!¹⁰—at first agreed to do—
The half o' Bisset the contractor's chairge,
And notwithstanding that my tack¹¹ declares
Ye were to hae the fences a' made richt,

¹ Every. ² Shoe nails. ³ Boots. ⁴ Eden. ⁵ Harvest. ⁶ Weep.

⁷ Prove. ⁸ Endure. ⁹ One farthing. ¹⁰ Weak fool. ¹¹ Lease.

Against my entry to the lands in Mairch,
Twa years ago!

Blunt. I'se square that neist rent day,
Tak' ye my bond¹ for *that*, an' calm yer sowl!
Start Bisset the contractor to the hedge
As sune's your land is clear'd, an' leave to me
To manage Murray as I please mysel'—
An' gin he's dour, I sall be *deev'lish* dour!
But Murray an' yersel' are baith thrawn boys,
Therefore, my freend, tak' tent! avoid him aye!
A deevil's in his hairt, an' it will out.
But wha comes here?

Lam. O! it is puir Daft Davie.

Blunt. An' wha is he?

Lam. O! 'a harmless nat'ral,
A born, canny natural. His sister shears
On our fore rig.²

Enter DAFT DAVIE.

D. Davie. Guid day to ye, callants! Aw've gotten
my parritch. It'll sune be denner time, an' Aw'm
gaun hame for our Vae's cheese. She canna eat dry
breid 'ithout cheese, altho' she geits a haill bottle o'
yill wi't!³ Eh, Maister (*to BLUNT*), can ye gie me a
ha'p'ny to buy snaps wi'? Aw haena haen ony sin'
auld lang syne. Aw'll drink yer health in barley bree
for auld lang syne.

Blunt. An unco fine drink, Davie, truly, sae here's
a saxpence for ye.

D. Davie. A saxpence? (*looking suspiciously at it.*)

¹ Solemn asseveration. ² Front ridge—the post of honour on the
harvest field of long ago. ³ Every harvester's mid-day allowance
in those days in the dear “East Country.”

Na, na! But Aw'll keep it (*pockets it*), gin ye'll gie me a penny to buy snaps wi'?

Blunt. Ha, ha! Here's a penny; three o' them! Can ye sing?

D. Davie. Sing? Ay, fine lud! Aw can sing like a cat, or a soo,¹ or onything.

Blunt. Weel, Davie, an ye sing us a bonnie sang, ye'se hae a' thae three pennies to buy snaps! Come on, Davie!

D. Davie. Aw like ye, Maister! Wha are ye? Aw'll sing ye a grand sang—our auld gray cat's ane. She aye sings't afore rain or snaw. Wheest! Hear her! (*sings.*)

*O, it's gaun to be rain! Sur! sur-r! sur-r-r!
And the fell wind is risin'! Pur! pur-r! pur-r-r!
Come! steer up the fire! Mur! mur-r! mur-r-r!
Aw'm wantin' a sleep! Pur! pur-r! pur-r-r!*

There's a sang for ye, Maister! Gie's ma three pennies (*gets them*). Whan will Aw see ye again? Are ye mairried yet? Whare div ye come frae? Div ye stop wi' yer granny? Wait there till Aw come back—Aw'm gaun for Vae's cheese. Are they cuttin' doun ony trees whare you bide²? Wait there. [*Exit.*]

Blunt. A 'natural,' surely, and an unco ane.³ His 'sang' was glorious! I ne'er heard afore Aucht sae original, or uniquely sung—'Twas worth a gross o' a' their 'Music-halls!' Is it his ain begetting, ken ye, sir?

Lam. Yes, ev'ry syllable! and he has dizens mair o' a like sort—'sangs' for sheep, nowte,⁴ horses, swine,

¹ Sow.² Live.³ Very strange one.⁴ Cattle.

dogs, rats, rabbits, squirrels, birds, and fowls of ev'ry feather known by country folk. His faither's a hind here—our foreman plooman—but his mother is dead, an' he stays wi' his granny an' his sister Violet—'Vae'—in family; an' to thae twa he is really in pure love an' affection, a conspicious example to his wiser neebors! But for his faither, sturdy handy Tam Horseley, our foreman hind, he bears, an' has borne for years, a strange, mysterious grudge. Naebody kens whey. For, than Tam, honest, hard-working Tam, there disna breathe a better or a cannier sowl onywhere.

Blunt. Vera strange, indeed! Can he work ony ava?¹

Lam. No—not for ony len'th o' time. A simple message to carry in coals, or sticks, or water being about his out-maist.

Blunt. He interests me, sure! How does he pass His days awa? Some fads he'll surely hae?

Lam. Ou-ay, an' funny anes at times they be. Had he been 'wise,' he probably had been A famous Naturalist, or sage inspired, Like clever Toorle, up-bye² at Deanhaugh, The match o' wham this shire ne'er own'd before!

Blunt. No, never! But of Daft Davie, man?— His idiosyncrasies unto me— Could I but learn them—nicht be cetems,³ sir, Maist pleasurable, an' profitable as weel, For I am o' the Nation Science rules.

Lam. Europe kens that! But, to please e'en you— My time's sae short for clavering, that I

¹ At all.² Up the river.³ Items.

Can only name his leading crazes now.
Some ither day, whan thrang, wi' hairst, has pass'd,
We'se crack owre Davie, till his mistiest pints¹
Are plain as preens in blacks.²

Blunt. Thank ye, thank ye. Take a pinch an' start!

Lam. Weel! He, whan waather lets him, spends
his time

Sagely observing Animated Nature!
Hirsels o' sheep, sometimes flichts o' craws,³
He'll watch frae daw' to dark withouten tire,⁴
For to puir Davie living craiturs are
The wonderfu'est ferlies,⁵ out-an'-out,
The Universe can shaw, or man can see!

Blunt. I mair than lo'e this last Darwin a'ready!
Has he nae fondness, ken ye, for thae scenes—
The beauties o' thae glorious fields an' woods?

Lam. Nane that I ever heard o'. But, I trow,
He'll gladly trudge a tramp o' twenty mile
To see a big tree fa'! Hoo he finds out
Whare such is to be seen, deil only knows!
He seems to hae an instinck, kindred to
That o' the falcons for their hapless prey,
An' scents the fated monarchs o' the woods
As surely and inevitably as
The distant erne his doom'd quarry does!

Blunt. Hold on! Did *you* e'er see him see ane fa'?

Lam. Yes, ance,⁶—down at the Abbey, when the
auld

Grand beeches a' succumb'd unto the aix,
By the fell order o' Lord Surly, wha

¹ Dimmest points. ² As pins in funeral clothes. ³ Flocks of crows.

⁴ Without fatigue. ⁵ Curios. ⁶ Once. ⁷ Axe.

Design'd the grund they stude on for a park
 For his braw tenant o' Bamboozle Mains.
 Daft Davie gaed afore me, and amang
 The sweating foresters did jest an' laugh
 As I drew near. Fu' sune a mighty King,
 A vera woodland Emperor, or Shah,
 Or Czar o' a' the Beeches, dipt his crest!—
 Yet 'mang his peers gigantic, he on high
 Still heaved his royal honours owre their taps
 In majesty august—even in that hour,
 His last of sovereignty an' last of life!—
 Alake! by the dreid aix his kingly stock ¹
 Was nickit round,² an' ready for the rape,³
 That noo ane o' his nimblest executioners
 Loupt ⁴ up an' tied about his noble neck
 To fetch him low at last! Davie slunk back,
 Admonish'd by his freends, the foresters,
 Owre to the safe side o' the dyke that rins
 Between the kirkyaird an' the village street,
 Whare he, his airms spread on the dyke, an's chin
 Resting on them, snug view'd the tragic scene,
 Enjoying ilka fraction o't wi' greed,
 An' zest as keen as ony Roundheid fand
 At Whiteha', whan the 'martyr'd monarch' fell!
 At first he teuk it quately,⁵ but as sune's
 The woodmen 'gan to pull, back Davie ran,
 Clappin' his neives,⁶ loupin', an' squealing loud—
 'Hooray! hooray! Poo! poo!—Poo, callants, poo!⁷—
 It waubles⁸ like a leek!—it's gaun to fa'!
 Doun, doun it comes!—hooray! hooray!!'

¹ Stem. ² Notched deeply all round. ³ Rope. ⁴ Sprang.

⁵ Took it quietly. ⁶ Hands. ⁷ Pull, boys, pull. ⁸ Wobbles.

And *whan* it fell, this queer enthusiast
Did pairce the heaven of joy, an' gave a shout
Was heard in Edinburgh!

Blunt.

That beats a'!

An' what's his ither funny foibles, sir?

Lam. I hae nae time 'enoo! speir me¹ again
Whan leisure favours cracking. Wha is this?
Dod! it is Brodie—our auld worthy grieve;²
But what can bring him owre the brae 'enow?
I hope there's naething wrang!

Enter ROB BRODIE and EFFIE.

R. Brodie. O sirs! I thaucht ye werena out the
field,

Sae I cam' rinnin' efter, and am gled³
I've run ye doun sae sune! I come to say
This day has grown sae het,⁴ the shearers yell⁵
Frae end to end the buind,⁶ 'Water!' 'Water!'
'We're choking'—gie us water!' an' 'deed the heat
Has them maist doobled up! Sae, if ye're gaun
Doun be the Castle park, send Scott to me
(He's wi' the odd hands, cuttin' out the neuks⁷),
An' bid him bring twa pailfu' water wi' him,—
My faith! they'll haud him gaun—to slocken them!⁸

Lam. A' richt, Robert. Scott sall⁹ be here belyve.¹⁰

[Exeunt R. BRODIE and EFFIE, severally.]

Blunt. I am a married man, a faithier tae,¹¹
But let me ne'er see wife nor wean again,
An' hing¹² me up to dry for maggots' hams,

¹ Inquire of me. ² Farm steward. ³ Glad. ⁴ Hot. ⁵ Shout loudly. ⁶ Long row of reapers. ⁷ Odd corners. ⁸ To allay their thirst. ⁹ Shall. ¹⁰ Directly. ¹¹ Too. ¹² Hang.

Gin that fair hizzie ¹ didna shute ² me throo
 Wi' her twa lift-blue orbs, as I'd been glass!
 Never, no; never, never—day nor nicht—
 Hae I such eyes in woman viewed before!
 She's mair a mairacle than Troy's Nell,
 Than Cleopatry, or the Queen o' Scots!
 Lord, Lammie! What's her name? Wha is she, man?

Lam. Our steward's dauchter, *Effie Brodie*, ca'd,³
 As guid as she is fair—an' *that's* eneuch!⁴
 But I maun rin!⁵ I'se see ye, I am sure,
 At that sad funeral on Monday first?

Blunt. Maist certainly. Be ye man-like, Lammie!
 Think only o' her being whare she *is*—
Deid certain! in the verra breist⁶ o' God!
 Stand up! I'll never see ye bate,⁷ my freend!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. TOORLE'S *Workshop*; *workmen at their benches.*

Enter TOORLE, reading a card.

Toorle. I've had a note from Younger. Has he been here himself?

A workman. No. But Joseph says he saw him coming
 Up Stabshiel Brae, when he was at the Mill.

Enter YOUNGER.

Toorle. Here, Mr Younger, step here a minute. As of old, I am a great fool, sir, and of course always greatest when drink is in. O pardon me! I am ashamed! But I really did not *mean* any ill. 'Twas

¹ Maiden. ² Shoot. ³ Designated. ⁴ Enough. ⁵ Must run.

⁶ Breast. ⁷ Beat; wronged.

all a mistake—perhaps a natural mistake in the circumstances. I know *now* that I was mistaken, and therefore go down on my knees and apologise to Miss Blythe and you. She whom I *did* see in the Witches' Loan was not Miss Blythe. I know now who it was—actually.

Young. Say nae mair about it! I was quick-set mysel' yon nicht. But, my lad, tak' a true advice—drink ye less, an' less ye'se hae either to be sorry owre or to apologeeze for. Dilly-dally an' shilly-shally nae mair! A giant o' a man like you to cawper an' palawver¹ like a fule² at a fair! An' afore Mary Blythe, tae! Sich a lassie!!

Toorle. The devil, Younger! I am truly sorry, And swear by Gladstone to offend no more!

Young. Weel, weel! Sae be't. I ken yer meanin' weel! Is my Shearin' Machine ready? I wad like to try it the morn on our Wast Mairch³ wheat. D'ye think will't *work*?

Toorle. Yes! For, 'Romeo,' I will make it work.

Young. Wheest! wheest! Guid Maister Toorle, wheest, an' dinna ye gang an' raise that name on me! A'thing⁴ *you* say, sticks! But that atowre.⁵ Ye are aye vera positive about thae new machines, sae, tell me this—Div ye raley⁶ and truly believe they'll do? Div ye think in yer ain true mind that men, by-an'-by, 'ill succeed, an' cut their craps wi' them? I confess to mony doubts on the maitter⁷ mysel'.

Toorle. No 'doubts' have I, for I am Logic's son, And bind my faith and troth to naught but facts,

¹ Capor and palaver. ² Mountebank. ³ West March. ⁴ Everything.

⁵ Aside. ⁶ Do you really. ⁷ Problem.

Facts search'd throughout, and *demonstrated* facts.

Young. Is this no' ane—Ye've had a *taste*¹ this morn?
I doubt it is! Eh?

Toorle. Doubt nothing, for all things be possible
In this thy servant's sphere of eccentricities!
But this is fooling bosh.—Yes! these reapers,
Conceived but yesterday, I trow shall be,
In ten years, in this 'Garden' of our land,
More general than parish roads are now!
If we a start get after breakfast hour,
To-morrow morning, I do undertake
To cut down of your wheat the 'West March' break,
Before your time for trekking—six o'clock,
And that so charmingly, yourself will swear
You never in your eighty years before
Saw stubblefield like mine—so cheaply done—
A tenth part of the former cost, or less!

Young. Man! Maister Toorle, do ye tell me that?
Has Lammie gotten ane yet, ken ye, sir?

Toorle. No. Not from me, and so from no one else!

Young. That's strange. But, nae doubt, this, his
ither care,
Wad keep it out o's heid. O, wae is me!

Toorle. What ither care? Is Nell, my cousin, worse?

Young. 'Warse!' O, she's deid a'thegither, now,
atweel!¹

An's to be buried at the Abbey Kirk
On Monday coming next! Did' ye no' ken?

Toorle. O! no, no. (*aside*). Dead! then, Chapman,
thou art right,
So far, art right, and, being so far right,

¹ A little liquor.

² Indeed.

O! pay that right by being wrong henceforth
In all thy other Laighlea auguries.
Old Lammie's genuine, and a proper man,
My surest customer within the shire;
But yet, I fear, and fear I fear too sure,
That this will be a fearful stroke to him,
The more so for her worth—Angelic Nell!
Divine from top to toe! (*aloud*) And she is dead?

Young. O, ay! The auld wae! But gif Lammie has dool¹ inside, I assure ye he has cause for joy a-field, for siccan² a crap as he has this year hasna been seen on Laighlea, I could bet, sin' Noah's flude³ itsel! A'thing's magneeficent — wheat, aits, barley, an' beans; an' as for neeps and tatties⁴—dod, man, Toorle! tho' ye lookit athort them for a hail June day, ye couldna tell hoo they war' dreel'd,⁵ whether east an' wast, or north an' south, they're sae grit an' grown, an' sae fill'd up—perfit unbroken masses o' shaws! Nae mistake, Lammie's a grand fermer.

Toorle. A prince at *that*. But *that* one's wonder makes So great, it 'wonder' ceases soon to be,
And bulges into apprehensiveness,
And questions of his sense and sanity.
Would a sound judgment undertake his rent—
A more than war-time rent—for nineteen years?
What if the present rates of produce fall—
A half, or even a third—which, to my mind,
They're certain sure to do, with general peace?

Young. Gin⁶ they *fa'* that, an' *stick* down, I'm thinking thousands o' arable fermers, forbye⁷ Lammie,

¹ Sorrow. ² Such a. ³ Flood. ⁴ Turnips and potatoes. ⁵ Rowed.

⁶ Should. ⁷ Besides.

'ill than be catch'd an' crusht sma' atween the lang jaws o' ruin an' disaster! But naething, my freend, could mak' markets fa' sae low—except vera lairge importations o' foreign meat an' wheat, an' ither fude¹-stuffs; an' ship-frates are sae high, that it wadna pey importers to bring in either wheat or deid meat frae athort² the seas. Eh?

Toorle. I'm not so cocksure certain about that. Freights *must* be high at present, and they *are*; But why are they so high? Because, my friend, Our present sea-going ships were neither plann'd Built, nor out-fitted for cheap carrying Of either meat or wheat extensively. But builders, owners, parties—*all concern'd*— May be expected soon to see to this, And, once they do, my friend, a remedy Will not be far to seek, for I, myself, Could carry grain to Glasgow from New York As cheaply as from Berwick!

Young. Weel, weel! That's *your* notion! Yet I'm vex'd to hear't, because by experience, I ken ye to be (*whan fair sober*) an unco far-seeing, an' a raley sagawcious chield! Be-the-bye, hoo is it that ye are sae Englified in yer speech—a millwricht, an' a country Scotchman like you?

Toorle. My long years' residence in Essex based E'en that, and other traits as well, in me; But not so rock-based, truly, that I can't, When I do will it, make them portable, And muse, dream, speak, an' sing in Scots—whilk I do lo'e,

¹ Food.² Across.

'Bune a' the ither gabs that yearth confoonds!

Young. Dod, man! That gies me muckle plesure!
I'll sen' for the macheen ¹ this efternune! ²

Toorle. Weel, weel! A'richt! Sen' down as sune's
ye dow. ³

Ilk thing's up to the knocker ⁴ aye wi' me!

Sae, for grit ferlies, ⁵ an' the new warld joys,

Set thy auld hairt the morn! [Exit YOUNGER.

Down, down, my love!

Did I woo Mary from him, 'twere his death,

A death that *must* be soon! My father's truest friend!

Never! e'en tho' I wait until I'm white as—he! [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Banks of Leddy Water.*

Enter ROBIN, *fishing rod in hand, and* DAFT DAVIE,
carrying basket.

Rob. Gae awa hame now, Davie. I'm no vera weel
the day, an' I'm no' gaun to fish ony mair. Hoo
mony hae we caught?

D. Davie. Are ye no' vera weel, Maister Robin?
Is yer wame ⁶ sair? Ma wame's often sair when it's
toom. ⁷ Gang yer weys hame, Maister Robin, an'
drink a muckle jougfus ⁸ o' sauts an' sinny. Ma granny
says it's the best for a sair wame, but's it's gey soor! ⁹

Rob. Ay, ay! But hoo many trouts hae we
catch'd, Davie? Look an' see, just for fun.

D. Davie. (*Looking into the creel*). Eh! no mony the
day—five, an' nine o' them eels an' a water hen,
Robin, laddie!

¹ Reaping-machine. ² Afternoon. ³ Can. ⁴ Up to the desired point.

⁵ Great wonders. ⁶ Belly sore. ⁷ Empty. ⁸ Jugful. ⁹ Very sour.

Rob. Richt again, Davie! Ye're aye richt—but I wasna minding the water-craw! Davie, tak' them a' awa hame to yer g'anny—I no want them. Gae awa like a man; I want to be quate.

D. Davie. Div ye no' see whae's comin' doun the Water, Maister Robin, lad? Gin *you* dinna ken her, *Aw* ken her! She's guid to Daft Davie; she's Daft Davie's sweethairt! But's it's parritch time, an' aw'll hae to rin! (*sings, going*), *Fareweel, for ever, Sir-r!*

Tak' SAUTS, an' SINNY,¹ sir-r-r!

It's her, it's her, it's her-r-r-r!

It's BONNIE EFFIE, sir-r-r-r-r! [Exit.

Enter EFFIE, carrying a posy of wild-flowers.

Eff. Robin! Are ye fishing here? I came down for the Lady ferns.

Rob. Tho' ye be only a lassie yet, Effie, ye've begun weel, an' ye promise fairly! Yes, I'm here. I canna rest at hame now. Sin' Mither dee'd, a'things are changed to me. The harvest time was aye a glorious time to me till this year. I canna even fish. Do what I will, Effie, Mither's never ae moment out o' my heid. I wis' I had dee'd wi' her!

Eff. (Crying.) O! Robin, Robin, wheest! Ye shouldna fret like that. It's a great error to do sae, I trow. Live yer life out bravely—no' cowardly, Robin—an' ye'se² gae to her by-an'-bye, rejoicing, an' in triumph, tae. Think on that, an' be a man, Robin! Ye're a gey big laddie noo, onywey.

Rob. I'm hardly a halflin yet. But, Effie, I like to meet wi' you! It's strange—it beats a'—but I'm

¹ Salts and Senna.

² You shall.

cheeriest whan I'm aside¹ you. Ye are like our wee John. He dee'd at The Mills. He was awfu' guid—just like Mither. O! Effie, do ye think they hae harvests in Heaven? If they have, they needna wait for shearers, like us! For arena a' our diseases, accidents, wars, famines, shipwrecks, mine explosions, airthquakes, an' mony mae than a' thae,² aye sneakin' round an' peerin' for wark at a' the yetts³ o' life an' death for ever—strong an' willint reapers them a'!

Eff. Ye're a strange, strange laddie, Robin! What gars⁴ ye think o' things like thae?

Rob. Mither's death, maybe. But an they hae hairsts in Heaven, raley, Effie, they'll hae haen a lang and a fat ane this gey while-ie!⁵ Look at the Crimea War, the Cholera, the Indian Mutiny, an' this awfu' American Rebellion! Still, no' content even wi' a' thae, the Ither Warld Poo's boud⁶ to tak' my mother tae! Curse them! Damn them! O, hoo am I to live without her?

Eff. O Robin, Robin! My dear laddie, ye are sair tried, nae doubt! (*crying*) I cam' on ye fishing, or trying to fish, but yer luck wad be sma' this day, for naebody can catch trouts wi' a wae hairt an' tears, at-weel! Sae at ance come awa hame, Robin dear! I want to *tell* ye, an' to *ask* ye something tae. Come on, Robin.

Rob. Tell me first what it is, Effie? I see your dodge fine! Ye want me to think less about Mither?

Eff. Weel! ye were aye her favourite laddie—

¹ Beside. ² All these. ³ Gates. ⁴ Makes. ⁵ Long time.

⁶ Felt bound.

Rob. Gin¹ I was her laddie favourite, ye were aye her lassie ane! Whan she was weel enouch to see ye, ye ne'er were muckle seporate.

Eff. But, Robin, see! it's gloaming time a'ready, an' I hae something to tell ye yet.

Rob. Out wi't, Effie, out wi't! I'm breathless waiting for't.

Eff. Did ye see me wi' a strange ledly yesterday? Weel! She's my Auntie Susan frae Edinburgh, faither's tittie,² a widow, left wi' some siller, but nae bairns; sae she wants me to gang an' stop wi' her, an' she'll pit me to a grand *Young Ladies' School*, to learn *polite manners and accomplishments*! Baith Faither and Mither are keen for me gaun³—especially as Auntie says that she wad pay for a'thing, doun to my vera claes!⁴ I said I'd see, an' tell them the morn, for I wadna decide either ae wey or ither⁵ afore I saw you. Noo! what do ye say, Robin?

Rob. 'Say!' I'm dumbstrucken! It's a grand chance for ye, Effie, an' I maunna stan' i' yer wey. That wad be selfish. Besides, Effie, Edinburgh's no' jist the Cannibal Islands, an' no' sae far either, an' sae I could easy slip in an' see ye often. Yes! Then, Effie, ye should tak' yer Auntie's vera kind offer—if she be guid as weel as kind?

Eff. She is that, Robin. She's Faither's sister, an' like him a' owre. Her man's⁶ name was Braidhead. He was a big coal merchant, but dee'd twa years ago, puir man.

Rob. If Braidheid's deid, wha was yon man that gaed wi' ye to Scad Law?

¹ And if. ² Sister. ³ Going. ⁴ Clothes. ⁵ One way or another.

⁶ Her husband's.

Eff. Losh ! govy ding !¹ did ye no' ken that my Uncle Willie frae America is here the noo on a visit ? He cam' last week, an' him an' Auntie are gaun² awa the morn. He is a grain merchant out there, an' has a hantle³ o' land in the State o' Minnesota forbye,⁴ near a big toun ca'd St. Paul. He's Daddy's youngest brither, and has been in the States for twenty years. Dad says he has dune unco⁵ weel, an' sae he aye mocks Uncle for no' takin' a wife. But Uncle Willie aye answers, unco strange an' sad wise, 'Na, na, Robert, nae wife for me !' But for a' that tho', he wantit me to gang to America wi' him, to keep his house, an' to be made a grand leddy o'—as his *Niece* !

Rob. Michty ! An' what did ye say, Effie ?

Eff. I canna vex onybody, an' he's sic a fine man, sae I only laugh'd an' said, joking wise, 'Ask me, uncle, wham I am auld an' big enough to keep a house ! No' the noo ! They haena schules in America like the Edinboro' anes !' Efter that he said he thocht I was richt, but he would mind my promise !

Rob. But ye sall never, never gang, Effie ? Tho' he's yer kind Uncle Willie, I'se ne'er let ye ! That sattles *that* !

Eff. Of coorse, Robin ! Uncle, sin' he cam,' has been vera little awa frae Maister Toorle's. They're surely stainch freends ! Faither says he jaloozes⁶ Toorle is trying to lainch ane o' his great new schemes, but canna guess what it may be, and Uncle says naething.

Rob. Toorle ! My mother was his full cousin, I'm his godson, and sune to be his scholar, tae—three nichts a week, Effie !

¹ Exclamations of surprise.

² Going.

³ A deal of.

⁴ Also.

⁵ Uncommonly well.

⁶ Suspects.

Eff. His scholar? What for? What's he to learn ye?

Rob. Everything, he says, but *business*, chiefly.

Eff. Yer godfaither, Robin, they a' say, is a great, great man. Dad says, gin he'd stop drinking whisky, an' smokin' mairshaum pipes, that few, few, could rin the race o' life an' keep up wi' him. Whan do ye begin to be his scholar, Robin?

Rob. When hairst's bye. I'm gaun to Fraik's schule nae mair.

Eff. Eh, mercy! An' me in Edinburgh! O Robin, Robin!

Rob. I'll aye come in an' see ye, dinna be feart!

Eff. I ken that! But my faither 'ill be hame langsyne, an' I maun be aff tae. Daddy likes you, Robbie, especially whan ye tell him ane o' yer awfu' stories about Wallace or Bruce. Come yont¹ the nicht an' tell him ane! It wad do yer ainsel' guid!

Rob. I see throo ye fine, lass! Ye think it wad keep me frae brooding be my lane?² Weel, I'll come alang—gif ye'll sweir³ a solemn oath afore God an' man that ye lo'e me better than Jock Lowrie?

Eff. 'Lowrie!' Y've surely 'Lowrie' on the brain! 'Lowrie,' as ye ca' him, is no' weel, an' lying in his bed, an' wha wadna like him the noo, Robin? Efter he's better I'll say wha I lo'e best. He saw you an me on the cuddy⁴ yon day, an' he said to his sister Jeanie that he thocht you an' me wad be man an' wife some day, an' I've never spoken to her since!

Rob. Effie! I'll come yont the nicht!

¹ Along.

² Brooding by myself.

³ Swear.

⁴ Donkey.

Eff. I'm rale gled to hear ye say sae! Efter the funeral on Monday, try an' calm doun, an' be yer auld bricht sel' again, dear, dear Robin! Gif ye try, I'll ablins¹ be naeboddy's Jo² but yours! [*Exit, running.*]

Rob (shouting). Ho! Effie! I'm coming at seeven o'clock! Be sure an' be in! [*Exit.*]

SEVERAL YEARS ELAPSE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Edinburgh; Southside. A room in Mrs Braidhead's house.*

Enter EFFIE—now up-grown, reading a letter.

Eff. What *can* the matter be? Here are his words—
'*I shall be with you, love, prompt six o'clock.*'
Why! it is six and gone—or that old fraud,
'Our hall chronometer,' again is at it,
Exaggerating like a humourist
Belonging to America—(*a bell rings*)—That's *him*!
I hear his foot upon those tell-tale stairs!
O! I would hear't tho' they were carpeted
With twenty ply of Brussels' softest piles,
Laid on by 'Maule.'

Enter ROBIN, consulting his watch rapidly.

Rob. Just on the stroke, my love!
O! darling more than mortal! In *my* eyes
Perfection! loveliness ineffable!
And sweeter, dearer far than ever now—
Mine own 'betrothed'!

¹ Perhaps.

² Sweetheart.

Surely the course of love does whiles run smooth,
For, barring all your pliskies¹ with young Lawrie,
Ours scarce has known a ripple. [*Kisses her.*

Eff. O! Robin, if you 'love' me, let me hear
No more of that old foolish jealousy!
John Lawrie's now at college—so, in town,
And so, 'twixt whiles, he calls—why should he not?—
Both Auntie and myself are his acquaintances,
Old friends, indeed, are our two families,
And, that being so, wherein lies my fault,
Either receiving, or conversing with him?
He's nicer than the most, and so respectable!

Rob. He's *too* respectable! I would that he waylaid
And murder'd in cold blood an Emperor—
Or other nuisance—that would pen him up,
For his life's term, in Russian dungeons dark,
Beyond thy sight a hundred thousand leagues!
But, 'let-a-be,' and frown no more for him!
How progress ye at the Academy?
You must be nigh the finis of its course?

Eff. O yes! But 'halt a blink'—as ye were wont
to say—

I am so sorry that you dislike John!
You'll rue it greatly once you know him better,
So gentle, yet so manly, as he is!
Yes, my Othello, I'll leave schooling soon!
Another quarter done, and, Madame says,
She'll be unable to do more for me.

Rob. Now praised be all the gods of love and
liberty!
We shall be married on the heavenly day

¹ Tricks—flirting ones here.

Ye shake the school dust from your feet for good !
That very day, my soul, that *very* day,
And not upon one later by an hour !
I would not now exchange with Persia's Shah !
Jock's but a joke indeed, now, ever, evermore !

[*Kisses Effie again.*

Eff. Fie! would you smother Desdemona now,
When your 'life's wish' is being fast fulfill'd ?
(*Aside.*) Now! would the Powers lead me his mother's
way,

Though worlds behind her, I'd be *blest* 'indeed' !
(*Aloud.*) But, Robin, tell me this, before you go :
Some months ago, within our Local paper,
I read of your dear father's recent marriage
With yon grand widow, Mrs Hill of Skowe,
With mirth and marvel mix'd ! How does she do ?
What kind of second mother does she make ?
I knew her, by oft seeing her at church,
In the old days. Her reputation, *then*,
Despite her strict and 'nobby' ¹ bringing up,
Dower'd her with masculine capacities,
And far and wide alleged her as *the first*,
And most successful Rural Manager,
The Skilfulest of Agriculturists—
And Thrivingest of Tenant-Farmers known
Throughout our native Lothians—and beyond !
To these extremes did folk out-lengthen her—
With this addition, strange, and pitiful,—
That she was one with thoughts above her sphere,
And nursed ambitions, quite insufferable
In a mere tenant-farmer's widow's head—

¹ Stylish ; upper-class.

Aspiring, haughty, proud, extravagant,
And dressy to a pitch beyond belief?

Rob. She's all that you have said of her—and more!
But, darling, her astounding, soaring 'pride'—
Though wild as that of Egypt's dusky Queen,
The unparalleled Cleopatra's self—
Can never cleave the regions vast between
Its source—her heart—and *our* felicity?

Eff. It may be so, and my fears may prove false,
Yet will they come, and trouble sore my heart!

Rob. A real and a greater trouble far
Looms in the Cattle Scourge—that dread plague
From Russian or Siberian Steppes¹—to us,
If it do not avoid our dear domain!

Eff. Alas! How near has't come?

Rob. To Campton Hill.

Eff. To Campton Hill! not twenty miles away!
O! Robin, Robin! thou hast come to me
Like one of those huge modern argosies
That steam to Leith to 'lighten' at the wharves
Their nameless weights of freight of good and ill!

Rob. Not so! No *ill*, all *good*, all life and love,
Sure life and love, because forewarned's forearm'd,
And life and love can only live and love
When they are warded in calamity,
By calm foreseeing reason and just faith
Conferring resignation on them both.

Eff. Should this dread 'Rinderpest' attack your
herds,
And you do lose them all, what will it mean?
Come! dearest, tell me all, and *all* the *worst*,

¹ The terrible 'Rinderpest' of those days.

The *very* worst that possibly could flow
To us from such an inundation of mischance?

Rob. Why would ye thus conjure up woes that
are not,

And overspread and gloom our radiant skies
With clouds that have no being in those skies,
And never may—except in panic's eyes?

'*Sufficient for the day's the ill thereof?*'

Eff. The papers¹ tell all, *all*. So, I have read,
And known for long, your mournful annals all!
All your 'rack-rents,' 'potato plagues,' 'lost crops,'
'Disastrous seasons,' 'foreign importations,'
'Glutted' and 'stagnant' markets everywhere,
Which 'fall,' and 'fall,' yet never by such 'falling'
Fall to the bottom, and so 'fall' no more.
Of all these have I read with trembling heart,
And boding mind, that seem'd to see in them,
As in a vision, a surrounding fire,
Enclosing and approaching those I love,
With inexorable and cruel speed,
As if to bury all in its own ash!

Rob. A fearful 'vision' truly! But, my love,
Why apprehend it as a *fact* to be?
'*Seen sorrows seldom come*,' the old saw says,
And the realization of this year,
Will, in all likelihood, prove thy dream to be
Only a spurious 'vision' to the end.
Come, then, sweet dreamer, Come! cast fears adrift,
And fear not ever 'vision'd' ills again!
So wilt thou never fear again mere 'fear'
To be a cause for fear.—Why! Effie, mine,

¹ Newspapers.

'Tis thy digestion ! take my word for it,
And, with my 'word,' a cup of Epsom salts,
And be at once, once more, and ever, hale and happy !
When, three months hence, thou turn'st thy back for
good

Upon the haunts of juvenility—
Turn thy mind also from its ways and thoughts,
And don with liberty true womanhood,
To be thy mail against the wrath to come.

Eff. Say on ! say on ! My Robin ! ye will be
A sage philosopher when time is ripe
And fools are plentiful—but, hush ! dear sage,
And be ye sagely silent for a spell,
I now hear Auntie Susan on the stairs !

Enter MRS BRAIDHEAD.

Mrs B. Ho ! Robbie, laddie ! Hoo do ye do this
while ?

That ye were here, I kenn'd fu' brawly, lad !
But I was laith¹ to break your *tete-a-tete*,
Effie, thae² times, does hate my presence sae,
That, 'deed, I'm raley³ feart to come about her !

Eff. O wicked Aunt ! How dare you slander so ?

Mrs B. I slander little, lass, be⁴ saying that !
(*To ROBIN*) But hoo are ye at hame ?—hoo's your
dear faither,

That wordy man and elder o' the Kirk ?
I hear he's wantin' Crawheuch ferm for *you* ?

Rob. Yes, merry madam, and we thank him for it.

Mrs B. I doubtna but ye do ! Of coorse, he kens
Hoo circumstances lie 'tween you an' Effie ?

¹ Loth. ² These. ³ Really. ⁴ By.

Rob. Well, yes, I think he should—I'm sure he should!

Although, I think, I have not told him yet!

Mrs B. O! Robin, that is wrong, entirely wrong!

Rob. How so?

He told me not of *his* intended joy,

Until within a day of wedding it—

(In nothing lesser than the ample form

Of my renown'd and gorgeous 'second mother!')

Mrs B. That's naething. He's yer *faither*, honest man!

And mind, my bouncin',¹ birkie,² what ye do,

And what ye *dinna* do, may be nae 'jokes,'

For gin ye winna tell him a'—*I shall!*

And e'en the morn's mornin'³ will he ken,

For I sall gang and vrite⁴ this vera nicht,

And he will get my letter be first post!

There! Will ye tell him noo, or no? Speak out!

Eff. I am dumbfounded, Robin! What means this?

If it be necessary he should know

Of our bethrothal, why, then, tell him straight!—

I know you will—if it be right and just.

Rob. Of that I cannot doubt. So, I consent,

Albeit some risk I see in doing so,

Thus prematurely—now!—I'll run the risk!

Mrs B. What risk? But, risk or nane, he shall be tauld,

Despite a' risks an' dangers whatsoever!

But what 'risk' can there be? *Do* tell us, Robin!

My neice nae doubt's the dauchter of his grieve—

Is that the risk ye fear?

¹Swaggering. ²Lively young fellow. ³To-morrow morning. ⁴Write.

Rob. Not with Father,
The risk lies with the Lady of his House—
In her alluring fascination for him,
And power resultant to make him her own,
And change his will for hers.

Mrs B. Losh, mercy me!
But can her will in this be aucht¹ than his?
Or his than yours?

Rob. Too probably it may. You know her *pride*,
And I do know her *power* now fairly well!—
(Father's main reason for his marriage with her
Was her egregiously reputed wealth,
And his great needs for our o'er-rented lands—
And mayhap, stocking for a farm for me!)—
But write and tell him all. EFFIE IS MINE!
Ay, though a London cityful of 'friends,'
Fathers, love-duped, and 'second mothers' rose,
And with one front opposed, as strong as death!

Mrs B. Then I may write at ance? Effie! come,
too. [Exit Mrs Braidhead.]

Eff. Aunt's on her high horse, Robin! I must go!
But do you think your father *will* object?
I ever seem'd a favourite of his?

Rob. O! I will manage *him*—let me alone!
The block is not with him, but with the *times*—
These cruel farming years. But, "Toorle" works—
Though yet I can't say *how*—for our behoof,
And, sure, we know the wonders *he* can work!
What of America? No word of late?

Eff. O, yes! Aunt had a letter yesterday,
And I a mickle kist²—of Yankee gifts!

¹ Aught.

² A large chest.

In writing Uncle William briefly hints—
That 'land' is not so profitable now,
But that his trade in 'bread-stuffs' daily grows,
And he'll revisit us in summer next—

Mrs B. (Within.) Effie! come here at wance, ye
hempy!¹ Effie!

Eff. Coming! O, Robin! let me go,—You must!
[*Exit.*]

Rob. I 'must?' O would I could confute her!
but she's gone!

Re-enter EFFIE.

Eff. For goodness, Robin, go! I'm sent for pens!
Next Monday night!—same place—same time—away!

Rob. After 'Good night,' darling! (*Embraces and
kisses her.*) Next Monday night!

Mrs B. (Within.) I'm short o' pens an' paper baith!
Effie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Country road near Fraiks, on a
Market-day night.*

Enter TOORLE, a little 'elevated,' or tipsy.

Toorle. On such another night some years ago—
A night memorable above all nights! (*Croons.*)

*That self-same night poor GRANNY died,
And floods of tears half-thaw'd her boy—
He lay and groan'd, and toss'd, and cried,
Yet wist not if for grief or joy!*

*For why?—She, living, kept him poor;
Dying, she gave him 'one more chance'—
So, gen'rous soul! to make this sure,
'One more' her 'boy' she did advance!*

¹ Lively, heedless girl.

*The morrow came, poor Gran was dead,
 'All she was worth' pass'd to the rogue,
 Who raised a tomb-stone o'er her head,
 And, long years, damn'd himself with grog!*

(*Speaks.*) Turn, monster, turn!—or, sink down evermore,
 If, to arrest thee, ev'n Gran's memory fail!

Enter MURRAY, also 'elevated,' from a bye-path.

Mur. Hilloa, sir! Wha be ye, stranger? Speak!
 The nicht's sae mirk,¹ a body's fain to speir.²

Toorle. My name is Dreadful, from the depths of
 death,

I, thine Apollyon, come, thee to denounce,
 And eke destroy, if thou, on bended knees,
 O wretched caitiff! do not kiss my toe,
 And sue me for Reprieval on the spot!

Mur. Ho! Ye are Maister Toorle! Man, eh, man!
 The vera fouter³ that I want to see!
 But are ye fou?⁴ or only makin' sham?
 What! I am Murray o' Scadfit atweel,
 A thocht a-jee⁵ mysel'!

Toorle. Thou art indeed!
 And I am he thou wot'st of, yet dost not.
 But say thy say, for I am not so 'fou'
 As 'Holy Willie' was one Friday e'en,
 Or Cowper's 'Royal George' was with the brine,
 What are thy words to me?

Mur. Few, but sicker!⁶
 Man, Maister Toorle, I hae lost the CASE!—
 The Plea that's trail'd for years throo Coort to Coort⁷
 Ev'n to the House o' Lords—the last—itsel'—

¹ Dark. ² Inquire. ³ Fellow. ⁴ Drunk. ⁵ A little the worse
 of drink. ⁶ Startling and important. ⁷ Court.

They've closed again' me, and I'm rookit bare
By litigations owre a mere thorn hedge,
The trimmin' not o' whilk's¹ made it become
The Maurch-line o' twa hells—his ferm and mine!

Toorle. And thou must pay thy foe for't—ay or no?

Mur. Ay! and a' his hang'd 'expenses' tae—
A pile like Lammerlaw!²

Toorle.

I believe so!

Lawyers, no more than priests, will plead for naught,
Their clients notwithstanding! and thy 'Case'
Hath hung so long, 'expenses' must amount
To quite a mountain pile, my friend, indeed!

Mur. Abune a thoosand pounds, man, if a penny!

Toorle. I thought they might be that! Well! pay
them down—

O pay them, and have peace! Pay them! pay them!—
Thou well can'st do so still—so pay them! pay them!—

Mur. Pey? Weel, I must! but what I canna stand, 's
The looks that Lammie an' his second wife,
Whane'er I meet them, sneerin' cast at me!
Lord bless ye, Toorle! their looks fair drive me gyte!³
For a religious man—an 'Elder' even—
Lammie's the sherpest carle⁴ I ever cross'd;
And his new wife, great Scott! she fits him weel!
For tho' she's stinkin' prood, she's poo'rfu' tae!⁵

Toorle. That's so. But wherefore, Murray, all this
talk with me?

Mur. Naething! Only, my freend, the Renderpest
Is at Scadfit! *There* it can do no ill—
Or vera little—only bother us—

¹ Which. ² The highest and largest hill of the Lammermoor range.

³ Crazy; mad. ⁴ Astutest old fellow. ⁵ Able, also.

For I've not yet my winter cattle in.

But Lammie's his! He is full stockit, man!

A guid wheen¹ o' his nowte² he fed on gress,³

And now they're round and fat, an' worth a soom!⁴

Toorle. (Perplexed.) Well?

Mur. Weel! Our 'Authority'—our 'Local' ane—
Hae close around Scadfit a 'cordon' drawn,

To insure my ill coo⁵ sall not infeck

Outsiders—sich as Laigh-lea's, or The Braes—

Auld Younger's red, fat place, owre bye.

Toorle. Well, what then? What finish wouldst thou
drive to?

Mur. 'Od, Maister Toorle, but ye're dull the nicht!
Their *Cordon* micht be broken—easy! easy!

It's natural it should—an' nane the wiser!

A' Lammie's seeventy beasts, an' Younger's herds,

Micht be deid smitten wi' the fell disease,

This vera nicht! An' it's sae vera nat'ral?

Toorle. I have no doubt of it! But what could take
The virus of the Plague from thee to them?

Mur. It could be carried in ane's waist-coat pouch!

And were it sae, the carrier o't, atweel,

Micht nurse himsel' below a rich reward!

Do ye tak' up? The noo, in Parliament,

Day efter day, the question is discuss'd—

Whether or no' that compensation meet

Unto the owners of a' animals

Kill'd compulsorily in terms of law

Should, by the State, be gi'en? That it sall *not*,

No, *never sall*, my haill Scots saul's as sure

As of the solemn fack that I maun dee.

¹Number. ²Cattle. ³Cut grass. ⁴A big sum in cash. ⁵Diseased cow.

Toorle. Well, so is mine. What then?

Mur. Dod! but ye're dull, I trow! Why, what but this—

That I'd mak' you, or ony man like you,
My thickest¹ life-lang freen', and be, forbye,
Indebted to him to the hin'most shaird,
An' last half plack o' a' my guid's and gear,²
Wha did convey to Laigh-lea and The Braes
The germs o' the Renderpest this nicht!—
Because I maunna do't mysel' ye ken!

Toorle. (Astounded.) Hoo-ooy! I see! thy plot's a master-stroke!

(Aside.) Revenge and mastery by one fell lick!

(Aloud.) What wouldst thou covenant to give,
To me, or any one agreeable?

Mur. A hunder pound cash down!—besides, gif a'
The cattle smat³ were kill'd, anither ane!
Anither hunner pounds!—Yer fortune, Toorle!

Toorle. (Playing him.) Hum! the offer is a tempting one enough!

And, if some person had not died so soon,
And lived till now, I might have bolted it!
But I shall call, and let you know my mind.

Mur. Done! *(Aside.)* Now, Lammie, ha! ha! ha!
Wha's sneer'd at syne!⁴

(Aloud.) I'll be at hame at a' oors up till nine.⁵ [*Exit.*

Toorle. (Thoroughly sobered.) A 'devil?'
A 'devil' had both 'cloven feet' and 'horns'
That ghosts and men did know him by, but this
Suave modern demon doth improve the old,

¹ Most intimate ; closest. ² Goods and other property. ³ Smitten.

⁴ Then. ⁵ All times, till nine o'clock.

And only shows his breed and spirit when
He holds his baited hounds in certain leash,
Ready to slip with safety on his prey !
O ! all ye Powers ! divine, or otherwise !
Arm me to baulk this hellish hate and spite !
Then, Toorle, TURN ! Yes ! *turn first thyself !*
Turn quickly ! the more so, *being turn'd*,
Thou shalt not hurt, but may much help thyself,
Thyself, and all thy friends !—Whom have we here ?

Enter DAFT DAVIE.

D. Davie. Hullo ! hullo ! It's awfu', awfu' dark,
but weel I ken ye, sir ! Ye're Maister Toorle ! Hoo's
yer granny ? Is she geitin' better ? Ma granny's aye
livin'. Vae says Granny 'ill outlest us a', an' awm a
hunder an' fifty. Granny tells me she's no' sae auld ;
but she's comin' on, Maister Toorle, eh ?

Toorle. She is that, Davie—fast ! Have you, now,
had any snaps to-day at all ?

D. Davie. No—the deevil a snap ! Aw've been at
Sannox Wudd.¹

Toorle. I could tell you where there will be a
splendid fall of big trees—within a week, or so !

D. Davie. Eh ! whare, man, whare ? Div ye ken
whare ?

Toorle. I do, indeed ! For ten big foresters, with
great new axes, fell to them yesterday to nick them
round.

D. Davie. Heard onybody e'er the match o' that !
Whare is't at ? Hoo are they getin' ² on ? They'll be
workin' nicht and day ? They'll no can stop ?

¹ Sannox Wood.

² Getting.

Toorle. Not them! Sunday and Saturday, they'll keep going at it! But, hear me, Davie! No nonsense! You're going straight home now, are'n't you?

D. Davie. Of coorse, of coorse. Aum hungry!

Toorle. Well, go straight to the Big House,¹ and tell old Mr Lammie to come to me. Say this, Davie—'Mr Lammie, Mr Toorle wants to see ye directly.' Tell him to hurry up. Let me hear ye say it, Davie. I have snaps in my pocket, even now! Here they are! Really, delicious snaps! Go on! let me hear you.

D. Davie. Aw'll say—Aw've gotten a pouchfu' snaps!—Aw'll say, 'Rin, rin, Maister Lammie'—the auld ane—'Maister Toorle wants to see ye an oor syne.'²

Toorle. 'Directly,' Davie, 'directly!'

D. Davie. 'Deereckly, Maister Lammie. deereckly! Rin for yer life!—there's gaun to be a gloris fa' o' trees in a week! Maister Toorle's gaun to tell me a' about them the morn—gin ye'll only rin to him deereckly at Deanhauch!' Is that richt?

Toorle. Capital! A prince ambassador! Away, away! [*Exit DAFT DAVIE, running hard.*]

Toorle. I am all be-devil'd! Yes, *that* I am, Be-devil'd utterly! He came to me, As a fit partner in his hellish scheme For Lammie's ruin! Ay! he came to *me*!—*The reason roars around!*—wild monstrous 'drink,' Tide-high in every street for brutes to slorp,³ And fools to drown in! O, Toorle! must it be? Must thou with ample mind deliberate,

¹ The house of the farmer is generally so called.

² An hour ago.

³ Glut disgustingly.

And choose destruction with the swinish brood
That swill, and swell, and sink? No, never, no!
Ten million noes!! (*Takes a flask of whisky from his
breast pocket.*)
There! (*Holding up the flask.*) Barleycorn, there! and
thus pack off! (*Pitches the flask indignantly away.*)
And evermore be off! for—(help me, God!)—
This night I'm shut of thee! From this dark hour
Till the unfathomable of death hides me,
Behold all men in me *Regeneration*,
And let the 'hopeless' hope! He came to me—
Because he deem'd me even like himself—
A villain and a trafficker in acts
More shady than himself—if that can be!—
Folly, farewell!—What Prince Hal did of yore
I repeat here, even '*arm for Agincourt!*' [Exit.

SCENE III. *A foot-bridge over Leddy Water.*

*Enter LAMMIE and MURRAY severally, from either
side, and meeting on middle of bridge. It being
dark night, LAMMIE fails to recognise MURRAY.*

*Mur. (Knowing Lammie, he feigns madness, and
assumes a false English style and voice.) Ah!
Pawdon me!*

I fly fwom the Aswylum! Hell on earth!
I know thou be'st a keepaw! Therefore—die!
(*He suddenly uplifts LAMMIE, and casts him
over the bridge.*)

Weel dune! He's owre the 'fence' at last!
He won the first ane—an' made me the laugh,—
The *scowff* o' a' the public mountebanks,

An' 'horror' o' his Kirk-gaun hypocrites,
Owre the haill countryside! But gif he drouns?
Weel, weel! I didna ettle at his *death*—the thocht
To pitch him owre flasht only throo my brain
As we cam' dunt¹ thegither in the mirk.²
But, wheesht! Somebody's coming!

Enter DAFT DAVIE, *meeting* MURRAY *by the side of the river.*

D. Davie. It's awfu' dark! Aw ken ye, tho'! Ye're Murray o' Scadfit! Aw kent yer vice.³ Wha was ye speakin' till? Yer collie doug's⁴ no here?

Mur. (Startled.) O! I was singin' an' auld sang. Do ye gang hame by the water-side, Davie?

D. Davie. Ay. It's nearest, an' Aw'm wearyin' for ma parritch.

Mur. But it's owre mirk, Davie! What if ye fa' into the water, and be droun'd? Ye should tak' the High road, Davie! (*Aside.*) Should I no' throw *him* in, tae⁵? Och! what's the use? A daft man!

D. Davie. Hoots-toots, man! A'm owre hungry, an' I could gang be the water-side blind-cen, man!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCÈNE IV. *The same, a short distance below the foot-bridge.*

Lam. (Within.) Ho! Ho! Ho there! Help! help! help!

Enter DAFT DAVIE.

D. Davie. Govy! losh! Lord hiv a care o' me!

¹ Knock. ² Dark. ³ Voice. ⁴ Sheep-dog. ⁵ Too.

preserve us a'! Here's anither ane singin' an auld sang! Aw'll hae to begin tae! This ane rairs¹ as loud as a street singer. What diz he sing? It's surely ane o' ma Bulls' sangs!

Lam. (Within.) Ho! Who's there? I'm fallen in the river, an' canna climb out! Five pound to him who saves my life! Quick! quick! Five pound, cash down, I say! O! O!

D. Davie. (Dragging Lammie forth.) Wha be ye? Govy-ding!² if its no' auld Maister Lammie's sel'!—watter than the droun'd fish-wife at Dunbar!—an' the vera callant³ Aw want to see! Rin, Maister, rin to Maister Toorle, deereckly, deereckly, deereckly! But what wey div ye douk⁴ wi' yer claes on? Are ye feart to gang in nakit, as it's sae cauld? Ye should aye douk throo the day!

Lam. Hush! Davie. Did ye come over the bridge? Then ye were bound to meet the puir madman who has escaped frae the Asylum up-bye?

D. Davie. Aw cam' owre the brig atweel, bit the only madman Aw met wuz Murray o' Scadfit—nae doubt he's mad eneuch, an' ye mean him, tho' he's nae match ava for a pawky daft chiel' like me. Rin awa' to Toorle deereckly—he wants ye baad⁵—Aw'm awa hame to geit ma parritch! (*Going.*)

Lam. Stop, Davie, stop! Was the man ye spoke to at the far end o' the bridge really Mr Murray o' Scadfoot? Come! Davie, *be sure!* Snaps to-morrow, gin ye tell me truly! But, *be sure*, Davie!

D. Davie. O, ma crowdy⁶ 'ill be cauld!

¹ Roars. ² Exclamatory—equal to 'Mercy me! ³ Chappie ;
young fellow. ⁴ Bathe. ⁵ Greatly. ⁶ Porridge.

[*Going, singing—*
It wuz Murray, Maister Lammie, sir-r-r!
It wuz Murray, Murray, Murray, O!
He wantit me the High road, sir-r-r-r!
Bit Aw wuz in owre big a hurry, O!

There, sir, there! *That's* shairly true? ¹ [Exit.

Lam. Murray! Mr Murray, my neighbour! That explains his recent fiend-like scowls at us! Because the law courts have decided our fence plea in my favour, he would even *murder* me! O that poor Davie had been eligible as a witness! But *his* word in a Court of law would but be as idle wind. I thoct I had smelt the 'madman' before! '*Twas Murray in sad an' sober truth!* Was't through drink? Was he drunk? Or half drunk? But tho' he was, in verity, what then? O! O! the mean, low, vile, revengeful brute! The fence? He has lost the fence Case irrevocably. Therefore—ah! ah! ah! He'll hate me mair, too, because I sae sairly beat him at the 'Heavy cropping' trial. But, thank God! he tackles his match in me at the War game also! Here is the junction o' the Water-side an' the High roads. I hear a foot!

[*Goes forward a step or two.*

Enter TOORLE.

Toorle. In this great darkness, friend, I'm fain to seek
And know thy name—no wise impertinently,
But simply to prevent mistakes occurring
In our quite probably forthcoming words—
Art thou not Mr Lammie of Laigh-lea?

Lam. Ye fouter, ay! an' ye are Toorle o' Deanhauch,
Our native Oracle and Engineer—

¹ Surely the truth.

The freend o' a' mankind alive, but—Toorle!

Toorle. No more of that! *That's done!* Here's other stuff:

An hour ago, I did dispatch Daft Davie,
To ask you come to me on urgent matters;
He went the Water-side way, by direction,
It being much the shortest—but what's wrong?
You are not ill, I hope?

Lam.

O! no, no, no!

But I am icy *cauld!*—drench'd to the heart—
Being only frae the middle river dregg'd¹
The maitter o' a joiter's² 'jiffy' yet!
But I hae seen Daft Davie—for 'twas he
Wha saved my life by pooin'³ me frae death,
That, in the water, like a crocodile,
Strived hard to haul me under. Hearken, Toorle!
Ye ken I'm on the board Parochial?
Weel! In the Public Schule this day we held
Our common Quarter meeting. A stiff ane 'twas!
That stiff, in sooth, it wasna skail'd⁴ till gloamin';
Sae up the Water-side, for better speed,
I hameward sped, altho' the nicht was dark,
The coming moon no' being due for hours
Owre eastlin' Lammermoor, whare noo she hings,⁵
E'en like the dinted tairge o' bauld Rob Roy
Out-owre the Pass o' Aberfoyle langsyne,
As limn'd intil our Hielant buik⁶ at hame.
Weel! In the unco mirk⁴ I wan the brig—
(The white fit-brig whilk ye yersel' pat⁸ up—
Below the ruin'd castle, years ago)—

¹ Dragged. ² Ne'er-do-weel's. ³ Pulling. ⁴ Dispersed. ⁵ Hangs.

⁶ Highland book. ⁷ Great darkness. ⁸ Put.

An wasna owre't but half, whan I did meet
A man-like Figure, muffled in a maud,¹
That in an English voice tauld me It had
Jist than escapit frae the Mad-house folk
Up there at Craigie-heuch—' *Hell on earth*,'
It ca'd the place—and, ere I could say ' Na !'
It, be a sudden muve,² claspt me about
Wi' It's lang airms, and swang me owre the rail
Intil the water, whilk, be guid luck, there,
Flows calm an' deep—else, Toorle, out-an'-out,
I had been kill'd twize owre!³

Toorle. An extraordinary, heart-harrowing tale!
How comes it, man, that thou art here alive?

[*Sits down weariedly on a milestone.*]

Lam. Daft Davie pull'd me out, syne ran aff hame,
Because he thocht ' his crowdy wad get cauld !'
But ere he gaed,⁴ he threepit doun⁵ wi' me
The ' madman ' was nae ither madman else
Than Murray o' Scadfit ! And I jalouze⁶
The fule⁷ was richt, daft cratur tho' he be!—
But what say you?

Toorle. Davie would know, as he did speak to him?
And Davie's truthful as Old Time himself.

Murray's lost the lawsuit now? Well, he's a man,
Whom, to quit vengeance, or vindictive hate,
I would not bet a last year's egg upon.

No, no, my friend! *Be wise, and know thy foe.*—
(*Aside.*) And that Scadfoot⁸ is his, alas! *I know!*

Lam. (Alarmed.) O! Toorle, Toorle, how? say how?

¹ Plaid. ² Movement; action. ³ Twice over. ⁴ Went.

⁵ Argued persistently. ⁶ Suspect. ⁷ Fool. ⁸ Farmers and
lairds are often designated by the names of their places in Scotland.

Toorle.

Patience, awhile !

I cannot tell thee yet. Take me on trust,
And be thou ever ready for his blows,
And we shall thwart them all.

Lam.

Be ready *noo* ?

Ay, that I sall !¹ For his arrest maun wait,
Davie's no' *compos mentis*, sae unfit
To pit in evidence against the brute ?

Toorle. Yes. (*Aside.*) And I've no evidence against
him either,
My word to his, that's all—nothing ! (*Aloud.*) Wait,
wait.

Lam. But did ye Davie bid tell me to 'rin'
To you directly—e'en this vera nicht ?

Toorle. I did—not knowing I would meet thee thus.

Lam. In God's name, man, what for ?

Toorle. (*Putting him off.*) When coming from the
Market town to-day,
With Murray I foregather'd by the way ;
But he was 'sprung,'² and I myself jimp sober—
With Bacchus' gangs I've been so long a jobber !
But I am now Reform's latest son,
Tho' in my Daddy's service scarce begun !—
My talk with Murray was about the herds,
Now o'er-bless'd with the Rinderpest's regards,
And why I wish'd to see thee was about
The urgent need for minding well thy nowte ;
Having thy stall'd up kye,³ and *all* thy kine,
Now fattening at Laigh-lea, that folk may dine,
Most carefully and strenuously attended,
Watch'd *night and day*, until all danger's ended ;

¹ Shall.

² Somewhat in liquor.

³ Cattle and milch cows.

For mankind *are* an 'unco squad,'¹ you know,
One's nearest neighbour's oft one's fellest foe!
So, take a hint from me,—straight straddle home
And instant change these dripping duds,² for some
Drier and safer, then appoint thy *Watch*—
Lose not one moment! hurry off! dispatch!

Lam. Just one word more, dread Master, by your
leave!

As the DARK FIGURE hurl'd me owre the brig,
He cuist³ wi' me his bannet, and his staff,
Whilk I somehow, had grippit in our fecht!⁴

Toorle. Ho! ho! O, ho! Where are they now?

Lam. Nae doubt,

Baith floatin' down the Watter to the sea!

Toorle. Murray's done for!—circumvented! caught!
Another 'law-plea's' doom'd before its birth!
And with this last, his last of liberty!
Lammie! leave staff and cap to me. *Keep mum!*
I'll get them from the stream to-morrow morn.

Enter DOCTOR LANG.

Doc. Hallo! Whom have we here? Not Toorle, surely!

Toorie. Renownèd Homœopathist! Toorle I be,
And this my weeping friend's half-drown'd Laigh-lea⁵—
Prescribe salvation forthwith, great 'M.D.!'

Doc. Truce now to bosh! O, Mr Lammie! sir—
(I've just been to your foreman-ploughman's mother,
Who soon will be all right again, no doubt)—
Sad news I bring! The Russian Rinderpest
Has rudely enter'd in your cattle courts,
And five are down already! Hurry home!

¹ Fickle crew. ² Clothes. ³ Threw. ⁴ Struggle. ⁵ Honouring
the old custom by calling Lammie after his farm.

Lam. (Horried.) The Rinderpest wi' me! It canna be!

I left a' hale an' soun' this efternune?

But, an it's true, sirs! I am broken clean!

A bankrupt and a ruin'd fermer, sirs!—

A dyvour! beggar! outcast, hameless man!

For I had twa an' seeventy beasts at hame,

The least ane o' them worth, at present rates,

Nae less than five an' twenty pounds to me!

Noo, a' they'll slay, an' bury in their skins,

As per'lous pests, the haill drave—an' a'!

Atweel! atweel! bouks,¹ hides, an' horns, an' a'!—

The yearth spleets² wide, and Tophet gapes for me!

[Exit, running and moaning.]

Doc. Poor Lammie! I much dread this shock on him.

His need of money, Toorle, at this juncture,

Was extra urgent, for his son's new farm

Is no wise started yet.—But I forget!

My groom and brougham wait for me at the Mill!

All well up at Deanhaugh? So, so! Good-bye! *[Exit.]*

Toorle. Begone, thou clumsy Homœopathic farce!
Nature no 'doze infinitesimal'

Gave the sick world in thee when thou wert 'ta'en,'³

Ye Titan nincompoop and o'er-grown ass!

But I am flabbergasted by his news,

And cannot read it clear: Murray went home?

Yes—myself saw him go. But Scadfoot is quite near,

And he'd soon reach it by the hedge-side path?

And pass Laigh-lea upon the GLAURY ROAD⁴—

¹ Carcases. ² Splits; yawns. ³ Taken; born. ⁴ A muddy village road near Fraiks.

Where he'd be likely bent, on the outlook
For further drams?¹ and thus could gain the bridge
In quite good time—cursed fortuitousness!—
To make his hell-induced attempt on Lammie's life?
To all these quests the answer is but 'Yes,'
A puzzling, indecisive 'Yes,' because
I feel within me deep a negative
Upraised against it—as regards the 'plague'
Among the bovines! For that they were smit
Ere he *could* do't seems undeniable?
This part's a painful mystery, but I
May probe it yet when least I think to do—

Enter a Country POLICEMAN.

Pol. Hello! Maister Toorle?

Toorle. Ay, ay! What news now?

Pol. O, the Renderpest is spreading far an' near!
I've jist come frae The Braes, whaur a' the stots²
Are to be kill'd the morn. The fermer, tae,
Auld Maister Younger, is gien³ up for lost;
The Inflooenza's aff, but Ploory's⁴ on,
An' he maun dee.—A' quate up at Deanhauch?
Guid nicht! The plague's at Laich-lea, tae! Guid
nicht! [Exit.

Toorle. They come, they go, and each one here
behind

Leaves me a brimful bosomload of woe!
My inmost heart for Younger weeps and bleeds,
He ever was so gallant, gay, and strong—
A yeoman and a curler cast in Mar's mould—

¹ Supplies of drink. ² Young Oxen, strictly castrated ones. ³ Given.

⁴ Pleurisy.

A stout love-rival 'spite his ninety years—
 A veritable modern miracle!
 And now he dies! sickens a-bed, and dies,
 Like any Cowgate waif! Here come more tears!

Enter The REV. MR LITTLE of Fraiks.

Little. Happy to meet you friend, tho' sad's the cause!

Toorle. Ah! Reverend sir, I know not yet that cause!

But it is sad?—

Little. Yes, in a sense, it is. Old Younger's dead, Him of The Braes, you know. I go there now, Having received a message. Bye, bye, bye! [*Exit.*]

Toorle. He *has* died!—woe is me! But, for his sake, E'en for his sake, *his* Mary I'll make *mine*! (*Rises.*) If not, I'll wither like a mill-dew'd neep On Scadfoot ere I'm forty! O misery!

(*Croons*) *Every soul brings misery!*

*Every passer bye
 Dropeth that which sendeth me
 Straight to thee, Mary Bly!*

O let me sleep and dream of this o' nights,
 For woefully I need even love's delights! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Hamlet of Kenaw. The front-yard of CHAPMAN'S Smithy.*

Enter CHAPMAN and JOCK.

Chap. Blaw up, Jock, blaw up! In to the smiddy!
 The land's owre wat¹ for plooin' the day, sae we may

¹ Wet.

look-out for a wheen¹ o' the tykes² being here aff haun', wi' horses wanting shaeing, or ploo-airms needing laying and sherping. Hurry up, lad! Here's ane forrit³ already!

Enter WUDDY.

Wud. Hoo's a'? Saft waather? Here's my new sock,⁴ an' Geordie Sward's auld ane—baith needin' layin'.

Enter WHITEY.

White. Hallo! A meetin' o' auld freends! An' Jamie Wudd, even! A sad job this at The Braes? To happen in the vera funeral week, tae!

Wud. But they say it boud⁵ to happen onywey—e'en tho' the auld Maister had lastit till he was as auld as auld Parr's sel', for insteid o' him gaun forrit, an' deein' walthy, as was thocht be mony folk, he's in fac' *ahint*, wi' a debt owre an' abune⁶ fowre thoosan' pound! Hugh, his auldest son, is in an unco kippage⁷ about it. He's sair, sair ta'en in, an's lookin' meeserable an' disjaskit an' forfoch'en.⁸ He's gaun to gang to America in the spring, they say, an's to tak' a' the faimly wi' him, gif eneuch be left be this stramash⁹ to pey a' their passages. Puir deevils, efter a'! Fine callants¹⁰ they are!

Chap. That'll depend muckle on Lord Surly, his laird, an' on the Judeeshal factor. Wha *is* appointit factor, hae ye heard?

White. Our laird's new Estate-factor—Sterne himsel'. An' I'm a Dutchman, an' an eediot as weel, gin

¹ Number. ² Hinds. ³ Forward. ⁴ Plough-share. ⁵ But.

⁶ Over and above. ⁷ Great surprise and distress. ⁸ Ill and worn out. ⁹ Ruinous event. ¹⁰ Young men.

he disna screw them a' steeve an' starn¹ eneuch!—Eh, Wullie?

Chap. Richt again, Whitey. Stern and steeve eneuch, I'll bet! I ken him! Laird Surly 'ill be chief creditor, of coorse? I wunner² wha's neist him? I'm no' last,³ I ken!

Wud. It's Toorle, they say, for he hasna yet been paid for either the slappin'³ new steam engine or the high speed threshin' mill he pat up for us five year sin', an' they're yet the best i' the Coonty, far an' awa.

Chap. That's baith true an' strange, for Toorle's a man I canna faddom noo-a-days. E'er sin' his gran'-mither dee'd at Fraiks an' left him a' her siller, he's no' been the same kind o' man ava. Nae doubt he's jist as big-heartit an' as lang-heidit as ever, but he's a different fallow. An' he drams nane either noo! That's a fac'! He gangs in, but he tastes nane.⁴ He's changed lately a' thegither—that wey! I waitna⁵ what's changed him—or what has come owre him?

White. Maybe it's Mary Blythe? But gif it be her, he should hae a clear field noo, noo that guid auld Younger's i' th' mools?⁶

Chap. He's haen⁷ a 'clear field' a' alang. Mary ne'er was for the puir lassie-daft auld man, tho' I believe he was mad on *her*! Toorle kenn'd that fu' brawly, I ken! But he sae likeit auld Younger that he wadna gae in strong—or openly—for Mary, because he thocht it wad kill the auld boy if he did sae. Toorle's the maist onselfish sowl I ever met in wi'—or ever

¹ Hard and severe. ² Wonder. ³ Splendid.
public houses on business, but drinks none.

⁴ Goes into

⁵ Wonder.

⁶ The mould; the earth. ⁷ Had.

heard tell o'! Still, something sairous has come owre him, an' I waitna what it is?

White. He has 'come' owre auld blaggard Murray, at ony rate! He's Toorle'd an' twirl'd him to his desairts in the Calton Jile!¹ Whan's his trial to come aff, hear ye?

Chap. I haena heard. I jalooze tho', that Toorle kens mair about Murray than he lets on! Yes! I'm perswadit he does, but Toorle's far owre clever a fallow to let out what he's no' deid sure o' anent sich a kittle customer. *I ken him!* But, Whitey, what about Crawheuch? Isna young Maister Robin—Toorle's ain namesake, an' graven image, tae!²—gaun to geit³ it? It's a gran' ferm, an' Robin's weel deservin' o't, but I fear 'twill be owre dear? O curse, dooble cursit be a' thae infernal rack-rents! They've curst me, I ken!

White. Richt again, Smith! But I'm fearin' something's wrang doun-bye, for the auld Maister an' Robin are noticed never to gome⁴ ilk ither noo, whatever their thraw⁵ may be. I no ken!

Chap. It's that confooded prood rip o' a stap-mither! She's the *thraw*, hang her! Puir auld Lammie! honest man, I peety him. Ae wey an' a' wey, he has a heavy handfu'—I ken!

White. He should weel wallop the stappy wi' his 'heavy handfu'!

Chap. The last lounderin'⁶ he gat himsel' *did for* him, I fear!

Wud. Losh, man! What was that, Wullie?

¹ Prison. ² Too. ³ Get. ⁴ Heed; notice. ⁵ Quarrel; or cause of. ⁶ Beating.

Chap. The tattie¹ failur'. Fifty acre, Wuddy, valued at thirty pound an acre afore the disease strack them—say fifteen hunder a'thegither—a' lost! He tauld me himsel' that they didna pey the liftin' o' them be ten pound! Ay! an' that terrible catastroffy to fa' on him siccan² a short time efter the Rob Roy herryin' he gat be the Renderpest—whan he lost a' his kye, an' cattle baith, abune seeventy heid, teetottally!³ Man, it's awfu'! Waur than me yet! As bad as Job! Ay! an' mair sae still, gude kens, wi' wheat down to thirty shullins a quarter. Broken fermers 'ill be as common as sparries⁴ sune, I ken! Jock! lick⁵ awa' in, an' blaw up. Nae six o'clock *this* nicht, I ken!

[*Exit Jock hurriedly.*]

White. A rumour's gaun⁶ that Murray's sequestertae⁷ in the Jile tho' he be? Is't true, Wullie?

Chap. It's a *true* rumour. I'm an owre heavy creditor mysel', I ken! There's nae maitter about it for Murray, but I peety his puir wife—a canny body, but a shamefu' negleckit an' ill-used ane. The Lord knows what'll come owre her? Puir, puir body! *She* has need o' freends, I trow! But, Whitey, Im ta'en up wi' what ye said about Robin an' his faither, for Robin, I wat, is ane o' the han'somest an' the true-bluest lads in a' braid Scotland, an' the smertest trooper in our Loudon Yeomanry besides. Look here!—He, first ava, years syne, was commendit for baith 'riding' an' 'swordsmanship,' syne he wan, ane efter anither, a' the maidals, an' at last—jist last year—he *cairried aff the SWURD ITSEL'!!* I wis' I saw him weel

¹ Potato.

² Such a very.

³ Absolutely.

⁴ Sparrows.

⁵ Hasten.

⁶ Going.

⁷ Sequestered also.

'staiblish'd in a ferm—suttin' doun,¹ woo'd an' mairried an' a'! I like him, I ken!

White. Sae weel ye may! He's a stunner, I tell ye. At a' thing he tries, he beats a' body else. Ploo'in', drillin', stackin', sawin', bre'kin'-in,² clippin, sodgerin', an' a'thegither! Naething comes wrang to him, an' he's second to naebody at onything. I wonder gin he's aye as warm on bonnie Effie Brodie yet?

Chap. Ye may tak' yer aith on that whan ye like! Robin's nae butterflee, na, nor nae tammy norry fidget³ either! He gaes owre aften to Auld Reekie no' to be warm on Effie still. I believe mysel' that he's no' only warm on her yet, but that he's noo red het⁴—near waldin'⁵ heat, even! I ken!

Wud. She wad mak' a grand fermer's wife, for of coorse she kens a' about kintra⁶ wark, an the lear'⁷ she'll hae gotten at the big Embro' schules⁸ 'ill hae gien her a' the leddie touches needit? Eh?

White. Ay, that's a' true. But, Jamie Wudd! the stanes at Laigh-lea hae gotten a new birler,⁹ an' hoo they'll row¹⁰ for Robin an' Effie I canna say. Nor I canna see!

Chap. What! An ye mean, Whitey, be the 'new birler' yer new mistress—auld Lammie's second wife—I can baith see an' say!

White. 'Od! I kenn'd that wad rouse ye, Wullie, an' sae-I said it! Weel, what think ye? Wull she hae to gie in? Liste!¹¹ I hope sae. I ken she hates Effie!

Chap. She hates a' thing but hersel' an' maybe the rich Nan Neil, her only freend, an' vanity, an' grandeur.

¹ Settled down.

² Horse breaking.

³ Senseless changeling.

⁴ Red hot.

⁵ Welding; white.

⁶ Country.

⁷ Learning.

⁸ Edinburgh schools.

⁹ Bowler.

¹⁰ Roll.

¹¹ Faith!

I muckle fear, chaps, there will be a stramash, maybe's a diveesion, amang them—for Robin's het, owre het, an' Effie, bonnie as she is, an' as guid an' as clever as she is bonnie, is but a puir man's dochter—the bairn o' their ain grieve, in fac'—sae I look to hear o' a catastroffy befa'in'¹ Laigh-lea onytime. Suner² than we suspeck, maybe. November's here, the main time for sequesterin' fermers! I ken!

Wud. What o' that? Ye're no' feart for auld Maister Lammie—an e o' our ain Kirk elders, an' sich an able man as he is?

Chap. Hah! That's so, but so will the 'new birler' no' want Robin to mairry a fortune—as sic a braw lad could do ony day, easy?—for, lads, without a windfa' o' some kind sune, I canna see hoo they can cairry on their twa muckle fermes muckle langer. For, what wi' their fearfu' losses, an' the low markets, they maun be gey near toom'd out be³ this time. Eh! Hist ye! Here! there gaes bye, in his new gig, that tousy lubber, muckle Doctor Lang! Wha's ill?

Wud. O! he'll be gaun to see auld Grizzly Anderson, Toorle's housekeeper, ye ken, up at Deanhauch. She's doun wi' her back-bane again—waur than ever, I hear.

Chap. Ay, mair than likely. But time flees, boys! Let us in an' set to wark. I daur gabble here nae langer.

[*Exit to Smithy.*]

White. Jamie Wudd! Chapman's a smert⁴ man, an' I rarely⁵ think that wi' his gleg wut⁶ he has pairced to the true hairt o' the Laigh-lea trouble. I hae served the Auld Maister noo abune twenty 'eers

¹ Befalling. ² Sooner. ³ By. ⁴ Shrewd. ⁵ Truly; really.

⁶ Astute mind.

—atween The Mills an' Laigh-lea—an' I ne'er saw him
weir siccan a doom's¹ look on his face afore. There's
for certain something dreidfu' on his mind, whatever
it may be.

Wud. The lack o' siller, Tam, that's his sorrow—
naucht else! But let's in—baith o' the smiths rair²
loud for us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Deanhaugh. A room in TOORLE'S house.*

Enter DOCTOR LANG and TOORLE.

*Toorle. (Who has been, as usual, in hot argument with
the Doctor.)*

O! Doctor Lang, dear Doctor Lang, my friend!
In rhyme, if not in reason, let us end
This therapeutic rumpus—though, without doubt,
Being still an Allopathist out-and-out,
I *must* have Grizzel physic'd sensibly,
Nay! spared all *bunkum*, even ostensibly.
If she need castor-ile—give her good measure—
A gallon I'll not grudge to save this treasure!
What could a Homœopathic 'taste' of ile
Do for colossal Griz, distraught with bile?
Away, away! I'd value not one spittle
From famous Buchan's self³ a doze so little!
No, Doctor, no! Naught so absurd's 'taen' here,
Nor will be 'taen,' of either drugs or beer,
For tho' I eschew both, old Griz, both beer and ile,
Shall have to her last hour, in usual bulk and style!

Doc. (Seriously.) This rant's sheer prejudice and
ignorance!

¹ Such a fatal. ² Call. ³ The great Scots doctor of the eighteenth century.

Old Grizzel's down—but not with biliousness,
But spinal atrophy, which naught may check,
But the all-checker—death! So, be advised,
Have her removed forthwith to the 'Incurable,'¹
And there an end!

Toorle. Never! *Here* she remains!

Doc. But she might linger years?

Toorle. And that she may
This block² shall do his best—ay, though she live
Until her thousand wrinkles run together
And make two general channels down her cheeks—
Gulfs deeper than the deepest furrow'd tracks
That ever age or sorrow wore in flesh!

Doc. A monstrous burthen to strap on the back
Of a mere artizan! and in such times!

Toorle. The 'artizan' may have a 'back' as safe,
Tho' not as large, as Lang his doctor's is;
Griz bore me in her fond arms in my youth,
So on my 'back' I'll take her in her eld!

Doc. Well, well! Her present treatment just
continue *still*—

Nourish her well, and regulate her bowels.

Toorle. With castor-ile? I'll have a hogshead
order'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *The Public road near Scadfoot.*

Enter TOORLE.

Toorle. (Crooning.)

Gloomy Winter's coming on—

Now that glorious Summer's gone!

And winds, straight from the Polar zone,

Howl thro' the woods fu' drearie, O!

¹ The Hospital for Incurables in Edinburgh.

² Knave.

I see, from what Lang said, Chapman's kept mum,
And has not blabb'd of Granny's *Will* the sum!

(*Crooning.*)

*Far out-owre the Scadfoot hills,
Murky cloud the welkin fills—
As this world Man's wanton ills
Fill ever mair camsteerie,¹ O!*

Enter THE REV. MR LITTLE.

Little. Dear me! Mr Toorle? Cold weather? Cold!
cold!

Poor Mistress Murray is in sad distress!

I have just called, and found her so!

Her case is pityful! Indeed, it is!

Poor soul! poor soul! I know not what she'll do!

Her husband sequestrated and in jail!

How just's the end of dreadful Heresy,

Have care, have care of Science, Mr Toorle!

The stick and cap you found have done for him!

Good day, good day! It is too cold to stand! [*Exit.*

Toorle. 'Poor soul, poor soul, poor soul!' That's
his *sole* help!

A 'Preacher of the Gospel of the Lord!'

By all the ninnies hereabouts 'adored!'

He's well-named 'Little' whose so little stored

With brains and charity, upon my word!

His stipend's big—the only 'big' he's gat,

Which, to his worth, is as *Scad Law* to—*naught*! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Parlour of Scadfoot farmhouse.*

Enter TOORLE and a SERVANT GIRL.

Serv. I've tell't² the Mistress, sir. Jist sit ye doun,
An' she'll be here belyve.³

¹ Perversely.

² Told.

³ Just now.

Toorle. My bonny Jenny, thanks!
We *are* old friends!

[*Exit Servant, smiling pleasedly.*]

Enter MRS MURRAY, confused.

Mrs M. O! Maister Toorle! I gat your letter, sir,
And I hae grutten¹ owre't sith e'er it cam',
Its sae uncommon kindness touch'd me sae!
Hoo could ye ever dream to tak' me hame?
I'd be a life-lang burden to ye, sir!

Toorle. I beg your pardon, madam, you mistake!
The 'kindness' and the 'burden' would be yours,
And I would be the gainer everyway,
Did we agree. Hear me! Our doctor—Lang—
Avows—his own way—inimitable—
That Griz, our stout, unique, archaic Griz,
My ancient nurse and governante's, become,
By the constraint of age and frailty, quite
Bed-fast and helpless, therefore, I do need—
Do need most urgently—one fit, like you,
To mistress and administer my house.
So, herein (*showing a written document*) is writ down,
and duly sign'd,
As per my letter, all the terms, in full,
Of our contract—*design'd to last our lives*—
Take it and let me go—no words—no thanks—
I hurry to Laigh-lea, and am too late!

[*Exit, in haste.*]

Mrs M. (Sola.) Was ever kenn'd before a man like
that?

He strives to gar² me think I'm kind to *him*!

¹ Cried.

² Make.

Begs me to be, *for life*, his Housekeeper—
The leddy mistress o' a place like his !
The Lord will bless the dirt that's trod upon
Be sich¹ a Saul as that ! I, but yestreen,
Was as the widow o' a living man,
A hameless, hopeless beggar ! Noo, e'en this nicht,
I wadna swap² my wardly prospects with
The highest fermer's wife's in a' the land— —
And 'twere na for the thocht o' him in jail ! [Exit.

SCENE V. *Laigh-lea. A room in LAMMIE'S house.*

Enter LAMMIE and ROBIN.

Lam. Altho' ye truly wan the Swurd³ last year,
An' made yer faither's heart swall big wi' joy
That he was the begetter o' a lad
Could whup⁴ the best in a' our Yeomanry—
(That Nursery o' the bangest⁵ human aiks⁶
Auld Scotland rears for her life's services)—
A trooper like THE DOUGLAS!⁷ what o' that ?
What, if this strappin', seeming 'Touch-me-not,'
Prove, efter a', but as a wooden gaud,—
Whittled, an' dinkit⁸ out in Brummagem,—
Wi' jist as little in him o' his promise
As in thae baubles, made to counterfeit
Their vera opposites ? Here is her letter—(*showing one*),
Wharein the limmer⁹ speaks o' your 'betrothal'
To her pert precious 'niece !'—a bumpkin's brat !—
Fill'd fou' o' Edinboro' pride an' cheek,
Till she's become a hash¹⁰ o' uselessness,

¹ By such. ² Exchange. ³ Yeomanry Sword—highest prize.

⁴ Defeat. ⁵ Ablest. ⁶ Oaks. ⁷ Sir James—the favourite of
The Bruce. ⁸ Carved and dressed. ⁹ Hussy. ¹⁰ Jumble ; mess.

An' sickening flummeries!

Rob. Father!—I grieve now
I could not tell you sooner. There were reasons—

Enter THE SECOND MRS LAMMIE.

Which I might not surmount.

Mrs L. Hear me!—one word!
Robert, your father's told me all! *Nan Neil's no jilt!*
No! tho' an heiress, and a gentlewoman,
A lady born and bred, and high endow'd,
Both with gifts natural, and wealth bequeathed
By relatives long gone—*She is no jilt!*
Wherefore, I say, for you to flirt *her* thus,
Having no cause, is an ungallant deed—
A base, dishonourable, unmanly deed,
Think of it how you may!

Rob. Lord's mercy, madam!
What is Nan Neil to me? I love her none!
'Tis true I squired her at our Yeoman ball,
Down at Dunbar, last July's drilling time,
And that I've nodded to her thrice since then,
When, casually, I met her riding out,
Attended by her lackey, horsed likewise,
A hundred yards in rear, and that sums up
The total of my intercourse with 'NAN,'
In love, and all things else!

Mrs L. Then she, poor lady,
Hath fed her spirit upon hollow hopes,
And now must starve outright? I fondly thought,
When she disclosed to me, in privacy—
(Engender'd by our mutual faith and love)—
Her passion for you, which she did characterize
As, 'what space is unto the Universe,

Holding and having all !' I say, I thought,
And still do think, your blissful union would
Solve happily our farm perplexities,
Born of the evil times in which we live,
And fight infinities with baby hands—
Like seeking for North Poles in washing tubs !

Rob. Thank God ! It can not, and it shall not be—
I say so, and *my* word, in this, is *law* !

Lam. Ailice, leave him to me ! Step ye upstairs !

Mrs L. Before I go, hear me, 'law'-speaking boy !
I am the mistress of *my* lips and tongue,
And what they 'word,' *I mean* ! therefore attend !
The price of *thy* rejection of Nan Neil—
('Tis well that thou shouldst know)—will be, in fine—
The loss to thee for ever of Crowheugh,
Disgrace, and ruin, to thy father dear ;
And beggary to us all *beyond remead* !¹
Reject a lady, capable to save
A crowd of wreck'd insolvents, ev'n as us,
From bitter bankruptcy—and after lives,
Too dreadful even to think of !—by one scratch
Of her so nimble and so willing pen !
Reject this ample saviour of us all !
Reject her ! O ! for whom ? for what, my dear ?—
A silly city gigglet, verily !

Rob. (Impulsively.) No ! but a Paragon ! a regal lass,
Of Nature's royalty ! a princess true,
A gifted, gracious princess, whose shoe soles
Thou, Madam, thou—with all thy pride and style,
Parvenu dignities, and upstart airs—
Art even unfit to lick !

¹ Remedy.

Mrs L. (Beyond herself.) Go to, thou whelp!—
Too rabid me to flout, far less to fleech!¹

But I'll be ne'er disgraced by beggary,

Tho' the end fear'd hath come! [Exit.

Lam. (Alarmedly.) Hush! Robin, hush!

She's gall'd, an' say are ye—sae say nae mair!

But what she said, before this fell fa' out,

Was but the wae,² wae truth! for Blunt is deid³—

Auld Factor Blunt of priceless memorie!—

A sudden spend⁴ he's ta'en frae prime o' life,

Owre loupin' eild,⁵ intil the gulf o' death!

The New Man, Blunt's successor, is a lawyer,

Sae we're a' sald⁶ an' bucht⁷ noo like sheep

Drawn for the killin'-house,⁸ down by at Fraiks,

Gin ye persist in keeping aff Miss Neil,

For our last hope lay in her *stocking-fit*,⁹

And her sworn willingness to stand our freend,

An ye but wedded her! Else, Robin, lad!

The morn's the last day or¹⁰ our sequestration,

Whilk¹¹ ends my maistership and honours a'!

Breaks up an' scatters a' our faimily!

Reives¹² a' the hauchs an' howms¹³ I've till'd sae lang!

Kills a' my fireside comforts—leisure hours—

Rob. O father! wail not thus, and hear me speak.

This final stroke I have foreseen for years,

And, for such time, I've been preparing for't.

I leave to-night by train Laigh-lea for ever—

Unless old miracles repeat their scores,

¹ Coax; advise. ² Sad. ³ Dead. ⁴ Leap. ⁵ Old age.

⁶ Sold. ⁷ Folded. ⁸ Slaughter house. ⁹ Bank account.

¹⁰ Before. ¹¹ Which. ¹² Steals away; deprives him of.

¹³ Meadows and flats.

Or beastly Fortune bates this persecution
Enough to save our plans. (*Pulls a bell cord.*)

Lam. 'Scores!' 'plans!' What 'plans?'

Enter PEGGIE.

Rob. Peggie, has Mr Toorle never come?

Peg. O, yes, Maister Robin! He's ben i' the kitchen!

Rob. Then, Peggie, kindly ask him to come here.

Peg. O! I'se do that, Maister Robin, that will I!

[*Exit.*

Rob. Now, father, prove your grit in this grand hour!

Enter TOORLE.

Toorle. (*To Lammie.*) My old friend, I know all!
No repetitions!

Sterne, your new factor, I did meet by chance,
His lordship—your old liberal laird¹—also,
Down in their Office at the Home-farm house.

Lam. Ay! that is queer. He is nae laird o' yours?

Toorle. Sad fact! But there I saw them, sure
enough—

As, times and times, thyself have urged me do?

Lam. *Me?* Surely no! But worry memory
thrapples.²

Toorle. Well, this is the result anent Laigh-lea—
Crowheugh, of course, is lost—profitably lost,
Else would ye be rack-rented worse than now!

Lam. Wait, wait. Grant me one word. Does YON
begin

On Friday morning? Sall I be wrackit than?³

Toorle. Bankrupt?—Thou would'st be, but I'll pull
thee through,

¹ Landlord.

² Throttles.

³ Sequestrated then?

If thou wilt catch and grasp the buoy I throw!—
Adopt, without demur, my Saving Scheme?

Lam. What is it? O what is it? Say, O, say!
And tho' ye glibly speak as twanging wires
O' railroad telegraphs, my ears sall still
Wi' painfu' keenness and impatience ring
For ye to hurry the delivery
O' such a hope-fraucht message as of help frae you!

Toorle. It may allay the ringing in thine ears
With what may pain them more than fretfulness
And lack of patience. But 'twill cure right off,
If taken as design'd, and as desired.

Lam. O man! the noo, the noo? Pour't out, at
wance,
And I sall swallow't an' ye tell me to,
Tho' 'twere to pain like a new Flodden-field!

Toorle. Like Flodden-field, *it is design'd to purge!*
This one, *thy* state of ambiguities,
Heroic humbugs, and quixotic fads,
And fit it for the reign of simple sense.

Lam. Pour't out, and I sall swallow, kill or cure!

Rob. My true-blue Daddy still!—'*Twill cure, not kill.*

Toorle. Ay, *if gulp'd down slap-bang, and holus-bolus!*

Lam. E'en as ye took yer merrie drams lang syne?

Toorle. So! And pray it cure, as those old drams
did me

Of even taste for them—loathsome as dung!

Lam. Out wi' it, then, an' let us gape our best!

Toorle. No shirking now! Thy 'cure' is this:—
Let us announce thy *true* insolvency,
Direct, to all the world, in the Gazette;
And after ten days' notice given thy creditors,

Have our first meeting with them and the factor,
Where thou shalt truthfully set forth thy state,
With full inventory of thy assets,
Which, after hearing, I'll make bold to know
What is proposed? This, instantly, thou'lt answer—
That in thy wretched strait, no dividend,
More than a half of all thou stand'st indebted—
Ten shillings in the pound, within six months—
Can'st thou, meantime, with truth and surety offer,
But not one scruple shall remain unpaid,
If needful time they graciously but grant;
They, setting thy arrears 'gainst thy assets,
Will shrewdly ask how thou'rt to give so much?
And I that problem on the spot shall solve
By giving them our bonds—Robin's and mine!

Lam. A leech? a quack! a freend, but e'en a quack,
Wha'd 'cure' ae broken man by bre'kin' twa!
Waur wad sic 'cures' be, surely, than our ills!
Forbye!¹ What is the worth o' Robin's 'bond'—
A youth whase total walth's his yeoman horse,
Whilk he had gien him, as his Cornel's gift,
Whan he the 'Riding' wan owre a' the troop?

Toorle. Being uninformed, thou look'st askance, my
friend,
But shall see square betimes. The 'one half' share—
Thy ten shillings offer—I'll stand for myself!
Bow-Wow, our lawyer in the town of Fraiks,
Shall see it all done right and legally.

Lam. I'm as bamboozled as 'twere Hansel Tuesday!²

¹ Besides. ² The day following that of the old Scots festival,
still fondly remembered—'Auld Hansel Monday'—the first
Monday of the year, old style.

But in the name o' sense and conscience baith,
What will the likely outcome o't a' be?

Toorle. With glad alacrity the claimants all
Will grab thy bid in these sore-farming times,
And, if they do, his Lordship promises
To cancel straight thy last lease of Laigh-lea,
And grant a new, and eke an easier one,
To suit the new changed times, but, not till I,
Propound my scheme for *final settlement*—
To make thy laird thyself, and Robin heir!
Meantime, what say'st thou? Wilt thou try my 'cure?'

Lam. I am owre flabbergasted ev'n to think!—
Gie me ae nicht to sleep owre't a', my boy,
And I'se see you the morn! Does Robin leave
His Faither's house this way? Without a word?
And leave for what, or whare?

Toorle. Extend thy trust in me another day,
And that extension I shall justify
With a result beyond anticipation,
Though *that* extended to the poles of faith.

[*Exeunt TOORLE and ROBIN.*]

Lam. (Solus.) Alake!¹ That I should pairt wi'
Robin sae!
My Crichton an' Sir John the Graeme in ane!
My hope an' heir! my glory, staff, an' stey!

Enter PEGGIE, excitedly.

Peg. O sir!—excuse me for disturbin' ye—but the
Mistress has haen anither sick dwam, I think, an' I
thocht it best to tell ye o't?

Lam. Of coorse, of coorse. Whan was she ta'en ill?

¹ Alas.

Peg. Jist afore dear Maister Toorle cam'.

Lam. Eh! sae lang as that syne? Did ye send for the doctor, as I tauld ye aye to do, whan I couldna weel do sae mysel'?

Peg. O yes, sir! Tam White, wha is awa' to the station for twa cairtfu' coals, is to send him up, an' nae doubt the doctor, gif he was at hame whan Tam ca'd, 'ill be here in a meenit or twa.

Lam. That's a' richt, Peggie. But whare is the Mistress 'enoo?¹

Peg. In her ain room upstairs.

Lam. Weel, weel. I'se stap up an' see her at ance.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same.* MRS LAMMIE'S *Boudoir*.
MRS LAMMIE *discovered reclining on a couch.*

Lam. (*Without.*) Ailice! May I come in? (*No answer.*)

Enter LAMMIE, Flurried-looking.

Lam. (*Going to the couch.*) What! sick again, my dear?

Why did ye no' answer me, Ailice?

Enter PEGGIE, Hurriedly.

Peg. Did ye cry for me, sir? I heard some ane crying loud (*going towards the couch.*) Eh, Lord! what's this? A dwam?² No! O! O! she's deid!

Lam. G'wa, wummin!³ only a swoon! What's here?
(*Picks up from floor a small empty phial, labelled*
'POISON,—PRUSSIC ACID.')

¹ Just now.

² Faint.

³ Go away, woman.

Enter DOCTOR LANG, servants, and others, confusedly.

Doc. (*Looking at the body of Mrs Lammie.*) Now, what's the matter here? Ho, ho, poison! She's been poisoned! Clear the room! Let no one leave the house! Housekeeper, clear the room! *Send for police!* [*Exeunt PEGGIE, servants, etc.*

Lam. God! God! O, God!

Doc. O! be a man, my friend! What's this? (*Takes a letter from the toilet table.*)

Lam. A letter? Hers? I'm broken! Read it, Doctor!

Doc. It is to you, from her! (*Reads.*) '*Dearest,—Ere you read this, I shall have rejoined the angels. Having well foreseen this end of all our stupendous, but vain struggles and false hopes, I was, as usual, allready. I could not, nor would not, outlive competence and decency, much less survive even the beginning of the inevitable and appalling poverty and social degradation, inseperable from the bankruptcy of an old tenant farmer. Besides, I entertain a quite different opinion of Robin from you. I deem him but a rustic 'Hotspur,' a fiery, reckless, headstrong fool—one who is never happy but when he is standing in his own light, and defying all people of sense and wit within his reach or influence. The best of him is his outside, which in justice I must say is tolerable. Dying, I pity poor, poor Nan Neil. The report of my death, solely caused by Robin's woeful and unnatural conduct, will break her high-pitch'd heart. She loved him as no lady ever loved a mere man before. Often has she told me so herself. But that impudent, pink-faced Edinboro' hussy he deliberately prefers, and so at once puts a full period to all our foolish hopes, and to my brilliant, and for years very triumphant career in the double role of a notable leader of fashion and a famous land manager and scientific agriculturist. I bequeath all the meagre remnants of my former wealth and splendour, present*

cabinets, wardrobes, and my entire stock in trade, to Miss N. Neil, who has been as a daughter to me for five and forty years. My last Will and Testament—with codicils—are in the keeping of your own vulgar, but shrewd, lawyer, Thomas Bow-Wow, of Fraiks. Alexander, lastly, you will be all the better wanting me, especially when Robin marries the 'Paragon,' and brings himself and the whole family down to the low position of mere work people—hinds, grooms, drainers, and such like creatures. The certain internal assurance of this drives me hence and from life. And, so, farewell. I shall wait for you on the other side, Alexander,—but not long, I hope. Meantime, adieu! The vial is uncorked! Au revoir! The acid is swallowed! Yours ever! The late Mrs L——.'

Lam. That whups the Yankees! Prussic acid, tae!

Doc. Yes, instantaneous death. The poor lady took enough for that, I see! Depression; too severe for her. Where is Mr Robin?

Lam. He's left this sinking ship, an' sail'd—I kenna whare! O me! O me! Ca' in, Doctor, at Deanhauch, an' tell Toorle. He will flee to me as sune's he hears this dooms dreidfu'¹ story. God bless him!

Doc. Yes—O, yes! Now, my friend, come with me from this sorrowful room at once. Down to the parlour. Mr Toorle shall be with you immediately, and do not let him leave you. He will manage everything. Come, dear sir, come away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Edinburgh. The Visiting Cell in Calton Jail.*

Enter the CHIEF WARDER and TOORLE.

Ward. But, the Governor did so instruct me, sir!

¹ Fatal and dreadful.

Toorle. But we will be alone?

Ward. Yes, he's yet waiting trial — so, 'alone.'

And now

I shall produce your man at once. Pardon! [*Exit.*

Toorle. Alas, poor Murray! These high prison walls—

Though they be built and form'd as other walls,

And are as walls insensate, neutral, dead—

Oppress me as the bounds of 'living tombs,'

In which, in midnight dreams, so many times,

I've been incarcerated and 'srew'd down,'

And realized in thought the agonies

Of those interr'd alive!

*Re-enter WARDER, with MURRAY, whom he places
in the Middle Partition of the CELL.*

Ward. (To MURRAY.) Go in!—A Visitor!

Mur. The devil! Wha?

Toorle. Thy old friend, Murray—*me!*

Mur. (*Astounded.*) You! My new an' beastly ane,
ye mean?

Toorle. No! I mean, in truth, the very friend thou
need'st,

If thou can'st only put thy faith in him,

And take the remedy he brings thy need.

(*To the Warder.*) Must thou remain?

Ward. Yes, but apart, thus far (*Goes into the Third
Division of the Cell.*)

In sight, but out of earshot. Talk away!

Mur. (To TOORLE.) Yer 'remedy?'

What is it, ye reform'd fule,¹ or hypocrite?

¹ Fool.

I hate this hole sae ill that e'en frae *you*,
Wha laid me in't, the key o't I could tak'!

Toorle. The only 'key' I could, or would, give thee
Would not unlock these doors and let thee out
Into immediate and full liberty,
But when once out, 'twould keep thee out alway—
If thou desired to darken them no more.

Mur. 'Desired,' ye say? My man! ance let me out,
And thae and a' the doors in Europe else,
Micht stand until their turnkeys frae the mools¹
Rase up² an' dregg'd me throo them, neck an' heels,
Before the tittle o' a crinch³ o' me
E'er darken'd them again! But what's yer 'key'?

Toorle. Its main 'ward' is, my friend, that thou
Shalt confess all in Court on Trial day,
Relating to the crime upon the bridge.

Mur. As to my pitchin' Lammie owre't, I fear,
There's nae denying that! but is that a'?

Toorle. No. Ward the second of thy prison key
Is—that thou'lt turn, and abjure drink for life;
The third—to whisper audibly to me—
(The Warder cannot hear thee where he is)—
How Lammie's beeves were smit with Rinderpest.
For *that* thou knowest, I know—as well as thou!

Mur. And what micht hap me did I whisper ye?

Toorle. Once outside prison walls, life-long liberty,
And opportunity to be again
A useful, prosperous, and happy man!

Mur. Were I ance out ayont jile wa's⁴—fareweel!
Fareweel for ever to the 'Land o' Cakes
An' brither Scots,' indeed!

¹ Tombs.² Arose.³ Small morsel.⁴ Jail walls.

Toorle. For where? Tell me, and I might smooth thy way?

Mur. *You?* Ye piebald puzzle! The 'Far West's' my bit—

War' I ance out—tho' wives on hills cried 'No!'

Toorle. Eureka! This resolve jumps with my power
As pat as *parritch* with a hungry hind!

And for thy 'wife,' bold Cowboy, grieve thee none,
She's covenanted as my household's queen,
And all her ill's thyself!

Mur.

Shoo! let her gang—

We ne'er could 'gree thegither onywey!¹—

And a' else they'll hae ta'en to pay² my debts?

Toorle. Ay, everything! thy very photo's 'ta'en,'
That hung above the parlour mantelpiece!

But, Murray, with thy leave, and eke thy trust
And fullest confidence in my integrity,
Capacity, and willingness to help,

Thou might'st yet graze in clover in the West!

Mur. Hoo? Man! I'se be beggar'd—perfit³ penniless—

Tho' I gat out the morn.

Toorle.

That I know well!

But—tho' I may not tell thee *how* to-day—

Thy reclamation's sure, if thou will have't

Upon the four conditions I have named?

And emigrate unto the West for good?

And, out there, fill the berth I'll find for thee?

Mur. Considerin' what ye've dune⁴ for Bell, my wife,

I'se risk ye an' say yes—an ye but say

¹ Anyhow. ² Pay. ³ Perfectly. ⁴ Done generously.

What kind o' berth ye mean, and I am pleased.

Toorle. To buy wheat on commission, under one—
An old school-fellow of thine own, I think?

Mur. Thy last's thy best! Wha is he? What's
his name?

Toorle. William Brodie, Esquire, of St. Paul,
And State of Minnesota, U.S.A.;
The now fast-rising New-World millionaire,
The mightiest magnate, ev'n in all the West,
And greatest grain exporter there, as well;
A Scoty of the Scots, a King of men,
And younger brother of another King—
To wit, the present worthy Steward of Laigh-lea!

Mur. Ho, ho! O, ho! Sits the wind in that airt?
Dod, Toorle! ye're a brick—a Corner-stane, in fac'!
I see it a'! your 'plan,' I see it a'!
Gae on! I am your slave—as sune's I'm out!

Toorle. That shall not be this week!

Mur. Dod! I fear, no!

Nor for hoo lang, think ye?

Toorle. I cannot tell.

But look not for a sentence light, and bear't
As a man should, whate'er its weight may be.
Now, Lammie's cattle? Ye infected them?

Mur. Thro' me they were—be ¹ accident—before
Yon sorry nicht on whilk I spak' to ye
Whan coming frae the Market 'bout the maitter—
Half-fou ² were we—thinkin' an' speakin' wild!—
Frae Campton to Scadfit the disease jump.³

Toorle. From Campton Hill to Scadfoot at a
bound!

¹ By. ² Half-drunk. ³ Leapt.

How was it done?

Mur. My Auntie Jean dee'd there,
And, gaein' to her burial, I brang¹ back
The nowte²-plague wi' me—and that's a' I ken!
It pruv'd mair smittal than I'd bargain'd for!
But Laich-lea an' Scadfit are neebor farms,³
An' Lammie's sneerin' looks fair drave me gyte!⁴
There lat it rest—an' ye hae blabbit nane?

Toorle. I am no blabber, Murray, tho' I thought
I should have been so here, but will not now,
As Lammie's oxen, in some natural way,
Might possibly have caught the plague from thine—
Being not so far apart—so let it drop.
Bow-Wow's to visit thee—(and a powerful Advocate,
A very Jove and thunderer at law!—
Speak to him, Murray, freely tell him all)—
He is commission'd, and will work thee through
Upon thy swift forthcoming trial day.
Read, and digest, and sign—if so it pleases thee—
His written legal statement of our pact. (*Going out.*)

Mur. O! wait a wee, say that ye'll come again!

Toorle. No, no. No need. Bow-Wow's our inter-
agent—

An envoy slick as Reynard of the North,
Fit for a go-between two emperors!
Serve out thy sentence only like a man,
And I'll revisit thee to some effect—
Impossible till then. I am thy friend! [*Exit.*]

Mur. A freend an' fae in ane—unfaddomable!

Ward. (*Rejoining Murray.*) Now, come along!
Your latest moment's gone,

¹ Brought.

² Cattle.

³ Neighbour farms.

⁴ Mad.

And I must march ye back straightway again.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Hamlet of Kenaw. The Yard
behind CHAPMAN'S smithy.*

Enter CHAPMAN and JOCK.

Jock. 'Has ony body been here,' speir¹ ye, faither, 'sin' ye gaed awa' this mornin'?' The haill² parish. But let them be, they're a' weel awa! Is Murray's trial a' owre already? Did ye see him? What's he gotten? Ten years? Mair?³

Chap. Stop, Jock, stop—shut up! My memory's no' a Sir Walter's ane, I ken! sae yer last question first, Jock! He's gotten only three months' hard labour, for he confess'd to a' the crime he was chairg'd wi'—the White Brig ane only. Efter the Indictment was read he raise⁴ up i' th' dock atween twa bobbies an' pled guilty, wi' extainuawtin' circumstances, an' the folk near me said his plea had been acceptit be the Croun. Syne ane they ca'ed his Counsel, that his awgent Bow-Wow had ready forrit,⁵ the Judge alloo'd to speak for the auld villain afore he gied him his sentence. An' that wee craitur! A mune-licht shadow o' a man only! But O, what a deevil, Jock! The Court was jam fou,⁶ an' he made us a' roar, an' sweir,⁷ an' nicher,⁸ an' greet be turns,⁹ or a' at ance—jist as he teuk it into his heid.¹⁰ His speech at times

¹ Enquire. ² Entire. ³ More. ⁴ Rose. ⁵ Forward.

⁶ Packed full. ⁷ Swear. ⁸ Laugh loud and ridiculously.

⁹ Cry alternately. ¹⁰ Head.

rusht out o' the mou'¹ o' him like water out o' a tail dam, cairrying a' thing afore it be main force. The soom o't a' was that there had been a ten years' quarrel atween the pairties, an' tho' Lammie fell owre the brig at the end o't, what about it? He wasna a hair the waur o' his doukin',² but, very likely, muckle the better o't—seein' he was on his road frae a het Paroch'al boord meeting! The Judge spak', tae, but a' that I heard *him* say was the sentence. Efter that, I left at ance, Jock, kennin' weel what wark was waitin' to be dune at hame. But wha think ye I forgethert wi' in Parlyment Square? Ye'll ne'er guess!

Jock. O! Maister Robin, maybe? or maybe Maister Toorle?

Chap. No, no! It bates a'! Lord-have-a-care-o'-me! A man I haena seen for a lifetime!—My auld Schule chum, Wullie Brodie frae Amairica! He's here on a veesit, an' he tauld me—on the sly—he had timed it for his neice, Effie's mairriage, for she's to be spliced to Robin at last—an' that *deereckly*, tae!

Jock. To Robin! Hoo? He fled in fear o' his faither's sequestration, e'en afore his stap-mither kill'd hersel'.

Chap. The sequesterin' o' his faither was squash'd. Toorle, his best freend be mony a mile, cairried him safe past that bre'k-neck craig tae, I jalooze. God bless him! for I like auld Lammie, an' young Robin even better, I ken!

Jock. Gosh, that's awfu'! But whare *is* Robin? An' whare's the waddin' to be at? (*Aside*) Lord sen' mine sune! O! Peg! Peg!

¹ Mouth. ² Ducking. ³ Hot.

Chap. Wullie loot¹ out to me that Robin's in Glesca,² an' daein' weel,³ but he no said what at. The waddin's to be in Embro,' as it will fallow owre hard on the heels o' Robin's stappy's killie-shangie⁴ to haud it dacently at Laich-lea. Wullie kindly askit us baith to the marriage, an' I, for ane, mean to honour that glor'us inveetawtion, I ken!

Jock. Ho-hoy! Wullie's 'Uncle Sam' in fair sooth!⁵ the 'Jonathan' for my money! They say he's made his fortune in America? Gin⁶ he has, I should say he deserves't a', tho' it be as big as a brewer's—ev'ry penny! But is that true, faither?

Chap. I no ken, Jock, but frae the kind, an' the lairge number o' the questions he pat to me about his billie,⁷ an' Lammie, an' them a', I muckle jalooze that he has something made up an' stow'd in his noodle that sall astonish them. He is an awfu' laucher.⁸ An' the waefu'er my tale was about the troubles o' his auld freends, dod! the louder an' the langer grew his guffaws.⁹ He has a bee in his bannet o' some sort, for naething could mak' a wise man merry owre the story o' the sorrows o' his freends but that—an' I only hope it turn out a honey ane, I ken! The lass Wullie was to get, Jock, lang, langsyne—young Jeannie Hadden!—teuk¹⁰ sudden ill an' dee'd, an' was actually buried on the vera day she was to hae been mairried to Wullie on! Her death fair daver'd¹¹ him, an' before twa month had slippit bye, he had left Scotland for guid,¹² an' was awa, puir fallow, in the Far West o'

¹ Let. ² Glasgow. ³ Doing well. ⁴ Fatal catastrophe.

⁵ In real truth. ⁶ If. ⁷ Brother. ⁸ Laughter.

⁹ Shouts of laughter. ¹⁰ Took. ¹¹ Dumbfounded. ¹² Good.

Amairica. Puir sowl!—But, my lad, this 'ill never do, bletherin' here! Leave that infernal grubber,¹ an' let us baith flee at the horse-shae makin'.² Five sett afore nicht! Efter that, crack as ye like. Toorle says he'll help ye to get the Lowes smiddy³ that ye're sae keen for! an' gif he does, ye'll win it, Jock—I ken! •

Jock. O! ho! Better an' better! (*Aside.*) If I get it, Peggy's mine yet! She said—'Get a smiddy o' yer ain, an' wed me the morn!' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Laigh-lea. The parlour of LAMMIE'S house, sometime after the death of the second MRS LAMMIE.*

Enter LAMMIE and TOORLE.

Lam. Jist that. She was a female, fauts⁴ an' a', E'en like a pacer⁵ at the hunt I've seen Shute⁶ far before the field, but to play plap, An' break his neck in a dry ditch at last.

Toorle. She had, I think, a high aspiring mind—One somewhat bent to show and dignity? Her friendship with the gay Nan Neil produced In her effects inimical,—to her?

Lam. I tell ye truly, man, I've lang thocht that, And noo, whan she's awa, I think it mair! Be⁷ nature she was *prood* an' *domineering*, But, tho' a' that, I still believe she was True-blue to me an' mine? *HE wasna there!* I hae for months been like a strandit eel,

¹ A farm implement used for stirring up the soil.
making.

³ Smithy.

⁴ Faults and all.

² Horse-shoe
⁵ Fast horse.

⁶ Shoot.

⁷ By.

But sure I am o' this—*He wasna there!*

Toorle. Robin? Ye mean, Robin?

Lam. *Robin of coorse!* I hear her 'death' was in
The daily an' the local papers baith,
And surely he wad see't? Let me speak, Toorle!
That ye're the dearest freend left me's as true
As that ye are my queerest and my best,
Be far awa, atweel! I dinna joke—I—

Toorle. Excuse me. What of Robin? Keep to him.

Lam. Weel! what of him? Whare is he? Does
he live?

In wark? Hale and healthy? Single still, or mairried?
Is he in exile, or in Scotland yet?

I ken ye ken a' that, an' I *maun* ken't,
Because I dinna ken't—wha best should ken't!
O, Toorle! I am a faither even yet!
Sae swithly¹ let me ken, *O! let me ken!*

Toorle. O, Yes! All these but two—neither exiled
nor wed!

But, singularly, in St. Mungo's,² singly he waits
The near end of his singleness with joy!

Lam. O, I am born again! I'm just anither man!
Is he in full employment say ye, sir?
He should go for the horse tredd³ straucht at ance!
I never saw his mate, or follower,
At either bre'kin'-in or riding them!

Toorle. Who hath?—(For that more urgent matters
wait,

Be it enough, meantime, to know he's well.)—
I've seen the Laird again, and met the creditors,
And every item of my 'scheme' have gain'd!

¹ So quickly.

² Glasgow.

³ Trade in horses.

So, only, now, the last formalities,
Which Sterne and Bow-Wow jointly have in hand,
Await thy master eye and final 'Yea,'
And indispensable and honour'd name.

Lam. O! Toorle! Toorle! I—

Toorle. All right! But tap not thou thy gratitude
Ere knowing what in time thou need'st must know,
In case thy thanks thou measurest me unduly!
Time flies! (*glancing at his watch.*) Therefore, and in
one word, tell me—

If, from thy long flown years, thou still retain'st
A memory of a poor born gentleman,
A brother of thy steward, who, in's youth,
From mishaps here, went to America,
And their, to all old friends, became as lost?

Lam. Do ye mean Willie Brodie? Guid-sake, man!
He was my lademan¹ at *The Mills* for years—
Lang or ² he ever saw, or dream'd to see,
The stars an' stripes flaff owre a stick o' his,
Far less his Riggin-tree!³ Is't him ye mean?

Toorle. *The Man!* A millionaire! He's paying
now

A well-earn'd visit to his native scenes.

Lam. 'A millionaire!' Frae time to time, indeed,
Auld Rob has haver'd 'bout his billie's⁴ luck,
His mickle prairie ferms, and ither specs,
But tentless,⁵ I jist loot him claver⁶ on,
Esteemin' a' his yairns but Yankee Yeast—
Unworthy Rob's belief an' Scots sagacity.

Toorle. So, so. He's back, and is with Robin now.

¹ Miller's carter.

² Ere, here.

³ Roof-tree.

⁴ Brother's.

⁵ Careless.

⁶ Gossip.

Lam. Wi' *Robin*, say ye? Lord-sake man! whare at?

Toorle. In their own Office on the banks of Clyde,
Mayhap discounting bills like Chancellors,
For ship-loads of their last imported wheat.

Lam. 'Imported wheat!' What wheat? Sir,
mock me not!

Robin ne'er importit, nor exportit either,
The value o' a flae¹ o' onything!

Toorle. Ah! dimes and dollars! How thou wrong'st
thy son!

Why, by their last transactions, I compute,
They must have netted many thousand pounds,
And Robin's share's a fourth!

Lam. What 'Robin's share?'

A 'fow'r'th' o' what? o' mony thousan' pounds?'

Toorle. He's Brodie's partner in the third degree,
And Managing Director over here.

Lam. His 'pairtn'er' an 'deerector!' Robin Lammie?
Is it my son ye mean? *my* Robin Lammie?

He was my *pairtn'er* and *deerector* baith,
Wae sucks! in but a vain an' buitless task—
Fecht'in' to mak' ends meet for mony years,
That could but sunder, sunder, mair, an' mair,
Wider an' wider, as the years row'd bye!

My boy was ever clever—heid' an' hauns²—
But what ye hint at was abune³ his flicht,
As far as 'Hamlet' was abune yon bard's
That wrote 'Great Scott!' an' dee'd a bedlamite!

Toorle. Alas! alas! But justice deny none.
I think the 'cleverest,' and the noblest, too,

¹ Flea.

² Smart with head and hands.

³ Beyond.

Are they who turn their ills inevitable
Into real blessings for themselves and kind,
As Robin aims to do—*is* doing fast!

Lam. As hoo? O, Toorle, tell me *hoo*, or I will dee!¹

Toorle. That were too long a song. Nor is this hour
The fittingest to choose for thee to hear't
Or me to chant its theme—so gay with joy!—
But the glad air and purport of the pæan,
To stay thy fret and premature decease,
I may croon briefly here, all by ourselves,
And let thee live?—know, then, this golden king,
Thy quondam 'lademan' from Columbia—
Who was the 'friend-in-need' once to my Dad,
And long-time correspondent of mine own—
When on a visit to his brother here,
A many years ago,² told me, in chat,
About the boundless wheat-lands of the West,
And of the certainty that soon they would
O'erwhelm our cereal markets with a flood
Of farm-stuff importations, whose prime worth,
Low price, and plenteousness illimitable,
Would sink ours to despair.

Lam. And richt was he
My auld meal-man was richt, for they hae dune't³
Already to a deepness that's droun'd hope!

Toorle. 'Hope' of a sort. Well, this way lying fate,
Brodie foresaw in it a plum for one
Who had the wherewithal to ripen it,
And bluntly show'd it me, who, pat that time,
Had fallen on Grandam's lucky legacy,
So, straightway, in my glee, I *halved* with him,

¹ Die. ² See Ante, Act II. Scene IV. ³ Have done it.

Upon this certain pact—that, as 'twas trade,
Which, if successful, would sheer ruin crowds—
And mutual friends—he would its profits share
With two home ones I named, and he agreed,
And sign'd the *Deed of Partnership* Bow-Wow—
(Whose brother Jeremiah's in St. Paul)—
Drew up in legal style and terms secure.

Lam. *That coves cud!*¹ Is't safe to speir² wha 'twas
ye named?

Toorle. It can harm no one now whoever knows,—
One of them was—*then*—a boy, a son of thine,
Far and wide known as ROBIN LAMMIE now—
THE CHAMPION SWORDSMAN, TOORLE'S ONE
GODSON!

Who, by this happy hit, hath saved this house
From bankruptcy, and ills incomprehensible
By all save those who suffer them, and sink!
The other's but a 'sleeping partner'—me!

Lam. The '*stang o' the trump*,' I'd freely sweir on
aith!

But Robin, man! my runawa' scapegrace! (*Aside.*)
His mither's hest, gien wi' her dying breath, was just!
'*Never, be word or deed, gang e'er against him!*'
It's fair mirawculous! (*Aloud.*) Say hoo ye're ca'd,³
And what ye tredd⁴ in?—I'm feart it's a' a dream!

Toorle. (*Reads from a large circular.*) '*Brodie and
Lammie, Wheat and Flour Shippers of Milwaukie
and St. Paul, United States, And Liverpool and
Glasgow, on This side.*'

Lam. Lord! lord! Brodie an' Lammie—my ain
bairn!

¹ Beats everything. ² Ask. ³ How the firm is named? ⁴ Trade.

Toorle. Out West, our interest solely is, in trade,
To purchase in the richest regions, wheat,
And ship it to this country, or elsewhere,
Then sell it in the dearest markets found.

Lam. Ye'se hae big lafts¹ out there?

Toorle. 'Big lafts' indeed!
Our Elevators, sir, and Grinding mills,
Both at Milwaukie and St. Paul, take up
An area vaster than do over here
Three market towns—three country towns like Fraiks—
With bleaching greens, kailyairds, duck-ponds, and all!

Lam. Preserve us a'! But what does Robin do?
What's his partic'lar Glesca wark,² ava?

Toorle. The sale of all the imports of our Firm
To push and supervise, to draw our dues,
And to dispose of these for our joint good.

Lam. An' can he dae't?³

Toorle. Well, he's been learning long.

Lam. Whare at? Wha with?

Toorle. At Deanhaugh, with myself.

Lam. Ho! braid day-licht bre'ks on me! I've
ferlied⁴ lang

What wey he gaed sae aft at e'en to you!
But ye were funnin',⁵ surely, whan ye spak'
O' my auld lademan as a 'mill'onaire?'

Toorle. No. Fiend a 'fun!' In your own pithy Scots,
Is it not true, impromptu fashion, that—

Nature, ever, noo-an'-than,⁶
Grows saucy an' stravagie,
And brings furth dwerfs or giant men,
Her dour lord Fate to plague aye?

¹ Stores; granaries.

² Glasgow employment.

³ Do it.

⁴ Wondered.

⁵ Jestng.

⁶ Occasionally.

*With Tammy Thooms¹ she sands² her flure³
Her roof spires wi' Goliaths;
Hence Shakespeare's, unlike snools,⁴ are rare,
In a' life's roads an' bye-paths!*

*Wastrels be plentier than thrifts,
And Murray's than Carnegie's;
Godsons like mine are Heaven's gifts,
And Brodie jist its Staig⁵ is!*

But halt, O halt!—

This stuff's no requiem for departed souls!

Wherefore, at once, I'm off! *An revoir!*

Until the morrow at that Sale, which will

Tear down, and scatter utterly and aye,

The old beloved nest where Younger hatch'd,

And whence, full-fledged, he flew to Paradise,

To lark it evermore—enfranchised, free!

Lam. A wauchty laverock,⁶ truly! Far mair like
A burly barn-yaird cock amang his hens!

But whare's yer gig—gif sae ye maun be aff?

Toorle. In the safe cutody of Johnny Kaim,

Thy crowherd, at the door. Trust on in me.

This part thy Laird's estate is not entailed!—

See through a ladder, and—*Trust on in me!* [*Exit.*

Lam. 'Trust on in him?'

Altho' to say it be profainity,

Wi' a' his funny quirks and unconess,⁷

For either foresicht, hardihood, or skeel,⁸

I'd trust in *Toorle* afore *John Knox* himsel'! [*Exit.*

¹ Tom Thumbs.

² Dusts.

³ Floor.

⁴ Dull, tame fellows.

⁵ Premier one.

⁶ Bulky; heavy skylark.

⁷ Eccentricity.

⁸ Courage, or wisdom.

SCENE III. *The public road in front of Laigh-lea Cottages. A group of agitated women and children.*

Enter to them TOORLE, gig whip in hand.

Toorle. (Aside.) Behold thy source, O Man of Woman born!

(Aloud.) What in the name of Heaven ails ye here?

The Crowd. Daft Davie! Puir Daft Davie, Maister Toorle!—

He's lost sin' yesterday!

Enter VAE.

Toorle.

How was he lost?

Vae. O, sir! he's no' been seen sin' yestermorn!

He gat his bre'kast than, in his auld wey,

An' syne gaed pappin out,¹ an' frae that hour

The fient a haet or hair o' him's been seen,

Tho' ilka² gate's been saucht,³ an' saucht again!

Toorle. Sannox Wood? Hath High Sannox Wood been search'd?

Vae. That's ten mile aff! What, sir, wad tak' him there?

Toorle. His old-time craze. To see the falling trees, Which now the foresters are felling there.

Stand off! I'll go myself!—I have my gig.

Cheer up! I'll hunt him out, and bring him back,

Or perish, having fail'd! [Exit.]

Vae. The Lord's ain sel' sall fend that matchless man!

He's far owre sib⁴ to Him to fail in aucht,⁵

An' mair, mair sae in this! [Exeunt.]

¹ Went sauntering slowly out. ² Every. ³ Sought. ⁴ Near in kin.

⁵ Aught.

SCENE IV. *Kenaw. CHAPMAN'S back yard.*

JOCK at work.

Enter TOORLE, hurriedly, to him.

Toorle. Jock, Jock! I've seen the Laird! Lowes smiddy's thine!

Jock. 'Od sir, never! Peg's lost her last excuse, An' canna pit our waddin' back wan day!!¹

Toorle. No! She told me so herself that she'll be ready,

Whenever Mary Blythe and Effie are!

Jock. O guidness! did she? I kenn'd that wald² was sure

As sune's the tings³ were ta'en in hand be you!

Toorle. A married man—the Blacksmith of The Lowes—

Whose wife's a belle, whose shop's a mine of wealth!!—

Jock! dare ye follow me to save a friend?

Jock. Ay! to Jerooselem an' back again,

To save a *taed*,⁴ gin⁵ *you* but wantit me!

Toorle. Good! get your coat. Daft Davie's lost in Sannox!

I go in search of him—my gig's outside.

Jock. I heard o' this. Puir cratur, he will sterve?

Come on, sir! I'm a' ready—Let us flee!

Toorle. My brother Jock! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Sannox Forest. A Precipice in the heart of the Wood. DAFT DAVIE discovered lying prone at the foot of the Rock, speaking and singing to himself. Time, early morning.*

¹ One single day. ² Weld. ³ Tongs. ⁴ Toad. ⁵ Provided.

D. Davie. Ma Granny's lain in her bed a lang time! Aw haena lain as lang yet, but ma cuit's¹ awfu' sair!² But for that, an' the want o' ma parritch, I could stop here fine—hearin' a' the birds an' the bum-bees singin', an' seein' a' the squirrels an' the kinnens³ jinkin' out an' in! (*Sings.*)

*The cushies*⁴ *aye yirm 'Coo-coo!'*
*The hoolets*⁵ *aye 'Hoo, Hoo-hoo!'*
*The linties*⁶ *lilt, 'Lully-loo-loo!'*
*For they a' geit their crowdie*⁷ *but me!*
Oo! Oo-oo! Oo-oo!

Enter, at a distance, TOORLE and JOCK,
with a lantern.

Toorle. Blow out the glim, dear *burnewin'*⁸ boss! Dense as this vast wood is, the beams of morn Pierce hither to its heart, and skulking night, Even here, grows faint and pale—Hush! what was that?

Surely a human cry?—This way! this way!

D. Davie. No!! *Thiss wey! thiss wey! It's MEE!*

Aw'm gled to see ye baith, Maister Toorle! Whan did ye come? Tell Vac Aw'm awfu' hungry. Aw could sup a twasome bicker⁹ o' parritch! But no¹⁰ tell Granny. Tell her Aw'm fine an' first-rate. O, Maister Toorle, ma cuit's awfu' sair! Aw fell!

Toorle. (Examining D. Davie.) He's fallen o'er that rock and sprain'd his leg.

Jock! where's the flask? Drink, Davie! drink all this!

¹ Ankle. ² Sore. ³ Rabbits. ⁴ Wood-pigeons. ⁵ Owls.

⁶ Linnets. ⁷ Porridge. ⁸ Blacksmith. ⁹ A wooden vessel for holding sufficient porridge for two. ¹⁰ Don't.

Here's cheese, baps,¹ snaps, and butter'd scones and cakes,²

Eat and rejoice—all in the basket's thine !

(*To Jock.*) Fetch round the gig, my love. We'll hurl him home,

As soon's his famine's fought and put to flight.

Jock. Nae easy maitter,³ judging be⁴ his bites !

But I'se sune bring the gig—the Wood-cart-track

Jist rins out-bye that thicket. Bide⁵ ye a-wee ! [*Exit.*

Toorle. Care, Davie, care ! The human paunch hath bounds !

Thou'lt have a colic worse than e'er rack'd Griz⁶

An thou devour'st a single morsel more !

Re-enter JOCK.

(*DAFT DAVIE ceases eating and falls asleep.*)

Jock. The trap's out there. O lord, sir, hoo he snores !—

He'd snort our bellowses at Kenaw dumb !

Toorle. He would ! but, dear belovéd, hurry up !—

Take thou his head, I'll take the end that pains ;

The Braes' Sale holds, and I must run for it !

Jock. I ken ! But I could drive him hame to Vae, Whiles cannily ye took the *Short Cut* back ?

Toorle. Perfection thy invention crowns again, Though *my* necessity did mother it !

[*Exeunt carrying DAFT DAVIE.*

SCENE VI. *The Braes' Farm-yard. Implements laid out for rousing.⁷ Many people going about. Sale proceeding at the far end of the yard.*

¹ Loaves. ² Home made bread. ³ Matter. ⁴ By. ⁵ Stay ;
wait. ⁶ His old housekeeper. ⁷ Selling by auction.

Enter LAMMIE and HUGH YOUNGER, conversing.

Lam. Nae doubt it's vera sad. Wae, wae is me,
To see a' this! But he'll be here himsel'—
He tauld me when I saw him yesterday—
Speak o' the deil, and up he jumps aff-hand!

Enter TOORLE.

Hugh. (To TOORLE.) I think a heap o' your advise-
ments, sir,
And thank ye muckle for them—*that I do!*

Lam. Hae ye heard onything o' puir Daft Davie?

Hugh. Is Maister Brodie to be here the day?

Enter CHAPMAN.

Chap. (To TOORLE.) Jock's daft about his smiddy¹
at The Lowes,
An' thinks nae mair o' Kenaw noo than dirt!
Ye are his sworn king, an' Peg's his queen,
And wife for life, come Mary's waddin'² day!

Lam. Were ye at Sannox seeking puir Daft Davie?
An' saw or heard ye naething o' him, sir?
O! answer this, afore a' else—'enoo!

Toorle. Daft Davie's in his warm bed at home,
Sleeping, and *snoring* so, the wonder is
Ye have not heard him here!

Lam. Jist what I said!
'*Gif mortal man ava*³ *can bring him hame.*'
I tauld his granny, '*Toorle is his name!*'

[*Exeunt LAMMIE and CHAPMAN.*

Toorle. Joy makes him, like the young, poetical.

Hugh. And grief keeps me, grown auld, prosaical.

¹ Smithy.

² Wedding.

³ At all.

Toorle. That does or should not follow in thy case—
In the full pith and prime of manhood yet?
Where are thy brothers now?

Hugh. In Edinboro'.
Baith John an' Will are driving cabs, but Tam's
A mason's hod-man, till it's time to sail
An' set our riggin' for America—
Gif 'twas the rale and vera truth ye wrate
Sae kindly to me, jist the 'tither day?

Toorle. It was, indeed, the real and honest truth.

Hugh. I canna guess your motive for't ava—
For us—strangers—amaist¹—even to your een!²

Toorle. No matter. Ye are *down*, and are the sons,
The ruin'd offspring of as true a man
As ever yet did honour Scottish soil—
The noble man who was my father's friend,
When *he* was lower fallen than ye are now,
Or e'er can be—though Satan tramp ye down!
But I'm as but the servant of another—
The chance-selected servant-deputy—
Thy real benefactor draweth nigh,
Nay, he is here!

Enter WILLIAM BRODIE.

W. Brodie. Morning, my friends!

Toorle. Morning, Great President!
This is the gentleman himself, my Chief,
Whom I suggested as a likely Scot,
And fit Home Minister—prospectively—
To sway the vast, or 'boundless,' prairie lands,
That claim thee king and Owner in the West!

¹ Almost.

² Eyes.

Toorle. (Acting as Peace-maker.) (BRODIE and HUGH shake hands heartily.)

Shake hands, old foes! new friends before ye know!—
For, though old foes in School wars long ago,
Old foes fast friends for life mostly become
When they do meet as old stocks, grave and glum!
Adieu, dread lords, five jerks!—no more!—and then.
Been gone so long—why, I'll return amain. [*Exit.*]

Hugh. I mind o' us, atweel, at Fraiks' auld schules,
And faigs, we were,¹ in sooth, twa brawlin' fules!
And yet ye'd fleech² my billies³ three an' me,
To join ye in the Wast,⁴ your 'Helps' to be?
Sich generosity dumfounders folk.
And chokes their thanks ere ever they be spoke!

W. Brodie. An ancient enemy, new reconciled,
May be more hurtful than a foe still wild,
If he in zeal be friendlier than true—
Appraising as a 'gift' what's but his due.

Hugh. My 'due!' Hoo can that be?

W. Brodie. Why, don't you know,
That what I offer now is but repaying,
By farthings, what I once received in pounds
From your lamented, hero-hearted father?
Knew you not this at all before, my friend?

Hugh. No—never—no! Your tale's as strange to
me
As Jonah's is—but, ablins, jist as true?

W. Brodie. To us even more so—a *literal truth*,
No allegoric yarn unneeding *proof*—
But for this scene,—'tis rather personal,—
So, fitter place and hour the 'tale' must wait?

¹ And faith, we were. ² Coax. ³ Brothers. ⁴ West.

Well, then, suffice it now to indicate,—
I never could have struck New York itself,
Far less those world-feeding Western plains—
A heaven of hope on earth for struggling man!—
But for thy father's timely, happy help,
And priceless counsel, given me when *down*!¹

Hugh. But I aye thaucht² 'twas *Toorle* 'freendit ye,
As, 'deed, he 'freends³ maist a' he comes across,
Needin' an' willin' to let him befrend?

W. Brodie. *Toorle*, latterly, and in a style that *only*
Toorle,
With his long-sightedness and headedness,
Inventiveness, and pluck—plus 'Granny's' pouch!—
Could ever dare—or, daring, do and thrive.
Without thy sire, I ne'er had seen the West,
And, but for *Toorle*, ne'er had prosper'd there.
These are the simple facts, my friend, and so,
If ye embrace my aid, inform Bow-Wow to-night.

Hugh. I do! I do!—And haena⁴ words for thanks!

W. Brodie. Wall! Sail your whole crowd⁵ with
me, I know the way—

*Re-enter TOORLE, abruptly, and taking
the word from BRODIE.*

Toorle. Right to the Glory of the Occident,
As well's the Daily Sun, who pilgrims there
Seven times a week, in fiery, love-lorn haste,
Being all unable, by one single hour,
To stay one fated journey back again!

Hugh. I hae ta'en Maister Brodie's proffer, sir.

¹ Destitute. ² Always thought. ³ Befriends; assists. ⁴ Have not.

⁵ Party.

Toorle. Ha! These words do come as needed rescuers!

They catch and bring me back from West to East,
From Heaven to Earth, from Poetry to Prose,
Prompt as the fowler's shot upon the Bass¹
Brings down the Solan goose² from middle air!
But, nathless, Hugh, I've left for gratulation
(Which from my inmost heart I tender now),
Enough of life and feeling—still for thee!
But *I* have tidings too! For, look ye, boys,
Our circuit postman hath just pass'd along,
And, by request, my budget he brought here.

W. Brodie. Anything from Glasgow, or from Robin?

Toorle. Yes! Three for thee, and thirty-three for me,

From Glasgow, and the poor world lying round,
As far as Timbuctoo. (*Looks at his letters.*) Lammie
sits again!

And sits secure henceforth as Stirling Brig!—
Laigh-lea—is sold!—'tis his, and heirs', for ever!
Sing Halleeloojah, O my soul! (*Reads*) Stamp—
Edinboro''?

One from Effie? Ten thousand Halleeloojahs!!
The Wedding Day is fix'd!—The Eighteenth Next!!

W. Brodie. (*Looking at his correspondence.*) The
St. Andrew Ocean Liner, 'Scotia,'

Our Water Chariot to the Golden West,
Will, swan-like, from Her Clyde Howff, move, upon
The stroke of Three, Next day, Nineteenth of June!—
Day following Wedding One!—and Murray's freed
Good time for that!

¹ The famous island-rock in the Firth of Forth.

² The Gannet.

Re-enter CHAPMAN.

Toorle. Chapman! Day breaks, old boy,
And from a night of Purgatorial shades,
Into a firmament of Heaven-like hues,
Where only larks and balmy breezes sing
Harmoniously with glad humanity,
Our Old World bursts at last! Therefore, Vulcan,
Back to thy Cave cyclopic, Jock forewarn—
That, on the Eighteenth Instant, must He wed
Himself to Peg, or rust, forsworn, for ever!

Chap. The Auchteenth June! that's auld 'Waterloo
Day'—

The day my puir auld faither fechtin'¹ fell

Toorle. Why! So it is! The hallow'd anniversary!
But all the better! For, if, on that day,
Thy warring father *fell*, thy loving son
May fitly *rise* to compensate his loss,
Begetting Chapmans fresh for future fights,
In right accord with Man's and Nature's laws?
Away, away! Give Jock the day and date,
All else is pre-arranged and settled square.

[*Exit* CHAPMAN.]

Re-enter LAMMIE.

Toorle. (*To Lammie, giving him a letter.*) Read that,
my friend, at once!

Hugh. (*To W. Brodie.*) I shall be ready, sir. Hae
ye nae doubts.

W. Brodie. Within my sister's house, at two,
Upon the eighteenth of the current month,
All four prepared to sail with me next day?

¹ Fighting.

Hugh. Ay, ay, sir. I hae't be hairt,¹ a' safe an' sure.
[*Exit.*]

Lam. (*Returning letter.*) O Toorle! I canna speak! O pardon me!

I maun gae hame—I daurna blubber² here!

I ken baith time an' place—I'se see ye there.

[*Exit crying and muttering thanks.*]

W. Brodie. (*To Toorle.*) By Jove! Thou'st managed yare to play life's cards,

Not for thyself alone, but friends, as well!

But let us hence: Our 'business' being done,

Here everything I see gives grief fresh life! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A room in the Goat's Head Inn of Fraiks.*

Enter MARY and TOORLE, hand in hand.

Mary. Yes, ye gowk!³ But were ye at the Roup?⁴

Toorle. That's where I got the letters, I am here Now to announce the glorious import of.

This Inn is sold, I heard. And that is well.

Mary. It ne'er wad sell, but for the gentleman *You* found to buy it, at Dad's 'upset price!'

Toorle. Where is thy Daddy, Moll? Can't I see him?

Mary. No. He's to the City gone about the Inn—Transferring o' the licence o't, I think.

But what's the matter? Everything is ready?

O Toorle! What will the people say? or think?

We twa hae run 'love's course' sae unco⁵ 'smooth,'

¹ Have got it by heart.

² Cry childishly.

³ Cuckoo; fool.

⁴ Sale by auction.

⁵ So very.

I dinna ken if there be mair than Dad,
Outside oursel's, that even *jaloose*¹ the truth?

Toorle. Yes, there are some. Chapman's one,
I'm *sure*!

But from that eager ferret aught of me
Naught less than death could hide.

Mary. But he's a friend?

Toorle. I know no enemies but—Mary Blythe,
A sad fatality, but there she is,
My inexorable and life-long plague!

Mary. That's so, for mony days! Since Barleycorn
Ye gave the slip sae snell!² My love! my love!
Ye are a hero, and a man to trust,
And I maun say't, or my fou³ heart wad burst!

[*He embraces and kisses her warmly.*]

I shall be forward on the eighteenth day—
If I but breathe, tho' armies bar my way!

Enter JESSIE.

Jessie. (*To Toorle.*) A dress'd gentleman at the Bar
speirs⁶ for ye, sir.

Toorle. O! It will be Brodie. I'd clean forgot our
tryst!

(*To Jessie.*) Tell him I'm coming, Jessie, and take this.
Buy ribbons wi't: Please Richie, by all means!

Jessie. O, thank ye, sir! mony, *mony* thanks, atweel!
[*Exit.*]

Toorle. Ta-ta, Queen May! I shall return ere
night. [*Exit.*]

Mary. He's gone! 'Tis 'night' already!—Sol hath set
And 'night' remains until he rise again! [*Exit.*]

¹ Surmise.

² 'Determinedly.'

³ Full.

⁴ Asks.

SCENE VIII. *Edinburgh. A large room in MRS BRAIDHEAD'S House. Many seats, and a table, with decanters and glasses on it.*

Enter MRS BRAIDHEAD and MRS MURRAY.

Mrs B. Was ever sich anither opery¹ seen?
 Lord-have-a-care-o's-a'! a three-fauld waddin'!
 Surely the yird² will be 'replenish'd' noo.
 Baith tap an' underground!—Three—*three at ance!*
 Twa o' them, weel eneuch, the ither ane,³
 Of folk in middle life—

Mrs M. But worth past telling!
 Natives o' 'Heaven baith—returning hame—
 Wham Mercy lent this hole ca'd yearth a wee!
 Whan come they frae the Royal?⁴

Mrs B. O, this meenit!
 Doctor Saunt Cuthbert was the only Clerk⁵
 Thaucht braid eneuch⁶ for Toorle or his freends.
 Losh, Belly! there's their cabs and carriages,
 The hail three sett!—*woo'd an' mairried an' a'!*
 Our auld-warld stairs bore⁷ never sich a croud!

Enter The Treble Wedding Party from the Royal Hotel
 —TOORLE and MARY, ROBIN and EFFIE, and
 JOCK and PEGGY, arm-in-arm—who all shake
 hands with MRS B. and MRS M.; then, singly,
 LAMMIE, the brothers BRODIE, CHAPMAN, the
 brothers YOUNGER, WOODY, WHITEY, DAFT
 DAVIE, VAE, and many other friends and acquaint-
 antances of the newly-wedded parties, who all seat
 themselves merrily.

¹ Ado. ² Earth. ³ Other one. ⁴ Royal Hotel. ⁵ Clergy-
 man. ⁶ Thought broad enough. ⁷ Carried.

Mrs B. (A little confused.) I think, Mr Toorle, ye should stand up an' speak?

Toorle. (To MRS B.) All here?

D. Davie. Aw'm down here, Maister Toorle! Aw want to *speak* to *you*.

Div ye ken what Aw've gotten?

Toorle. No, Davie. What is it?

D. Davie. Ah, ha, lud! Aw've gotten frae Maister Brodie, the Yanky, a praisint o' little Johnny Kaim¹ an' a wee powney,² to ca' me a' gates a' ma life to see a' the whupping big trees fa'. Aw'll gie *you* a ride, sir, dinna be feart. Dinna greet!

Toorle. I know all that, Davie. But be quiet now. I'll give you a brand new gig if you do!

D. Davie. For naething? Aw hivna muckle siller to spare 'enoo. Tredd's vera slack. For naething, sir?

Toorle. Of course. But, Davie, mum's the word—the only price to buy the new gig. Silence! Not another cheep, I say!

D. Davie. Mum! Shut up, Daft Davie! Mum-m-m!

Vae. (To Toorle.) Nae fear o'm noo, sir. Davie
wad be dumb

E'en on a New Year's Day, gif ye but askit him.

Toorle. (To the Whole Party.) Friends, having got this length, I ask our Boss
To put his further purposes in words.

W. Brodie. Time is so short—we must not *speak*, but *act*.

Toorle. Speak first, that we may act, and rightly act, Knowing our aims, else acts are worse than sloth.

¹ Lammie's boy groom and crow herd.

² Pony.

³ Don't cry.

If time be brief, why, Captain, clip thy words
To match the time, and us—thy awkward squad!

W. Brodie. Then, I'll be brief indeed! One hour
to train!

So by the board all olden ceremonies
Must we sweep now, and those cleped 'up to date,'
'Hurry' and 'worry,' and 'confusion wild,'
Snatch up as substitutes, and run our ways!
To-morrow, all my party sail from Clyde!
Bright, in our good ship's peak, the star of hope
Will guide us forward to the glorious West!
The Brothers Younger go; and Murray goes—

Mrs. M. (Aside). Reclaim'd by ane¹ wham Tam,
himself' reclaim'd!

W. Brodie. From death to life, from bonds to
liberty,

From penury and care to rowth² and joy!
And there sits he, the Magian—on my right—
Whose wonder-bearing mind this marvel grows!

Toorle. No, friends! It was his *money*, not my *mind*!

Lam. (to Toorle.) Wha saved my faimily an' me
but you?

Robin. Who built the Palace that is mine this day?

Effie. Who aided as a father those I love,
And's been a life-long blessing to myself?

Mrs. M. Wha ran into yon Dungeon-den o' shame,³
An' pluckit like a Christ a Saul fra' hell?
Wha cam' to ane, all thowless and forfairn,⁴
And set her on a couch of honour'd ease?

Chap. Wha fand⁵ ane wark whan fermers failit him,

¹ One.

² Abundance.

³ Calton prison.

⁴ Helpless and

forsaken. ⁵ Procured.

An' peyd his airn-merchant's¹ bills twice owre?

Whitey. Wha to the College pat² our Pate but you?
Or, whan he left, gat him his Kirk in Fife?

Woody. Wha for the ploomen spak' an' wrate³ for
years,

An' redd up⁴ at the last their sair compliments?⁵

Jock. Wha spak' up to the Laird an' gat for me
The smiddy o' The Lowes—the best on airth?

An' wha, in a' the warld but yersel',
Wysed⁶ Peg to come an' mairry me this day?

D. Davie. Wha cam' to Sannox whan I lost masel'
An' tummult⁷ owre the craig⁸ an' spreen'd⁹ ma cuit?¹⁰
Wha saucht a' nicht an' fand¹¹ me out at last,
Syne cramm'd me fou o' snawps an' brang¹² me hame?
Aw'll sing a sang to *him*, or onything!

Vae. No, Davie! Ye maunna sing the noo.

D. Davie. Efter crowdie time?¹³ Aw'm like the
cats, Aw aye sing ma finest efter Aw've ta'en ma
tammy,¹⁴ Vae!

Toorle. If I had had an inkling of this storm,
Without a doubt I'd been prepared for it—
By giving it the *go-bye* many leagues!
And if our social weather-glass portend
Its least renewal, wonder not if I
Also become a 'hope-starr'd' voyager.
And join our Yeomen party to the West!

D. Davie. Eh, ay! an' Aw'll gang tae! Yanky
Brodie tells me he kens o' trees out there far bigger

¹ Iron-merchant's. ² Put. ³ Wrote. ⁴ Settled satisfactorily.

⁵ Sore grievances. ⁶ Coaxed; wiled. ⁷ Tumbled. ⁸ Crag.

⁹ Sprained. ¹⁰ Ankle. ¹¹ Discovered. ¹² Brought.

¹³ Supper time. ¹⁴ Meals; food.

than Scott's muckle moniment, a' to be poo'd doun deerectly, sir ! O gang, sir, gang !

Toorle. When I do go, my boy shan't stay behind,
But in the Californian Bush will see
Tremendous giants fall tremendously—
Trees thicker than The Bass, and twice as high !

D. Davie. Wull they no fa' this len'th ?

Toorle. Not just. But, now
Go for the gig, my son, by keeping mum.

Mrs B. Ben i' th' dining room—athort¹ the transe²
For a' that like, a rowthy³ snack⁴ is spread !

W. Brodie. No time to gorge—the cabs are at the door.

Toorle. And legions of the Arabs yell for us !

*(Many voices, without, shouting ' Time's up !'
' Come on !' ' Pour out !' etc.)*

W. Brodie. Our final parting feast will fitter fill
Our *real* farewell hours aboard our ship.
Violet and Davie, you go home, I hear ?
The pony and the trap are both despatch'd,
And will be at Laigh-lea before yourselves.

Toorle. Then all are ready ?

Fock. Ay, ay, sir ! We are ready, ilka ane,
But let me sing, before we start again,
A blaud I forged yestreen, an' turn'd it round
As weel's a *prentice* bardie, I'll be bound !

*(Steps forward and sings his song, in the chorus of
which the others heartily join.)*

¹ Across.

² Passage.

³ Plenteous.

⁴ Luncheon.

Behauld our three brides in a raw !
 What on yearth is fairer than they ?
 And a' as blythesome as braw¹—
 True brides in bridal array !
 Sweet Effie, an' Mary, an' Peg—
 Their maiks² Auld Reekie ne'er held !
 Nane either sae gash or sae gleg,³
 Or needin' that less to be tell'd !⁴

A' woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 What ony fule-coof⁵ could hae sworn,
 A' woo'd and married and a' !

For the bridegrooms that's ablins⁶ nae joke,
 Nae man can forecast his ain fate ;
 As for me, Peg says I'm a brock,⁷
 And my lare's⁸ down in Bedlam Estate !⁹
 Yet the hizzie is bolted to me,
 As sure as the stilt's to a pleuch !¹⁰
 Nae mair to be lowsed till we dee—
 Whilk likely will be lang eneuch !¹¹

Baith woo'd and married and a'
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Waldit and clinkit¹² for life,
 E'en woo'd and married and a' !

Some gallants hae little to do
 Whan wooin' and winnin' their joes,¹³
 But Peg she sae prickit love's shoe,
 Our courtin' ran lame to its close !
 Whyles¹⁴ she 'but to hae me aff-haun',
 Whyles 'she wadna wed for a Croun',
 Or vow'd 'tho' she wantit a MAN,
 She wantit nae JOURNEYMAN LOON !'

Noo she's woo'd and married and a' !
 I'm a boss and married and a' !
 Nae 'wanter' nor 'journeyman' noo—
 We're woo'd and married and a' !

¹ Richly Dressed. ² Equals. ³ Shrewd, or so lively. ⁴ Told.
⁵ Silly fool. ⁶ Perhaps. ⁷ Badger ; a rough customer.
⁸ End ; destiny. ⁹ The Mad-house property. ¹⁰ Plough.
¹¹ Enough. ¹² Riveted. ¹³ Sweethearts. ¹⁴ Sometimes.

There's Robin and Effie, but, wow !
 Wha wonders at THEIR waddin' bells ?
 They could learn the Grand Turk hoo to woo,
 Sae lang they've been at it themsel's !
 As baabies,¹ the first kiss o' love
 They poutit, syne pree'd² it, I ween,
 Like twa chubby cherubs above
 At play on the Paradise green !

Noo woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 In spite o' black Hornie³ and Fortune,
 They're woo'd and married and a' !

And big-hearted Toorle and Mary !
 Gin⁴ guidness⁵ can gie them a hame,
 My sang ! THEY winna miscairry
 In their ha's⁶ in the PALACE O' FAME !
 For gifts, and graces thegither,
 They're the King and the Queen o' us a' :
 And a 'COUPLE'⁷—ye'll find nae sic ither,
 Tho' ye hunt frae Doon Hill⁷ to Scad Law !

Weel woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 My heart is like burstin' to see us
 A' woo'd and married and a' !

(After JOCK'S song the large company spontaneously strike up 'Auld Lang Syne,' and are singing it as the curtain falls.)

¹ Infants. ² Tasted. ³ The devil. ⁴ If. ⁵ Goodness.
⁶ Halls. ⁷ The celebrated hill and old battle-ground near
 Dunbar.

OTHER PIECES.



THE LION HILL.¹

THE Hill that for a world's age hath worn
The semblance of our Lion ² in its croun,
And twa millenniums hath it here upborne—
(The truest diadem of Caledon,
And glory of her first richt royal toun)—
The type of Scotia's wally mountain race,
The breed of Bannockburn, sire and son,
Wha, true unto themsel's, keep premier place,
As this symbolic Hill, whilk naething doth efface.

¹ Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh.

² The resemblance of the summit of Arthur's Seat to a resting or 'sleeping' lion, is, from some points of view, very striking, and from no other part is it more so, I think, than from the Public road to Portobello below Jock's Lodge. Coming city-ward recently atop one of the tram-cars, I drew the attention of an intelligent English gentleman with whom I was conversing to this fact, and asked him what he thought of it. Looking quickly up at the hill, and noticing for the first time, as he informed me, the remarkable leonine likeness, he excitedly exclaimed—'Ah! Oh! A lion it is, and no mistake! The most astonishing and most exact presentment of an animal in nature' (rock, etc.) 'I ever witnessed, or ever heard of! Why, sir, that one wonder up there, I reckon, is worth coming twenty times from Land's End to see! Yes, it is another Scotch lion, and the greatest of all the infernal multitude of them!'

Bang ! frae Earth's veriest bottoms to the lift,
 Bursting like ragweed ¹ adamantine bands,²
 Behold, young Scotland, thine immortal gift,
 Thy fated and fit emblem 'mongst the lands,
 Fashioned by Destiny and Nature's hands,
 Arise, furth thy stern heart to thy stern sky,
 A mountain marvel that mankind commands,
 And a' thy coming foes shall see, and—fly,
 E'en the fell Roman spawn, and ither envious fry !

Doun frae high heaven flash'd the grand decree,
 And instant in mid-air shot up that Form—
 That perfect Figure, through a' time to be
 The image of calm Peace prepared for storm !
 A sign for ever, boding mortal harm,
 To those wha frae her rest fair Scotia broke,
 By rash Invasion's rout, or Treason's larum ;
 That hame-hatched devilry whase whispers mock
 The wealo' States throughout—wharever heard or spoke.

Nae langer "sleeping" syne ! hills, far and near,
 Wad quake and rummel ³ in his uproused rair,⁴
 And foes wad scatter, ance he rushed to weir,⁵
 Faster and far'er than their hamald ⁶ lair,
 Or than fear-palsied shanks ⁷ the loons nicht bear,

¹ Ragwort. ² 'The hill is a mass of trap of various species, upheaved through the carboniferous strata of central Scotland. . . The centre and upper part of the hill, and the remarkable columns called "Samson's Ribs," consist of basalt.'—

Chambers's Encyclopædia.

³ Rumble. ⁴ Roar. ⁵ War. ⁶ Domestic. ⁷ Limbs.

As erst at Largs, Stirling, and Waterloo—

And mony mair fell fechts ¹—ten thousan' mair—
Whaur Scotia in full tilt did het ² pursue,
And haill hordes o' the rogues she overteuk an' slew!

Aneth ³ the Lion's tap I've coo'rd ⁴ my heid ⁵

And cuddled cub-like on his beildy ⁶ breist,⁷—
(And never wildling yet of a' his breed
Creep't fainer to him frae his rear-ward East!)—
To gratifie auld cares, that ne'er hae ceased
To wyse ⁸ me back, an' back, an' back again,
His glories being to them as a feast
Is unto starvelings rescued frae the main,
Whan a' but want has fled, an' death's been craved in
vain!

Rugged the Lion is as weel's may be,

And stout and strong as Nature's favour'd wean;
His *Samson ribs* are e'en a joy to see,
And his stark limbs, shot far into the plain,
Are knuckled sae, they seem to stand alane ⁹
As 'independent mountains'—'fore yon anes,¹⁰
Ayont ¹¹ the Tweed, ca'd 'Wailsh,' whilk Southrons
vain

Blaw up as they were veriest Alps or Bens,
And not but bits o' knowes,¹² like ours at Prestonpans!

¹ Bloody battles. ² Hot. ³ Beneath. ⁴ Cowered. ⁵ Head.
⁶ Affording shelter. ⁷ Breast. ⁸ Induce; draw. ⁹ Alone.
¹⁰ Ones. ¹¹ Beyond. ¹² Knolls.

The Lion only 'sleeps' like our Watch Dog!

Nae wonder! for his 'view' wad murder sleep,
Waur than did Macbeth whan he turn'd a rogue,
And stack his guillie into Duncan deep!

Behauld! plains, moorlands, mountains—steep on
steep—

Dark woods and reeking touns—islands in seas

Like straths Elysian, whare the white waves leap;
Neptune's wild fleecy flocks driv'n by the breeze
To seek athort his wealds e'en fittier¹ realms than these!

DAVID HUME, SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER.

[BORN AT EDINBURGH, IN 1711; DIED
THERE IN 1776.]

'UNBELIEVER,' 'Seer,' 'Saint,'²

Metaphysical and quaint;

'Historian,' whom pen nor paint

Hath ever drawn

To mak' Auld Reekie richt acquent

Wi' her GREAT MAN,—

For thee I shun 'poetic' themes—

Death-dealing dramas, ghaistly dreams;

Ev'n moors, and mountains, shaws and streams,

Whare betwitch'd love,

Amid sweet Nature's sweetest gleams,

Doth spell-bound rove,

¹ More appropriate; stormier. ² St. David Street, Edinburgh,
where he resided, was, ironically, named after him, and retains
to this day its now honoured designation.

And woo ABSTRACTION—maiden dark,
 Man's midnight transcendental clark !¹
 For, wow ! I've found her 'genial wark,
 And mair than plenty
 To haud us gaun² till morrow's lark
 Sings day in dainty.

St. Dauvid startit 'drivin' down,'
 Demolishing what was 'outgroun,'
 And for his pains, of coorse, this loon
 Iconoclastic,
 The Warld gat round about fell soon
 Her tawse³ elastic.

'Hate,' 'spite,' 'contempt,' and 'crackit croun'⁴
 Cam' frac baith layman an' blackgoun ;⁵
 The mob loud 'boo'd' the mad 'mahoun'⁶
 Wha'd daur'd to say
 That black was black, and broun was broun,
 Day efter day.

Nathless, owre the haill yird⁷ he'd set
 Legions o' 'sages' in a pet,
 To refute what could not be 'met'
 By mortal skill ;
 But what they had, that he did get,
 Mair than his fill !

¹ Writer ; author.² Hold us working on.³ Scourge for

correction of misdemeanants.

⁴ Broken head.⁵ Clergyman.⁶ Impious miscreant, or devil.⁷ Whole world.

Calumnies, countless,—hatch'd in hell—
Upo' this bouk¹ gigantic fell;
But, in the gustiest o' the gell,²
Lie-proof, truth-sheth'd,
Like Daniel in the Wild-beast's cell,
He stude unscaith'd.³

But, then, 'twas only 'truth in doubt'
That armour'd him thus round about!
Sae his least faes must fume and flout,
And flout and fume,
Unconscious a' what they did scout
In 'Dauvid Hume!'

Yet waur ev'n than thae pious chieils,
The wolf ca'd Want snapt at his heels—
Whan 'Revelation's Curse' reveals
'Impressions' sair,
And his 'idea' is—'It feels
Damn'd to be puir!'⁴

Sae sadly, he, by turns, became
An idiot's keeper, whilk⁵ made them—
(The wad-be thrapplers⁶ o' his fame)—
In bigot glee,
Howl out—'Wark fitter wha could name
For sich as he?'

¹ Great reputation here. ² Fiercest of the gale. ³ Stood, unhurt.

⁴ Vide 'Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,' by Robert Chambers.

⁵ Which. ⁶ Throttlers.

Syne 'Secretary' to 'St. Clair,'
 A General—(heard of nocht elsewhare)—
 Wha owre to France was sent to stare,¹
 The needfu' sage,
 Did, or ere lang,² in 'sheer despair,'
 Himself 'engage.'!

Neist,³ hame again, this 'awfu' man,'
 Anither fiend-like plot began—
 To brust⁴ a' 'mairacles' aff-haun,⁵
 Like paper pocks
 The weans wi' wind blaw up, and than
 Gie startling strokes!

In an 'aside' though, this says he:—
 'My Essay⁶ will confound, may-be,
 Thae⁷ fause⁸ freends wha sae "*righteouslie*"—
 (Fanatic folly!)—
 With reason wad defend, or weigh,
 Religion Holy!

'On *faith*, and not on reason, sure,
 Religion's founded, gin it's⁹ pure,
 And wad the fleggs¹⁰ o' faes endure,
 Age efter age;
 'Cause only then is't 'yond the poo'r
 Of their warst¹¹ rage!' ¹²

¹ Spy. ² Before long. ³ Next. ⁴ Burst. ⁵ Right off; instantly.

⁶ His famous *Essay On Miracles*. ⁷ Those. ⁸ False.

⁹ Provided it be. ¹⁰ Attacks. ¹¹ Worst.

¹² Hume actually concluded thus:—'That no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind that its

Alake! Nae mortal mind, nor skill,
 Can waive the weirds Time maun ¹ fulfil!
 Hume's Mither, loved thro' guid and ill,
 Sune fail'd and dee'd,
 And unto him a life-lang bill
 Of wae ² decreed!

Grit's ³ this man's praise, if grit his blame;
 Throo the wide warld resounds his name,
 And up the National Roll of Fame
 Of Britain's sons—
 Philosophic—whate'er their claim—
 Nane higher wons.

And, than this filial episode,
 What, with just men, here, or abroad,
 Could hicher heeze him and uphaud,⁴
 Or mair illume,
 Wi' licht supernal, as frae God,
 The name of Hume?

falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish, and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior. It (his Essay) may confound those dangerous friends, or disguised enemies to the Christian religion, who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason. Our most holy religion is founded on *faith*, not on *reason*; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure.'—Hume's Works, vol. iv. pp. 135-153.

¹ Must. ² Woe. ³ Great. ⁴ Higher uplift and uphold him.

‘Discourses,’ ‘Hist’ries,’ ‘Politics,’
 Whilk thrang’d his Age’s leisure nicks,¹
 Ne’er castigated for their tricks
 His ill designers!—
 How this ae fact doth noo transfix
 The wee maligners!

But thae warks brang him back amain
 The fury o’ the priest-led train,
 Wha truth and balderdash do strain
 Throo party seives,
 And serve the riddlins, chaff or grain,
 But by their leaves.

Thus struggling, scribbling, moralizing,
 And filling sub-posts tantalizing,
 Hume ran his day—yet, nocht surprising,
 Earned his just claim,
 And reach’d ere e’ening, his devising—
 Immortal fame.²

¹ The important labours of his later years.

² ‘On Sunday the 26th August, 1776, Hume expired.

‘Of the manner of his death, after the beautiful picture which has been drawn of the event by his friend Adam Smith, we need not enlarge. The calmness of his last moments, unexpected by many, was in every one’s mouth at the period, and it is still well known. He was buried on a point of rock overhanging the old town of Edinburgh, now surrounded by buildings, but then bare and wild—the spot he had himself chosen for the purpose. A conflict between a vague horror of his imputed opinions, and respect for the individual who had passed among them a life so irreproachable, created a sensation among the populace of Edinburgh, and a crowd of people attended the body to its grave, which for some time was an object of curiosity.’ Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. iii., p. 132, Ed. of 1835.

HUME'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.¹

THE ears of 'saints' on every side—
 (Sure cuddies'² lugs are ill to hide!)—
 Baith cockit high and open'd wide,
 Alert to hear
 The SCEPTIC 'Unbelief' deride,
 As death drew near.

Remorse and terror, dreid³ to see,
 His last attendants were to be ;
 He'd tear the sheets in's miserie,
 And run amuck,
 Trying in vain *The Fiend* to flee—
 Mad, conscience-struck !

In blue lowes⁴ he wad pass awa,
 Yelling, and begging hills to fa'
 And crush his doom's fire⁵ black and sma'—
 Ev'n Arthur's Seat,
 The Pentlands, and great Lammerlaw,
 Whilk few can beat !

Syne, like a bomb-shell, he wad burst,
 And pass in smeeke to the accurst,
 There to remain, they'd hope and trust,
 For aye and ever—
 Throo a' Eternity's black worst
 To roar and shiver !

¹ Written after reading Adam Smith's celebrated letter to Mr Strahan of London on the sad event. ² Donkeys ; fanatics here, of course. ³ Terrible. ⁴ Flames. ⁵ The supposed hell to be in his heart at death.

Alas for superstition's 'hopes!' ¹
Anither at his bedside drops,
Having neither blue fire, chains, nor ropes
To dregg to hell
The brave soul that whare 'belief' stops
Had daur'd to tell!

¹ Mr Haldane, in his learned and able *Life of Adam Smith*, page 40, says—'No life of Adam Smith can be complete without some account of his description of the death-bed of his friend (Hume). That description was contained in a letter which, though somewhat long, relates to a matter of such interest that it is worth quoting at length. It is a description which refutes completely the nursery tales upon the subject which were set abroad at the time, and for long passed current.' The same writer, on pp. 47-8 of the 'Life' adds—'Hume died, as he had lived, a brave, upright man; and it is some satisfaction to know that his moral, as well as his mental qualities, remained intact to the last. The less tolerant section of the public, no noubt, expected at the time to find that his death-bed was a scene of mental anguish, for reasons as good as those which prompted its less educated members to crowd round his grave in the Calton burying-ground, in the anticipation of seeing his body snatched from its last resting-place in a blue flame.' Smith's famous epistle to Mr Strahan, the London bookseller, being much too long for full quotation here, we are constrained to content ourselves with the following brief and detached excerpts from it. After saying that Hume believed his disease to be mortal, Smith continues—'Upon Hume's return to Edinburgh' (from Bath), 'though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with correcting his own works for a new edition, and reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends, and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favourite game of whist. . . . His cheerfulness was so great,' etc., 'that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. . . . I told him that though I was sensible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, "Your hopes

are groundless. . . . When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning ; and when I rise in the morning, *weaker than when I lay down in the evening*. I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must die soon." "Well," said I, "if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity." He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading a few days before, Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him. . . . He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses. . . . "Upon further consideration," said he, "I thought I might say to him, good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition ; allow me a little time that I may see how the public receive the alterations." But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses ; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the publick. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the present systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue ; that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term ? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue," etc. . . . 'But though Mr Hume always talked of his approaching dissolution with great cheerfulness, he never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. . . . The conversation which I mentioned above, and which passed on Thursday the 8th of August, was the last, except one, that I ever had with him. . . . On the 22nd of August, the doctor wrote me. . . . I received the day after a letter from Mr Hume himself, of which the following is an extract :—"Edinburgh, August 23, 1776. MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am obliged to make use of my nephew's hand in writing to you, as I do not rise to-day. . . . I go very fast to decline, and last night had a small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness ; but unluckily it has, in a great measure gone off. I cannot submit to your coming over here on my account, as it is possible for me to see you so small a part of the day, but Dr Black can better inform you concerning the degree of strength which from time to time may remain with me. Adieu, etc."'. Hume died on

the 25th, and Smith concludes his interesting letter in the following words:—‘Thus died our most excellent and never-to-be-forgotten friend, concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously, every one approving or condemning them according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own; but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced—if I may be allowed such an expression—than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality, founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadfastness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity—so frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify, and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight even those who were the object of it. To his friends—who were frequently the objects of it—there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities, which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit. I ever am, dear sir, most affectionately yours, Adam Smith.’—*Life of Adam Smith*, by R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P., pp. 40-48.

E'en pitying, sorrowing Adam Smith,
Frae the Lang Toun athort the frith!
The Scot next Hume in power and pith,
And love of truth,
Stood in the flesh—nae ghaist or myth,
Nor ghoul uncouth—

Just 'loving, gentle Adam Smith !'
 To comfort his auld friend forthwith,
 Or, haply, bid him fareweel, sith
 Even Humes maun dee,
 Was at his bedside, sound and swith
 As Age could be.

He found the sage, drawn near his end,
 'Joking and laughing wi' a friend !'
 And 'thocht the Moralist micht mend—
 He shaw'd sic smeddum ?'
 'Na, na ! nae '*mairacles*' are kenn'd
 In our day, Adam !

'I pass these lang days vera quately,
 Dozing, and reading Lucian lately ;
 And, through *his* book,¹ again the stately
 Old Man of Styx—
 Even *Charon*—I did greet sedately,
 And play'd some tricks !

'I dream'd that to his stream I'd got,
 And saw him smoking in his boat,
 In whilk he wanted me afloat—
 *That vera 'oor !*²
 But I demurr'd upon the spot,
 Ye may be sure !

¹ Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*.

² Very hour.

' I needed some delay, so I
Determined firm to straik¹ him sly—

" Dear Charon ! let me this life try

A *little* mair,²

And I'se³ return here by-and-bye,

A' fair and square !

" My prentit⁴ books I'm thrang revisin',

For a fresh batch of SMITH'S devisin',

And I'd fain see gif⁵ my star's risin'

Or trending straight

Doun to the stickit scribe's⁶ horizon,

The Kirk-yaird gate ? "

' Quo' he, " Whan ye thy star had'st seen

Upmounting to the Zenith clean,

Thou'dst mair *revisin'* start bedeen,⁷

And tell me o't !

Thou lazy rogue ! thou slee spalpeen !

Come ! board my boat ! "

" " O Charon ! " I still wysed⁸ him then,

" Thou dearest freend o' wearie men !

O Charon ! dinna, ere thou ken,

Refuse my pray'r,

Nor me owre thae mirk⁹ waters wen',

Sae fou¹⁰ o' care !

¹ Stroke. ² More. ³ I shall. ⁴ Printed ; published. ⁵ If.

⁶ Unsuccessful author. ⁷ By-and-by. ⁸ Coaxed. ⁹ Dark.

¹⁰ Full.

“ I hae been trying, years and years,
To open men’s lock’d eyes and ears ;
And, gin ¹ a wee Death held his shears
 Aff my life’s threid,
I micht see Supersteetion’s fears
 Come true indeed !

“ I micht the saitisfaction hae
To see some o’ her growths decay—
Thae monstrous mongrels o’ our day
 Decline and fa’,
Like auncient empires—pass’d away,
 As they’d been snaw ? ”

“ Thou crafty vagabond ! ” he roar’d,
“ No further nonsense ! Get a-board !
Time’s sel’ could not thy pray’r afford
 One jot until
A wheen mair hundred years be stored
 In his dunghill !

“ Stap in, belyve ! ² So ! Close thine eyes !
Fear naucht ! and whan thou dost arise
On yon dim shore, a glad surprise
 Thy meed may be !
Aiblins a sait ³ amang the wise,
 Eternallie ! ”

¹ If but.² Immediately.³ Perhaps a seat.

‘ This said, I dreamt I rush’d aboard,
 Rush’d with sic vigour and accord,
 The craft were swamp’t, but that ’twas moor’d
 Still to this warl’,¹
 Whilk is, Lord knows, baith roof’d and floor’d
 Of granite marl !

‘ Our painter slipp’d, we bore awa—
 The coble only held us twa !
 And sune ’twad no’ be seen ava,²
 On that dark sea,
 By those left crying—ane and a’—
 “ Wae, wae is me ! ” ’

ADAM SMITH, SCOTTISH ECONOMIST.

‘ AUTHOR OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.’³

(BORN AT KIRKCALDY, FIFESHIRE, IN 1723 ;
 DIED AT EDINBURGH IN 1790.)

An artless, absent-minded, canny man !

Behold him sitting at the household table
 Of some High Numbskull of his century,
 Whase guests, baith young and auld, male and female,
 Peck, mince, and lisp, and smile conventionally,
 The only *mode* they ‘ know ’—the style they learn’d
 Aff prudes and pedants, and befrilled mammas,

¹ World. ² At all. ³ This ‘ piece ’ was suggested by reading the ‘ Life ’ of the great Economist by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.

Laced, hoop'd, and stay'd ¹ to safety's far'est verge
 To 'grace' the only sphere they own—*Beau monde* !
 —The manners of an Age whase getts ² were squeezed,
 By pon'drous fashion and false etiquette,
 To artificial stumps ³ and mockeries,
 Syne dried, for keeping a' the fruitless years,
 The feckless ⁴ stuck-ups ⁵ lived.

Could *he* prate to such—
 He, whose *least* thochts ⁶ pierced deeper down than
 their

Best fancies even guess'd ? Lord, what could he,
 With blue-hosed auld maid prigs and formalists,
 Or their approved compeers ? NANE. At such times,
 And in such quarters, and such company,
 What wonder, then, he often 'absent' was
 Communing wi' himsel', cracking out loud,
 Gesticulating, thumping on the buird,⁷
 As 'twere his desk at hame in his ain house ;
 Or, in the midst o't a' uprousing suddenly
 And blushing like a halflin,⁸ wi' his joe,⁹
 Catch'd toying in the coo-byre ¹⁰ late at e'en ?

These were the Titan's truthfu' ways, tho' named
Unconscious oddities ; and they were marks
 Even of his greatness, being the sure signs
 And outcome of seclusion and vast thought—
 Even meditation that engirth'd the earth
 And kenn'd it as a mither kens her babe.

¹ Corseted. ² Young offspring. ³ Stilted, haughty people.
⁴ Useless. ⁵ Fops of both sexes. ⁶ Thoughts. ⁷ Board ;
 dining table. ⁸ A very young man. ⁹ Sweetheart.
¹⁰ Cow-house.

His 'weaknesses' anither maitter were,
But meriting as little of reproof
As his unconscious eccentricities.
The first, and favourite of *this* dear clan,
Was that GRAND SCHEME to found a 'leebrary'
Of a' his numberless 'authorities,'
'Ancient and modern,' in tap glorious guise,
Resplendent abune ¹ everything before—
Of paper, type, and binding! Superb! Supreme!
E'en fit to please the crabbit,² cultured taste
Of this connoisseur bibliophilist,
This most illustrious, yet exacting king
The 'Kingdom' ever kenn'd of facts or fads!
—Industry's Newton, Bacon, Locke, and Hume;
Prosperity's Columbus, Drake, and Cook;
Finance and Free-Trade's Gladstone, Cobden, Bright;
The world's Regenerator; Traffic's Christ;
The 'Kingdom's' deathless King and Prince of Peace,
And Scotland's greatest gift to Mother Earth!
—His fraets ³ and follies, ycleped 'weaknesses,'
Were but the itches o' a mind the gods
Envied, yet blazoned, crowned, and garlanded
Wi' amaranthine bays and laurel leaves,
That never fade, nor ever quit his brows,
While law-ruled Earth revolves and stars rejoice!

Over the nations like a sun he ⁴ rose
To scatter ignorance and mystery,
Slave terror, doubt, and prejudice afar—
As stifling mists that flee the morning vales

¹ Above. ² Particular; too nice. ³ Fads; longing for vain objects here. ⁴ The knowledge first given in his great book to mankind.

When potent Phœbus in his car ascends
 And Nicht's dark legions startle, shrink, and hide,
 With ghaists at cockcrow, and are seen nae mair.
 Unreason, also, and confusedness,
 That blurr'd the early outlook o' mankind,
 Did soon evaporate in his wondrous rays—
 (His force of fact and logic, lore, and skill.)—
 As sea-born summer vapours do in Sol's.

Such was the pioneer Kirkcaldy gave—
 He whom his fellow Fifers worship duly,
 And in their loyal hearts set up for aye
 Their sovran idol—kenning not his peer.

Hear them!—Here comes a heady-looking carle,
 A seeming local sage, o' mony years,
 Picking wi' care his steps along the strand.¹

'Good evening, friend! Is this Kirkcaldy town—
 The place where Adam Smith, the priest, was born?'
 'Adam Smith, the priest! *The Priest*, sir, say ye?
 Our Adam was nae "priest," but gif ye speir,²
 In richt true faith, for Adam Smith, the *sage*,
 I answer, YES! This Fife toun has the name,
 And great renown and honour o' his birth,
 And bides³ the envy for't of a' the world!'

VISITOR. He was a noted scribe?

NATIVE. His gritness⁴ was
 E'en as stoopendous as Ben Nevis's—
 Owre a' his neibors towering whatsomever!

¹ The scene of this convenient first interview with old Mr Thomas Macfifey was the side of the Harbour of Kirkcaldy. ² If you ask. ³ Endures. ⁴ Greatness.

Not to be sized, or tried, by ony else,
But to stand up upo' his ain braid base
The AE ANE¹ o' this Land throughout a' time!

VISITOR. Exaggeration is no advocate.

NATIVE. *Sir!* Adam's conquests and discoveries,
Inventions, knowledge, judgment, skeel,² and pow'r
Were a' unequall'd—as he was himsel'—
And never end can know! 'Your Hume,' says ane—
A meenister, him of Inverask,
I mean Carlyle, the *Alexander* ane,
No' *Tammas*—losh, *he* wasna whalpit³ than!—
He says that Dauvid Hume in learning match'd
Even wi' our Adam! Weel, weel! Carlyle,
Wha was a fiend, and could see owre a dyke⁴
As high as mony could, was aiblins richt,
But what o' that? The ingeenooitie,
And awfu' lore o' Hume, were jist the p'int
The greatest he could shaw, but, tho' they reach'd
E'en to compairison wi' Adam Smith's,
That wad but pruve⁵ that wally Dauvid Hume
Was unco⁶ great indeed—in *them*, at least!

VISITOR. What were his principles—Old Smith's, I mean?

NATIVE. Adam's? *Sir!* are they no' noo our statute
law,
And that o' mony ither lands, as weel?
I grant ye, that, at first, they were decried,
But thae doun-criers, sir, were gomerells!⁷

¹ Sole one.

² Wisdom.

³ Pupp'd.

⁴ Stone wall.

⁵ Prove.

⁶ Uncommonly, here.

⁷ Sillies.

Puir, interested bodies, feart for 'loss,'
 Ramshackle¹ traders, or midge-merchant loons!
 What statist worth the name e'er gloom'd at Smith?
 Or ever—sune's² he read him—but his mind
 Did toom³ instanter of a' former fudge,
 To give our Adam room? Ev'n Pitt himsel'⁴
 Becam' ane o' his earliest converts, sir,
 And maist enthoosiastic customer,
 Bolting down a' he wrate,⁵ without demur,
 And smacking 's lips whan dune!⁶
 'Exaggeration is nae avocat!'

VISITOR. At most, a poor one! Most for theorists!

NATIVE. A *theorist*! Adam a 'theorist!'
 Never! at least, no' that alane! His wark's
 Baith theoretical and practical
 At ance, in a preaiminent degree,
 As sir, all trow richt weel! His greatest buik⁷—
 'The Walth o' Nations'—is of the *concrate* kind,
 And no' the *abstrack* stuff—a' through and through—
 And that is jist the cause o' its success!
 'Protection,' 'Mercantileism,' 'Free-tredd,' even,

¹ Thoughtless, shiftless, vacillating. ² As soon as. ³ Empty.

⁴ 'The enthusiasm with which Smith was received by politicians of the first rank may be gathered from what took place on the occasion of a dinner-party to which he was invited by Lord Melville at Wimbledon, shortly after the appearance of the *Wealth of Nations*. Pitt, Grenville, Addington, and several others were among the guests. Smith was late and apologized. The whole company rose, and Pitt exclaimed—"We will stand till you are seated, for we are all your scholars!"' *Life of Adam Smith*, by R. B. Haldane, M.P., p. 49. Edition of 1887.

⁵ Wrote.

⁶ Done.

⁷ Book.

Are what plain men can grapple wi'—*rale facts* ¹
 And no' benumb their wuts,² as some fules ³ do,
 Gnawin' in vain throo weary weeks and months
 At abstrack metapheesical ham banes,
 Kittlier ⁴ than dreams, and hard as chuckie stanes,⁵
 Tho' they seem nits ⁶ that ony chiel nicht crack,
 Wha can his hairns ⁷ apply.

VISITOR. Perhaps so. But what was his religion?
 Had Adam any?

NATIVE. Adam! religion!
 Hume and he were freends! Adam thaucht ⁸ Dauvid
 The first pheelosopher and man alive,
 And Dauvid thaucht o' Adam fully that!
 And sae, for half a lifetime, thae ⁹ twa kings
 Of thocht,¹⁰ pheelosophy, and learning reign'd
 As on ae ¹¹ throne; or, yokit ¹² till ae car,
 Like 'Bruce, and 'Wallace' in Lord Rosslyn's trap,
 Whan to Kirkcaldy he drives couthily,¹³
 To pree,¹⁴ and chat wi' me of State affairs,
 E'en like laird Rosslyn's naigs ¹⁵ be a' the world!
 The twa pheelosophers o' ane anither
 Were fonder than if billies ¹⁶ true they'd been!
 Nae cowtes ¹⁷ at pasture i' the simmer days
 Could be mair playsome wi' their billie cowtes
 Than war' thae sages whan they met at e'en,
 Owre in Auld Reekie,¹⁸ or the Lang Toun ¹⁹ here!

¹ Real facts. ² Minds. ³ Fools. ⁴ More difficult. ⁵ Pebbles.
⁶ Nuts. ⁷ Brains. ⁸ Thought. ⁹ These. ¹⁰ Science;
wisdom. ¹¹ One. ¹² Yoked. ¹³ Pleasantly. ¹⁴ To
drink a glass. ¹⁵ Young horses. ¹⁶ Brothers. ¹⁷ Colts.
¹⁸ Edinburgh. ¹⁹ Kirkcaldy.

VISITOR. Smith was a moral and a temperate man ?

NATIVE. They baith¹ were wise, and just, and temp'rate men,
 Tho' crouse and couthie² as King Cowl himsel'.
 Hume was (some think) a wee the strongest man,
 And had maist moral courage, and could lead
 The gentler Adam Smith whaure'er he wisht,
 For Adam such a judgment held o' Hume
 As never man has held o' brither man
 Sin' men gat wut and could discern in men
 Their worth, or worthlessness, and lo'ed the *richt* !

VISITOR. A unique pair ! They more than loved each other ?

NATIVE. Yes sir ! They fairly worshippit ilk ither !³
 Adam, fearless Dauvid ; Dauvid, gentle Adam ;
 As mickle, and sincerely—short o' sin—
 As man may man ! Therefore, is it likely
 They kept atowre⁴ in their theology,
 Whan in a' else they stack be ane anither⁵
 As firmly, and as surely, as my Tam
 Does to his Dad, Macfifey, in Kirkcaldy ?

VISITOR. Away, away ! Church doctrines, *they* had none !

NATIVE (*warmly*). But rale religion ? By my saul's sure sooth !⁶
 Had their traducers—brainless, crawlin' snakes !—
 Black ceepthers,⁷ ca'd *the elect*—a' scampis, or sumphs !⁸

¹ Both.

² Fond and genial.

³ Each other.

⁴ Kept apart.

⁵ Stuck by one another.

⁶ True reality.

⁷ Nonentities.

⁸ Knaves or blockheads.

Had their traducers, sir, but haen wan ¹ jot,
 Wan tittle o' the leaven o' their love,—
 Ae curn ² but of the blessed charity
 That dwalt in them—(e'en made their matchless minds
 Co-workers with the gods that lo'e mankind!)—
 They wad hae ta'en the slanders that they wrote
 Bare-nakit on their knees as far as Rome
 To get them bann'd and brunt, instead of prent! ³

VISITOR. My Leith boat time is near—I may but
 ask,
 Did those mean censors hurt them?

NATIVE. Hume didna mind;
 Play'd whist and whustled, loot ⁴ the idiots screigh,⁵
 And smiled that they were pleased! But Adam, sir,
 Could ne'er do that! *He* ever shrank to face
 Thae bye-days' blichtin' storms o' priestly wrath,
 Whilk a' the mob 'elect' let drive at men
 Wha daur'd to question their outrageous 'creeds'—
 Trash as contemptible as they themsel's!
 But, hurry up! The Leith boat leaves 'enoo!

VISITOR. *Guid day*, my new-found friend!—a Scots
 'fareweel!'
 A French '*Au revoir!*'—Mind that Dalzeil ⁶
 Keeps on the right hand road, whate'er ye do.

NATIVE. He *clearly* sees what Smith saw *dimly*
 through!

¹ But had one. ² One single grain. ³ Instead of printed.

⁴ Allowed. ⁵ Scream. ⁶ James Henry Dalzeil, Esq., M.P.
 for Kirkcaldy Burghs.

Owre strict economy tines ¹ mony a tide,
 State interference is what to avoid,
 Only as lang as it is 'best,' he'll say!
 'Free-tredd's' made mony rich, 'Protection,' tae! ²
 I' the fine rummilgumption ³ o' some men
 'Our rivals "Reciprocity" should ken!
 'It's surely justifeeable 'enoo,
 'Whan a' our Cobden hoards are n'ar run throo
 'By thae momentous Boer and Empire wars,
 'As mony as thae plagues ca'd "play-house stars!"'
 Some farmers say, and e'en some scribes, as weel,
 'A tax on Yankee books and beef wad feel
 'Uncommon comfortable and nice at hame!'
 (Uncommon comfortable for fules ⁴ like them!)
 'Twad lat baith books an' beeves o' British birth
 'Retain the market-tap owre a' the earth!'

VISITOR. *That* they would do, though every foreign
 land
 Piled books and beeves like mountains on this strand!

NATIVE. But still, 'Fair-tredd' they cry for—stout
 and spruce—
 'A law of Copyricht and Farm produce,
 'Ane for our brains, anither for our belly,
 'To uphaud ⁵ mind and maitter in a felly!'

VISITOR. This last's a noble and praiseworthy aim!

NATIVE. Some think it mair sae—as 'twad favour
them!

¹ Loses.

² Also has.

³ Close, deep judgment.

⁴ Fools.

⁵ Uphold.

That boat's bell rings ! but, gin ¹ ye *have* to gae,
We'se maybe meet again some ither day ?

VISITOR. The gangway's moving ! See ye watch
Dalzeil !

Let his *zeal* never *dally* at the wheel—

The rudder of the State he lo'es sae weel !

I know thy house, Macfifey ! I'll return

When more of thy rare 'Kingdom's' 'Kings' I'd
learn !

The boat's unmoored ! *Look out next Sunday morn !*

NATIVE (*from the jetty*). The boat's awa ! But I'se
be whare I am,

Whan ye come back, on Sunday morn, to Tam !

VISITOR. (*To himself on the ferry boat*). A Fife
phenomenon ! Yes ! I'll return,
If even I have to *swim* this Ferry burn !

AN UNCO LORD PROVOST—OF THE 'AULD SCHULE.'

As an unco Lord Provost, auld Mungo Graeme
I'd name as the rarest Auld Reekie may claim.
He was wise and discreet, farseeing and cute,
An 'orator born,' wha seldom was mute,
For the sea soun's to him war' the source o' his wit,
Won down at the Port afore he grew grit ; ²
A wally ³ scribe, too, far kenn'd was the name,
And eemmense the renoun o' Lord Provost Graeme.

¹ If.

² Great.

³ Pithy, here.

Baith like and repute he brang³ to Auld Reekie,
 And a nod, and nae waur, frae auld Andro Meechie—
 (Wha was ane dour censor, a cynic, and whig,
 Wha lived in a cruive⁴ by himsel' at Stockbrig)
 The Provost was single—had nae reason to hoard
 His Port o' Leith dues for a faimily's board,
 Sae he saw'd them braidcast⁵ 'mang his tounsfolk at
 hame,
 Wha were a' 'sons an' dochters' to auld Provost
 Graeme.

At his lodgings in Cowgate ilk⁶ morning was seen
 A swerm o' puir craitors a' waiting their freen',
 The famous Lord Provost, to come frae his brose
 That they a' their troubles to him micht disclose,
 And win for their needs eneuch⁷ for the day,
 And, maybies,⁸ a bed down the Canongate way,
 For never puir craitor gaed⁹ back as he came
 Wha was free o' the lugs o' Lord Provost Graeme !

But there ne'er was a fair whaur their wasna a foul :
 Wiseacres demurr'd to the Provost's gran' rule,
 Swore they were sure that, 'indiscriminate
 Giving to puir folk wad ruin the State,
 And the moral debasement bring ilk ane concern'd
 Frae the Lord Provost down to the Arab unlearn'd ;'
 But he held on his way—come praise, or come blame—
 Relieving the needy, rare auld Provost Graeme !

¹ Brought. ² A house like a pig-sty. ³ Sowed them broadcast.
⁴ Each. ⁵ Enough. ⁶ Probably ⁷ Went.

As lang as the walth he won at the Port
 For the wants o' his suppliants didna rin short,
 He gat on like a miller—but, a day cam' or lang¹
 Whan a note frae his banker alter'd his sang!
 It was baith short and plain, but that little note
 Like a swurd² throo the heart o' the Lord Provost smote;
 He burn'd and he shiver'd,—‘Be mine a' the shame,
 But I couldna refuse them!’ groan'd auld Provost Graeme.

‘I scatter'd my gear whaur the need for't seem'd plain,
 If I cuist³ it owre thick, the loss is mine ain!
 And noo, an my gairdone⁴ be but the Puirhouse,⁵
 That shouldna fash⁶ ane that'll sune⁷ be lat loose⁸?
 I'm a centery⁹ auld—tho' as yauld¹⁰ as a loon
 On the south side o' saxty—this first ouk¹¹ o' June!
 Yet the Puirhouse, I trew, is e'en a wae hame
 And a Pailace ill-fitting ‘*My Lord Provost Graeme!*’

But there he was happy—for was he no' there
 For lifting the douncast, for helping the puir?
 Some wadna hae swappit¹² his lot for a king's,
 E'en no' for auld Dauvid's, tho' guidly he sings!¹³
 Baith Mass John¹⁴ and Drug Wull the day he did dee
 Said his wa'-gaun¹⁵ cowed a'¹⁶ they ever did see;
 And his burial, I wad,¹⁷ a milenn'um, or twa,
 E'en the streets o' Auld Reekie the like o' ne'er saw!
 Frae the Hoose to the Tomb—it was a' whare the same—
 A haill nation greeting¹⁸ for auld Provost Graeme!

¹ Before long. ² Sword. ³ Cast. ⁴ Guerdon. ⁵ Poorhouse.

⁶ Trouble; bother. ⁷ Soon. ⁸ Let free, by death. ⁹ Century.

¹⁰ Fresh. ¹¹ Week. ¹² Exchanged. ¹³ King David, the

Psalmist. ¹⁴ Priest. ¹⁵ Way-going; dying. ¹⁶ Beat all.

¹⁷ I wot. ¹⁸ Crying; mourning.

LORD MONBODDO AND ROBERT BURNS.

[LORD MONBODDO, JAMES BURNET OF MONBODDO,¹
 A SCOTTISH JUDGE, BORN AT MONBODDO, KINCARDINESHIRE, IN 1714; DIED THERE IN 1799.
 ROBERT BURNS, THE NATIONAL POET OF SCOTLAND,² BORN NEAR AYR, IN 1759; DIED AT DUMFRIES, IN 1796.]

¹ 'Lord Monboddo, the author of the well-known pre-Darwinian theory of our Sinnian ancestry, and that we were originally furnished with tails. In fact, Monboddo actually believed that all the midwives in the world from the earliest times until now had entered into a conspiracy to conceal the fact of the human race having a caudal appendage. Accordingly, in his own house and elsewhere, if he chanced to be present when a birth took place, he always asked to see the newly-born infant as soon as possible, and when he still discovered no signs of the tail, he would mutter, "Too late again, by God!"'—OLIPHANT SMEATON, in *Weekly Scotsman* Christmas Number of 1900.

² Lord Monboddo was the entertainer of Burns, as is shown by the following letter, taken verbatim from the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, edited by Robert Chambers. Edition of 1896, vol. ii., p. 30:—'To Lord Monboddo, St. John Street,—I shall do myself the honor, sir, to dine with you to-morrow, as you obligingly request. My conscience twitting me with having neglected to send Miss Eliza a song, which she once mentioned to me as a song she wished to have, I enclose it for her; with one or two more, by way of a peace offering. I have the honor to be, my Lord, your very humble servant, Robt. Burns. Saturday eve.' (The 30th of December, 1786.) Upon the almost conclusive proof of the 'auld acquaintanceship' of these two worthies (Burns and Monboddo) I have found sufficient ground for the imaginary part of my 'poem,' *i.e.*, the conversation or discussion which quite naturally I have supposed to have taken place between them after dinner in St. John Street.

INTRODUCTION.

The great Monboddo on the Bench, sirs,
As a Gos-hawk on its Rock,
Ruled the roost, and nane daured ¹ flinch, sirs,
Mair than's victims in the dock.

But Monboddo, seen at hame, aye
Seem'd anither gentle man,—
Learn'd and manner'd, suave, and tame aye,
Tho' with notions a' his awn.

Your ancient Platos, Aristotles,
Were his prophets ; modern men—
Contemptible as toom ² wine bottles
Yahoos ³ wadna ⁴ fill again !

Shrewd and keen, ' profound in law,' aye,
Circumspect down to ' details,'
His ' ripe judgments ' pleased maist a' aye—
' Cept the doom'd convicts themsel's.

Throo the drumliest ⁵ legal muddles,
Like a high-paced naig ⁶ he strade ;
Frae the deepest, dirtiest puddles
Issuing grander than he gaed !

¹ Dared. ² Empty. ³ Savages. ⁴ Would not. ⁵ Grossest ;
obscurest. ⁶ Young horse

As a land laird in the kintra,
 In the lang vacation days,
 He was nane o' your 'haard'¹ Gentry,²
 But the 'guid laird' a' did praise—

Ane his tenants liked sincerely—
 A just dealer by them a'—
 Never Scots laird 'sattled fairly'
 Faster than the 'Man o' law!'

But this kindly Norlan lairdie
 Edinboro' changed intil
 A dogmatic, mad-cap caird³ aye
 Fill'd wi' fads and crass self-will.

'Mang his confreres in the City—
 (A' the simple sons o' Law!)—
 Whyles their envy, whyles their pity,
 He was 'boo'd'⁴ to by them a'.

Them he deem'd 'mere modern midgets!'
 E'en the Romans—'licht as feathers!'
 Bacons and Newtons?—'fykes and fidgets,'⁵
 Whase 'Philosophies' were 'blethers!'⁶

¹ Niggard. ² 'When in the country he' (Monboddo) 'generally dressed in the style of a plain farmer, and lived among his tenants with utmost familiarity and treated them with great kindness.'—Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. i., p. 427, Ed. 1835. ³ Eccentric gentleman here. ⁴ Bowed. ⁵ Minutely troublesome persons.

⁶ Nonsensical systems.

Thus, sae famous, yet *outré*, man,
 Baith upon and aff the Bench,
 His first book cam' out ae day, man,
 And made his best critics blench !

'Twas anent the cause o' speaking,
 And its spread amang mankind—
 Till, in our day there's nae steeking¹
 Of the gabs² o' lord or hind.³

⁻¹ Shutting. ² Mouths.

³ 'The first work which he published was on the Origin and Progress of Language. . . . This treatise attracted a great deal of attention on account of the singularity of the doctrines which it advanced. . . . He gives a very learned, elaborate, and abstruse account of the origin of ideas, according to the metaphysics of Plato and the Commentators of Aristotle, philosophers to whose writings and theories he was devotedly attached. He then treats of the origin of human society and of language, which he considers as a human invention, without paying the least regard to the Scriptural accounts. He represents men as having originally been, and continued for many ages to be no better than beasts, and indeed in many respects worse ; as destitute of speech, of reason, of conscience, of social affection, and of everything that can confer dignity upon a creature, and possessed of nothing but external sense and memory, and a capacity for improvement. . . . In regard to facts that make for his system he is amazingly credulous, but blind and sceptical in regard to everything of an opposite tendency. He asserts with the utmost gravity and confidence that the orang-outangs are of the human species—that in the Bay of Bengal, there exists a nation of human creatures with tails, discovered one hundred and thirty years before by a Swedish skipper—the beavers and sea-cats are social and political animals, though man, by nature, is neither social nor political, nor even rational—reason, reflection, a sense of right and wrong, society, policy, and even thought, being, in the human species, as much the effects of art, contrivance, and long experience, as writing, ship-building, or any other manufacture. Notwithstanding that the work contains these and many other strange and whimsical opinions, yet it discovers great acuteness of remark.'—Dr Robert Chambers.

Men, as now, at first were joskins,
Weel that 'truth' Monboddo kenn'd—
Brutes or fules ¹ in hides or moleskins,
Doun lang ages efterhend.²

A' were destitute of gabble
Till some learn'd to squeal like swine—
That they stack ³ whan they were able,
And on pork chops yearn'd to dine.

But tho' lacking speech and conscience,
Thae first folk were bless'd wi' tails,
Whilk ⁴ to dock is sheerest nonsense,
Whilst one midge or flee ⁵ prevails.

Baith ⁶ society and speech were
'Pure inventions,' threeps ⁷ Monboddo :
Man ne'er was, nor needed, preacher,
Till the midwives' tricks he know'd o'!

He had memory and five senses,
Whilk he scarce can brag of noo,
For, tho' Impidence ⁸ immense is,
Folk with mind and mense ⁹ are few.

¹ Fools. ² Afterwards. ³ Stabbed ; killed by sticking. ⁴ Which.
⁵ Fly. ⁶ Both. ⁷ Argues pertinaciously. ⁸ Impertinent
assumption. ⁹ Discretion.

That the grand Orang-outang folk
 We—the human tribes—belang,
 Monboddo saddles with a pen-stroke,
 And bids Dauvid Hume go hang.¹

But, alas, before our story,
 Hume had ‘moved’ to his ‘lang hame!’
 And anither steerin’ sorrie—²
 E’en surpassing Hume in fame,

Ruled the ‘Idol-breaker’s’ nation,
 Plied his hammer, torch, and steel;
 Making humbugs seek salvation
 In ‘leg-bail,’ or ‘taking-heel!’³

Sune’s he heard o’ him, Monboddo
 Coft his buik,⁴ conn’d ev’ry line
 At ae streik,⁵ and—(’twas the *mode* to)—
 Ask’d its ‘maakar’⁶ doun to dine.

¹ ‘Lord Monboddo’s greatest work, which he called *Ancient Metaphysics*, consists of three volumes, 4to. It may be considered as an exposition and defence of the Grecian philosophy in opposition to the philosophical system of Sir Isaac Newton, and the scepticism of modern metaphysicians, particularly Mr David Hume. His opinions upon many points coincide with those of Mr Harris, the author of *Hermes*, who was his intimate friend, and of whom he was a great admirer. He never seems to have understood, nor to have entered into the spirit of the Newtonian philosophy; and as to Mr Hume, he, without any disguise, accuses him of Atheism, and reprobates in the most severe terms some of his opinions.’—*Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. i., p. 426, Ed. 1835.

² Burns. He had made his debut in Edinburgh in the course of the preceding month—November, 1786. ³ As ‘Doctor Hornbook,’ etc. ⁴ Purchased his book. ⁵ At one sitting. ⁶ Writer; poet.

And he gaed, tho' Sabbath e'ening,
 And the kirk bells jangelt loud—
 (Naething for the law-lord greining ¹)—
 Just to staw ² his 'roving' mood.

II. MEETING.

MONBODDO. From Ayrshire, sir? Well, I am from
 the North,

Kincardineshire—Why do you start, my friend?

BURNS. Ay, that is unco queer, and sae it is!
 Your name is Burnet, or Burnett, and mine
 Is Burns, or Burness, as faither sign'd,
 And he was frae Kincardineshire as weel,
 The parish of Dunnottar! What say you?
 We may be freens, my lord, freens kith and kin—
 In bluid³, as weel as we are surely noo
 By nature and affinity of tastes
 And sympathies? Ye've read my book, my lord?

MONBODDO. I have—twice over. Burns! no fear
 of you.

'Tis strange indeed that you and I—two men,
 The most intelligent in Britain living,
 Have both sprung from Kincardineshire—THE
 MEARNS!

But as for blood relationship, we will
 Cast that aside—*it is impossible!*
 No fear of you, young man, I say again!—
 If you will henceforth but be led by me,
 And what I shall advise?

¹ Longing. ² Satisfy. ³ Blood.

BURNS.

Go on, my lord,

I'm a' attention! What is *your* 'advice'?
'Advice' is gi'en me, twenty times a day,
Without the asking, and for naething, too!—
Proceed, my lord, proceed! I like advice,
I like to *give* it! As for *taking* it,
That wad ev'n stagger Doctor Horn, I fear?

MONBODDO. Hear me before you think so, my
young friend.

First, then, beware of Edinburgh, Burns!
Its pitfalls for our peasantry are numberless,
And dreadful as their multitude!—For you,
O Burns! they are as countless as the stars,
And treach'rous as the sea in winter is!

Beware of them, young man! Get home this week,
Get back to Mauchline—to your croft Mossguile,¹
Leave all your writings here, close up with Creech,²
About your New Edition! I'll see that
It both goes well and smartly through the press,
And that you get its profits—every shilling—
Remitted straightway to you at Moss Glen!

These 'profits' may and likely will, I think,
Amount to not far short ten hundred pounds,
For I've been summing at them here for hours,
And would not guess them less. But, my young bard,
This sum prospective take for what 'tis worth,
That only, and no more. I've conn'd the lists,
In Creech's shop, of your subscribers all.
The bulk of them I personally know,

¹ Mossgiel, Burns's farm, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire. ² The
Edinburgh publisher of the Second Edition of his poems.

Ladies and gentlemen, noble and *not*—
All honourable, liberal, and kind.

BURNS. I hae nae doubt they are. But your 'advice'?
Alas! my Lord, 'tis now beyond my power
To act up to it for long months to come!

The 'pitfalls' which you hint at may be here,
In this grand Edinburgh, but, as yet,
I vow I've seen naucht o' them! The reverse
Hath my experience been, down to this day,
In this warld-famous town, Auld Scotland's Rome,
Jerusalem, and Athens, and ev'n more!
Na, na! I'se no' be sick o't yet awhile!

Come! anither topic! come, my lord!

MONBODDO. Burns, you are a most mysterious man,
A bitter problem! Bad as David Hume,
Who scorn'd all admonitions, laugh'd me down,
Nay! even ignored me in his future books,
As if I never once, in argument,
Had floor'd and batter'd him beyond belief!

BURNS. I understood that state was always Hume's—
I mean, 'beyond belief'? But, oh, my lord,
I wish that I could 'floor' him! How was it done?

MONBODDO. Why, Burns, by *demonstrations ocular*—
MY THEORY demonstrating *true* throughout,
By living evidence before his eyes!
Drink up your glass, and have another charge,
The 'Tappit Hen'¹ succumbs too slow for wit?
Why! you yourself have said—'Punch gives us more
Than either school or college?'—so its lack,
May keep from us as much? Well, then, drink up!

¹ Generally, the largest punch-bowl in the house.

BURNS. Your toddy's terrible, my lord, fair Ferintosh! ¹

Your health again, your health, again, my lord!

But what about your 'Theory' and Hume?

What mean ye by your 'theory'?

MONBODDO. MY THEORY! Why, sir, in every land and realm 'tis

'Familiar in men's mouths as household words,'

And has been that for fully fifteen years!

Where were you buried that ye know it not?

BURNS. Well, *I do know it not*. Mine own I know!

MONBODDO. *My* Theory—so-call'd, because it is Of every theory the first and chief,

And so their father—only it was born

When every other theory on earth

Was up-grown, or matured, or failing fast—

Mine, being *true*, of course can *never* fail!

I see you're fidgeting impatiently

To lug it to your soul! therefore, my boy,

This theory is—That every race and tribe of men

Originally ascended from the brutes,

Those types immediately below us now—

The gifted and the fair Orang-ootangs!

BURNS. Anither waught ² o' 'punch!'—Orang-ootangs!

We sprang frae them? they were our ancestors?

O black Dunbar! and blacker Flodden-field!

Why frate or ferlie ³ mair ⁴ at aucht ⁵ on earth?

But there is Stirling Brig and Bannockburn?

¹ Whisky, long famous for its high quality, distilled at Ferintosh, Cromartyshire. ² Large glass, or tumbler. ³ Fret, or wonder.

⁴ More. ⁵ Aught.

Largs and Harlaw ? and Bruce and Wallace Wicht ?¹
 Shakespeare and Milton ? Barbour and Dunbar ?
 Ramsay and Ferguson ? and Me Mysel' ?
 Newton and Bacon, too ! and Hume and Locke !
 Were thae² Immortals a' frae imps evolved ?
 Wheesht,³ wheesht ! I'm no dune⁴ yet ! delay a wee !
 Such dreams and thoughts, my lord, myself have had,
 Only too often for my peace of mind !
 But all my crude surmisings I crusht down,
 And never, even once, gave breath to them,
 Because the faintest jot of proof I lack'd
 Of a reality that they were true,
 Or even distantly approach'd the truth.

What led me into these wild musings were
 The many points of semblance which I saw
 Between the two—common to the species both
 Of men and monkeys—physical and moral,
 But chiefly of the moral and mental sort,
 In all our ' Unco Guid ' ⁵ and *Unco Slim*,⁶
 And their so-like progenitors in Buffon,⁷
 And in my picture book of Apes at home !

But, syne⁸ again, my lord, I turn'd and saw—
 And look'd at lang and ling'ringly, I trow !—
 The *other* side, and there beheld, with joy,
 The beauties, and the virtues of our race,
 Its glorious gifts, graces, excellencies—
 Talent, and intellect, and genius high,
 Compassion, courage, reason, fancy, wit,
 Nobility, integrity, *and love* !—

¹ Strong ; heroic. ² These. ³ Hush ! ⁴ Done. ⁵ Exceedingly
 righteous ⁶ Very treacherous. ⁷ Buffon's Works. ⁸ Then.

Which made me hate, and hide, my former thoughts,
As they'd been calumnies on God himself!

But halt, my lord! You say you 'demonstrated,'
Even unto HUME, by 'living evidence,'
The real 'truth' of your hypothesis?

Well, let me hear't! my lord, *I pine to hear't!*

MONBODDO. 'Buffon'! You've read Buffon? A
pompous prig!

Go home and cast him in your fire, young man,
He is no 'living evidence' of mine!

But facts you've just enumerated, *are*,
And, over and above all yours, this *other* truth—
Grand, solemn, indisputable, yet sad!

That all of Woman born, down to this hour,
With scarce one single miss, come on life's stage
Endow'd, like all their kin, the firsts of Earth,
Down to their grandsires—the Orang-ootangs,
With—for their age—distinctly pronounced tails,
As well developed as their fingers are,
Or any other features—in proportion—

When they first board this clumsy hull, call'd Earth!

BURNS. With caudals, say ye? do weanies¹ come
to yird,

Wagging wee sprouts o' tails, like whalps and deuks?²
Lord! What comes owre them that they're no re-
tained?

MONBODDO. That's but too eithly³ answer'd, simple
boy!

The murd'rous Midwife crew, the world over,
Have, without doubt, in damn'd conspiracy,

¹ Babies.

² Pups and ducks.

³ Easily; readily.

Ta'en oath to twist them off, when bones are soft—
In fact, scarce gristle—in the hour of birth! ¹

BURNS. Ay, but for what? and what do they do wi'
them?

They dinna saut ² them for lean Hallow-e'ens? ³

MONBODDO. My man!—I mark the wicked light I
see—

(The devilish twinkle)—in those eyes of yours,
Which oft I mark'd in Hume's! But, 'ware, my boy!
This is no 'Hornbook' fudge for joking on!

Its truth's self-evident—*our tails are gone!*

And who else would purloin them? *That's* a quiz!

Why, man, for years, for several long years,

I have myself tried hard in vain to find

One single little rump the jades had slipp'd

And afterwards forgotten in their glee—

(Their fiend-like glee, at those in-lying times)—

Tho' hundreds of the weans I've catch'd and look'd!

BURNS. Lamentable, truly! Hoo saucht ⁴ ye them?
Ablins ⁵ your methods were the cause of failure?

MONBODDO. The methods I pursued to foil these
hags

'Twere bootless now to recapitulate,

But all of them were cautiously contrived,

And well and surely thought and carried out.

Of course, they all concern'd the babes themselves—

The getting hold of *them*, soon after birth,

That could not be too soon! before their foes—

Those gray she-devils we nick-name 'Midwives'—

¹ Vide the first footnote to this poem.

² Salt.

³ Poor Hallow-

mas or All Souls feasts, now Harvest homes.

⁴ Sought.

⁵ Possibly.

Could get their clutches on the vertebræ,
And dock the chits like us !

BURNS.

O lord, my lord !

I beg ye to forgie me, for I laugh,
Sometimes at onything, or naething, whyles !¹
It is a nervous weakness that I have !
I'se wheesh belyve !² If that, my lord, you did
Discover not one instance of a tail,
Does that not argue hard against the ' Theory '
As an unwarrantable idea,
Sans ' stump or rump,'³ to grace it ?

MONBODDO.

How dull is Man !

O Burns ! tho' thou'rt a lad of splendid gifts,
Of great and diverse gifts—which I concede—
They're yet untrain'd, and merely natural !

BURNS. Guid be thankit !⁴ A spade's a spade, my
lord,

And if it be of metal genuine,
And weel and wisely made, can it be mair ?

MONBODDO. O yes, my prince of Reason and of
Rhyme !

Make thou thy spade right edgy with the file,
Or on the grind-stone, and it then will cut,
And dig thee better ditches, drains, and peats ?
So doeth learning by men's faculties !
Always when it is good, ' knowledge is power ! '
' A little learning is a dangerous thing '—
Only when of the silly ' Modern ' sort—
As of the bosh they've styled ' Newtonian ! '

¹ Occasionally. ² I shall calm immediately. ³ The small portion
left of an animal's tail after docking. ⁴ Synonymous with *Thank*
God !

BURNS. Im-h'm! But, man, your spades are ne'er
richt grund!

They're either bungelt,¹ or made far owre thin,
To bide the twists and dunts² of roots and rocks.
But come, my lord, your further 'proofs' of 'tails'?
For all Newtonian to the marrow I am,
And downa³ thrive at a' on myths or fads!

MONBODDO. *My* 'proofs' are neither 'myths,' nor
'fads,' nor fibs,
Nor frauds, nor freaks, nor fancies farcical,
But plain and incontestable *hard facts*—
The only beans your modern ass must chew!

The Orang-outangs *are* human, as I said,
And have proved in my work on Languages;
And, further, in the Bay of Bengal, *now*⁴
This very day, a fine community,
Some powerful 'nations' of most noble folk,
Do flourish, and enjoy—(O miracle!)—
In peace and quiet life's necessities,
Including their so useful, flicking tails—
Long, and unmutilated, undock'd, unshorn!

Yes, Burns! (sit still!) a skipper found them out,
A Swedish skipper (that man's monument
Should be of burnish'd brass, on Calton Hill!)—
Some seven score years ago he found them out!
A noble Captain was he, and a great,
In sober verity—a Hero-King!
Sit still, sit still! you are not going now?

BURNS. Up in Lawnmarket, in my lodging there,
By tryst, a gentleman is waiting me,

¹ Bungled. ² Hits. ³ Cannot. ⁴ 1786.

Who, in strict truth, has little time to wait,
As he sails by the boat to-night from Leith:
But I may call again and hear you out?

MONBODDO. The Howdies¹ sink your friend, and
drown him, too!

But this is still my luck—when I have caught
A fit and understanding listener—
Thus to be baulk'd, and cheated of my prize!
But, since you must, drink up your punch, and go.

BURNS. (*Going.*) Na, na! I ken my measure—and
it's fou!²

Guid-bye, my lord.—Accept my heartfelt thanks
For your sae kind-intention'd wise advice,
And for your *verra*³ interesting tales (tails?) as weel!

III. SEQUEL:

MONBODDO. (*Solus.*) A fellow shrewd enough!
But I like not

The satire flashing in his fearful eyes,
Which are, as midnight, black, yet lit with fires
More dreadful than the thunder's.—Let him go!
I'd fear'd to *meet*, much less *confab* with him—
Even I, 'who never fear'd the face of man'
On God's wide world until this Sabbath day!
If HUME was dang'rous, BURNS is death itself!
Shun him, Monboddo! Do! Ah!

BURNS. (*Soliloquizing on the Street.*) A 'Character,'
indeed! O for a mood
To do his 'Epigram,' or 'Epitaph'—
Or e'en a langer screed,—like 'Holy Will!'

¹ Midwives. ² Full. ³ Extra.

But no!—He's been my Host, a 'kind' one, too,
 Although I hardly lo'ed his lordly scorn
 Of my mere thochtless hints anent our kin',
 Suggested by the similarity
 Of our twa sib-like¹ family surnames.

I wonder did he really think that I
 Wish'd—as some tenth, or nineteenth cousin's brat²—
 My bardship to ingratiate with his
 Pseudo-aristocratic city clique,
 To serve some selfish ends in future days?

But Jupiter! can such a man as this—
 Reputed and respected Europe over,
 An intellectual athlete and sage,
 A champion lawyer, judge, and lord of session,
 These twenty years by-past—be such a fool?

His boasted 'search' for baabies' tails approach'd
 The top sublime of the ridiculous,
 The quite *ultima thule* of sense and sanity,
 If it did not project a lump into
 The wild illusive sea of lunacy?

To prove his 'theory,' it struck me hard,
 That Bacon's method he had quite o'er-turned,
 And that he should have sought for 'evidence'
 Not in what's *not*, but in what *is*, in us—
 I fear there's mair than plenty for his need,
 For what to mak' o't else it fickles me!
 The 'residuum's' there³—an open *fact*,
 And 'facts are chields,' we ken, 'that winna ding!'

¹ Kin-like ² Child.

³ The residua of the physical organs and mental dispositions of his supposed animal progenitors in the present body and constitution of man.

But I am fain to think I'se ne'er gae back,
 For I sair doubt my power of self-control
 To stand such strains again! But whaur was SHE,
 The fair Eliza, Scotland's sovereign grace,
 And sweetest miracle—the Second Eve?¹
 Whaur gaed she after dinner? Wad the Judge
 Debar her then rejoining us? Likely!!
 Seeing that he ettled to let lowse his cranks
 In my poor rustic lugs, baith '*nat'ral*' and '*untrain'd*!'

But I am hame! And I see Richmond's² in!—
 Now, Burns! be *mum* and *mute* as Banquo's ghost!
 Tak' nae revenge, his pride can hurt ye naught:
 If *he* is '*proud*,' what is his pride to *thine*!—
His pride's the peacock's, *thine* the lordly eagle's!—
 'Fair Burnet's' sire must not be pluck'd by thee!

¹ 'In the circle of which he was made free, nothing made a greater impression upon Burns's mind than the exquisite beauty and grace of Eliza Burnet, the daughter of Lord Monboddo. To her he makes a special allusion in his "Address to Edinburgh," rating her among the wonders of the city—

"Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the sire of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine!"

—*The Life and Works of Robert Burns*, by Robert Chambers, vol. ii., pp. 24-25, Edition of 1896.

² John Richmond, Burns's then fellow lodger in an humble dwelling in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, and an old Ayrshire crony of his.

MACTWEEDLE'S OFFICE BOY.

He 'took' this yearly holiday
Wooing in a valley,
At a point on the Rail-way
Yont¹ near Dalmally.

He threeps² he 'fish'd, withouten doubt,'
The leein' fouter,³
And 'ate up a' his perch and trout
To mak' him stouter !'

At the month's end they sent back hame,
This idle fallow ;
They'd fail'd to staw his hungry wame
Wast at Dalmally.

Whan he cam' back few people kenn'd him—
Sae swaln and lusty ;
His Maisters couldna comprehend him,
Tho' ance sae 'trusty' !

His new breeks couldna meet upon 'im
For that his hurdies
On Hieland fare had far out-groun 'em—
—*Strickt truth this word is.*

O wae's me for his auld gowff nickers—
Thon breeks, *sae* dandy—
He's swappit⁴ them for 'nips' o' liquors
To *Cookie Sandy* !

¹ Along.² Declares.³ Lying scoundrel, here.⁴ Bartered.

The lad that aye was 'sae genteel,'
 'Sae slim and han'some,'
 Groun like a Smithfield ox, that's weel
 Worth a king's ransom !

'Hout ! there's a wey to mend this matter
 Within our clutch, man,
 Owre it, ev'n *he* could not grow fatter,
 Or I'm a Dutchman.

'Just stool him at the table en',
 Whan Mac's inditing,
 And in his young fist clap a pen
 And keep him writing !'

'Yes ! Partner, yes ! three days a week
 We'se keep him at it !'
 'A change, then, won't be long to seek —
 One week will spat it' !

.

They stool'd the FAT BOY as they'd schemed,
 These pairtners duly,
 And were rewardit baith, it seem'd,
 Ere lang maist truly.

Sae vera fast did he lose flesh,
 This office prentice,
 Mac sudden had to seek a fresh
 Amanuensis.

The Obese patient took leg-bail
 Back to Dalmally ;
 Nane could lay saut on to his tail
 Up that dear valley.

Straight to his Gipsy 'lady' love
 He tauld his story ;
 Quo' she—'so gallant has thou strove,
 Wed me to-morry' !

JAMES WATT.

SCOTTISH ENGINEER, INVENTOR OF THE
 MODERN STEAM ENGINE.

[BORN AT GREENOCK, RENFREWSHIRE, IN 1736; DIED
 AT HEATHFIELD, STAFFORDSHIRE, IN 1819.]

Give Scotia justice, she demands no more,
 But justice she will have, whate'er its price ;
 Then back she scuds again to every shore
 With what she gat from it, augmented thrice !
 A loaf is her requital for a slice !—
 But she exacts her charge for every blow
 Given her unmerited—by false 'friend' or true 'foe' !

She lo'es her bigger sister, Albion !—

They are as twins, as twins in all things be—
 Twins of one cause, as twins this world upon,
 Twins in their lives, and twins in destinie ;
 Twin Queens of all their Islands of the sea,
 Twin Mothers of the Britons, near and far,
 Twins in all weal and woe—alike of peace and war.

After a youth of strife, these sister twins
Were harmonized by suffering and want,
And pledged each other—for their mutual sins—
To break instanter from misleading cant,
And live as twins, entwined in one home haunt,
Thenceforth and evermore, two lusty twins,
Sharers in all alike—adventures, losses, wins!

The Little One, hight 'Caledonia'—
She of the daring heart and active limb,—
The beaming eyes, and brent brow, bonnie aye!—
The lass with truth and ruth fill'd to the brim—
The ally, for her 'causes' aye in trim,—
Was ne'er behind in bringing her full share
In to the joint store-house of the renownéd pair!

More than her share she brings of warlike men—
(They whom her foes flee from as startled sheep
Flee from the red deer down a Highland glen,
When, driv'n by summer's drouth, from height and
steep
Unto the corries and the vales they leap)—
Soldiers and sailors both she brings a many,
'Fore whom ev'n Nap himself flew quaking like a
zany!

Explorers, wanderers in Unknown lands,
Waifs of the Wilderness through long dumb years,
She's sped abroad o'er earth with lavish hands!
And back-woods' men, hunters, and pioneers—
The race she sends that a whole region clears

Of primal giant forests—jungles—swamps,
And, ere they droop themselves, with golden harvests
stamps!

To industry, to science, to the Arts
She neither niggard is, lag, nor supine;
But, in her ways efficient, she imparts
To each and all a force right leonine,
A character exalting and divine,
A contribution more than equalling
What ten times larger lands e'er brought, or e'er will
bring!

And in all cities and great capitals,
Alike *frem*¹ States and the Imperial whole
Of Britain's Empire, Caledon installs
Thickly her sons in spheres of main control
And foremost influence—the aim and goal
Of quick aspiring minds, in every land,
Born with the envied power to give and force com-
mand.

In crafts mechanical and useful, she
Even herself outdoes as in high art!
From children's tops and kites to ships at sea,
She leaves the deftest peoples far apart,
Out-strips all rivals, o'ertops every mart,
With her unmatchables,—old, late, or new—
Steel ships or Shetland shawls, schools, kirks, or
Mountain Dew!

¹ Foreign.

Now, she and her big sister felt and saw—
Together with some other 'friends' around—
Their lamentable lack of power to draw
Their wealth incalculable from under-ground
Up into daylight, where it might be found
A blessing and a benefit to Man,
Immense as any such disclosed in 'Nature's plan.'

Westwards bright Scotia turn'd with flashing eyes,
'Behold'! cried she, 'my Haunt of Reek and rain!
Within yon murky bourn, my sister, lies
One ris'n to cure us of our present pain,
And fetch us back to health and joy again!
A Man of mind supreme, yea! great as Jove,
Who whisks, as weans do peas, his thunder-bolts
above'!

ALBION. O sister! Who is he? Albion cried,
O let us hasten to his feet at once!
Both thou and I, for want of 'means,' are tried
Even to the limit of our sufferance,
Nay! may our *coup de grace* get soon from France,
Or any lucky rival round that can,
Before *us*, a PIT POWER, sufficient strong, but *plan*!

CALEDONIA. Sister! my wealth-abounding twin, my
love!
'Tis ever with me thus when I implore—
Not once, but always—when I would thee move
To grant a tiny tittle from the store

Of that with which thy coffers deep run o'er—
Thy golden guineas, many as the sands,
Or shining pebble-stones that strow my Norlan strands!

ALBION. 'Tis true thou art a beggar! But, what then?
Thou *must* be so, since 'tis thy hapless fate
To be the princess of so grim a plain,
The queen of such a mean and meagre state
As barren Scotland is—and thou so *great*,
So high, and fiery, that—sometimes—even I,
Thy 'love,' crouch in the south, all trembling, fit to
die!

CALEDONIA. I am a 'beggar'—but my sister dear,
I never 'beg' from thee, or any one,
But I return three-fold the borrow'd gear
Which in my need thou may'st me kindly loan;
Nor is my kingdom—(RENOWN'D CALEDON!)—
A 'barren waste,' or such a 'meagre hole,'
As thou would'st make believe, my southland parrot
Poll!

I have a Callant¹ now, a son of mine—
Indeed, my special favourite is he—
Whose ingine² had abash'd the 'Famous Nine,'
But that he lacks the 'friend-in-need,' a wee—
My fugitive,—that indispensable *Bawbee*!³—
To set him on his course—*The Course of Fame*,
And Riches to our realms, my love, beyond all name!

¹ Boy. ² Genius. ³ Cash; capital.

ALBION. My precious sister ! If created small,
Sure thou wert destined as a giant joy
To be to me and to the wide world all ?
A priceless pleasure that doth never cloy,
A blessing—perfect—mix'd with no alloy !
Who is this Man of men—thy Favourite Son ?
Comes he with the NEW FORCE, this God-sent radiant
one ?

CALEDONIA. In smoke and grime Tartarean he comes
To all the lands, who welcome his approach !
And all their wants and wills, thenceforth, he sums,
And meets then readier than they them broach—
(But this doth on the coming time encroach !—
Wherefore, sweet critic, we will 'let-a-be' ?
The present is enough, dear sis, for you and me ?)

ALBION. *Assuredly !* Therefore, fond Caledon,
Say what thy 'grimed' one needeth to begin ?

CALEDONIA. Why ! *that* should not delay my Albion—
He needs a partner with the needful 'tin' !
A man of brains withal, one born to *win*,
One of the world, equipp'd with suave address,
One fit to 'manage well,' with fairness or '*finesse*' !

ALBION. Down by the middle of my spacious field
Of Merrie England, I behold our man !¹
And him shall I induce, him wean to yield

¹ Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham. He was a celebrated inventor and steel manufacturer, and also a gentleman of considerable property. In 1774 he became Watt's sole partner, and as such continued till the dissolution of their partnership in 1800. Their Engine Works were at Soho, near Birmingham.

Up all his 'portion,' for our *Happy Plan*—
The best Conception since we two began,
With our grown wit and knowledge of mankind,
To save Man's heritage, with might and sense and mind.

We were two wanton gigglets, Caledonia,
For unknown revolutions of this Earth
Around its burning Author,—far, and lonely,
Fix'd in the Waste of space, wherein have birth
Whole herds and flocks of worlds, and Chaos dearth
Of darkness and confusion, more and more,
As light and order'd unity spread Cosmos o'er—

So are We Two as One in Government,
In Throne and Legislature, and, so, *now*,
Do We enact our purposes be blent—
In *practice* and in *thought*, in *fact*, and *show*,
In *effort*, and in *end*, in *weal*, and *woe*—
An union of our all—complete, and sure,
As that of Cosmos is, and ever to endure!

Go, therefore, sister, and thy youngster 'cram,'
And I, right off, will do the like by mine!
Command we meet at Soho, Birming-ham,
To have him there at once with Boulton join,
Hinting he may—if that way he incline—
Be 'worth' (and that ere long), in gear and gold,
A royal prince's 'pile'—yea, Solomon's of old!

CALEDONIA. Thy Wight is *Boulton* !¹ mine is douce
‘James Watt’!—

(Why do you pale so, like some peevish Miss?)—
He is a Wizard with a god’s power fraught,
Who cometh none to *blast*, but all to *bless*,
To change men’s poverty to plenteousness,
Give warmth for cold, comfort for misery,
Make Man Earth’s Master Absolute—o’er land and sea !

For Earth itself he will, in time, transform,
Even through her rocky ribs run roads for Man,—
Make *the* ‘high-seas’ highways ; and shine, and storm,
And wind, and tide—daylight, and dusk, and dawn,
Press all into his service—rear or van—
Evil’s realms to invade and subjugate,
And wedded Good and Peace enthrone in every state !

Away they flew as buds in summer blown,
These bright twin-Genii of this dual-land !
Each to the ‘Kingdom’ which she deem’d her own,
And reign’d and ruled with sovereign command,
Yet served in ways that bards well understand !—
This, to her seat of ceaseless reek and rain,
The *Other*, to her clanging Cutlers’ camp²—amain !

Nor did they idle there—these matchless twins !—
Till, like themselves, their ‘grimy engineers’
They had as twins enleagued³—gifts, goods, and sins—

¹ Boulton was, even at the period supposed in the poem, both well and widely known for his new mode of inlaying steel.

² Glasgow and Birmingham. ³ Firm of Boulton and Watt, Steam Engine Manufacturers, Soho, Birmingham.

In close co-partnery a many years,
Until in sooth, the NEW FORCE,¹ like new shears,
Could cut supremacy for them with ease
In commerce, trade, and power o'er all known lands
and seas!

And when, at length, the 'Partners,' parted, lay,
Each in his hallow'd monumental tomb,
THE GENII wept apart till closing day
Shed o'er the wailing cities the thick gloom
Of wearied evening, waiting the relume
Of starry night, their requiem to renew
For their world-famous wards, now 'yond that starry
blue!

CALEDONIA (*Over the grave of BOULTON.*) Dear twin-
born sister! it is here he lies—
Mate of my Watt (well-mated were those two!)
Well doth this turf shroud sacredly those eyes,
Which like a brother's scann'd his brother true
With brotherly esteem, and reverence due
The higher destined in creative art,
And equal twin in truth, and nobleness of heart!

ALBION. Think not, My Other Self, my heart is sore—
The mouldering hero here is not my last!
Nay! in Northumbria, now, I have two more²

¹ The modern steam engine.

² George and Robert Stephenson. The elder Stephenson, the originator of the modern railway system, was thirty-eight years old when Watt died, and his son Robert, of railway bridge fame, sixteen or seventeen years

Fit to fill even the shoes thy Watt did cast
When he to his immortal portion pass'd !
Two toilers from my mines—two grimy blacks—
Bent double to the earth with wonders on their backs !

CALEDONIA. Transcendent are thy words ! but deign
to say

Who be these fast-succeeding favourites ?
I joy to hear they're from my Norlan way—
The hard North best the glim of genius beets !¹
Thy sultry South the fire creative meets
Oppressively, and thrusts it ere its prime
In many nameless graves—the victims of their clime !

ALBION. Yea, yea ! So my new 'favourites' are real
North men—

Father and boy—of poor and mean estate,
But rich capacity of heart and brain,
And industry that never does abate
Before their wills and purposes they sate !
Grand, self-reliant North men both are they,
Fit heirs and followers of all ours pass'd away !

CALEDONIA. Heigh Ho ! What are the wonders at
their backs ?

These can but be of Boulton or of Watt—
The natural offshoots, the prolong'd tracks
Of their suggestive works—no matter what—
Thou canst not name them any more than that—
For well 'tis known that our Immortals gone
Left naught undone or tried, by boys to be outshone ?

¹ Fans.

ALBION. The wonders which they bring, these new
 come twain,
 Are, even in this age of wonders, such
 As might draw veneration from the brain
 Of hawks and swallow birds, which think not much
 The two ends of a league or more to touch
 Within the lapse of time a crow on wing
 Might 'put a girdle' round a Crofter's 'tattie bing'!¹

My elder new one hath a scheme conceived,
 By which in coming days our boys will shoot
 From Capital to Capital—relieved
 Of every care and worry on their route,
 To which, till then, poor lads! they'll all be put—
 And in one whiff the time it takes them now
 No matter where they go, nor wherefore, when, nor
 how.²

CALEDONIA. My Watt made possible no end of
 things!—
 Railways are but one outcome of his mind!
 I have myself, at home, ships with side wings,
 That turn like water wheels—'spite tide or wind,
 And leave thy 'grand Thames sailers' leagues behind,
 Because *Watt's* NEW FORCE is aboard of mine,
 Making them as alive—fleet Grey-hounds of the brine!³

¹ Potato heap, or 'pit.' ² Probably the English 'twin-Geni' spoke prophetically of our present cycle, motor-car, fast-train, and other 'services.' ³ No doubt characteristically alluding to the early 'steam-boats' of Miller and Taylor at Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, in 1788, and to those of Symington and Henry Bell, near Glasgow, later on. These first steam ships all possessed 'side wings'—*i.e.*, paddle wheels.

ALBION. That is true, too! So, in my factories,
Mills, yards, shops, brick-works, harbours, and
ferries—

Shoo!—wherever son of ours an actor is,
The man who everything before him carries,
And, till triumphant, never tires nor tarries—
The New Force thuds and puffs, and laughs, and sings,
The merriest of slaves, the mightiest of kings!

CALEDONIA. His monument is here in Birming-
hame?—

Come! we will deck it with our laurel bays,
Undying as his memory and fame—
Which are a garland to this Land always
Of love and admiration—truest praise!
And fittest amaranthine wreath, I trow,
For vanish'd hero's tomb, or living hero's brow!

ALBION. I come! I flee before thee, Caledon!
Watt as a hero of the world stood up
Before the world, his hardest battles won
As heroes win life's sweet-and-bitter cup,
Uncaring if of thanks or blame they sup,
And only wistful, as they sink to rest,
If for their kind they strove and gave of theirs the best!

ALBION. (*Over the statue¹ of WATT in Birmingham.*)

¹ 'He' (Watt) 'was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784; a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1785; a corresponding member of the Batavian Society in 1787; and in 1808, a corresponding member, and afterwards a foreign member, of the Institute of France. The University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1806. His Statue, the funds for which had been

Now with my chaplet will I crown thy Watt—
 Thy Watt and mine and many grateful lands'!
 His work was for mankind, although he sat
 Here in my realm, obeying my commands—
 As guidance from a loving mother's hands!—
 Obeying as the child and king he was,
 Pure as a child in soul, a monarch in Man's cause!

CALEDONIA. Around this statue—consecrating it—
 TIME, flying, casts a halo from this hour—
 A growing glory which the past hath lit,
 And which the future years can naught but more
 Make glad and brighten, as they linger o'er
 All that his genius won for them on earth
 And all his god-like powers, humility, and worth!¹

raised by a public and almost a national subscription, was erected in Birmingham, in 1824; and his statue is now to be seen in the streets of many of our larger towns. The honours paid to his memory and to himself in his later years appear to have been deserved by his personal qualities, no less than by the immeasurable benefits which his inventive talents have conferred upon the human race.'—Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, vol. x., p. 106, Ed. 1868.

¹ 'Sir Walter Scott, in the playful letter to Captain Clutterbuck in the introduction to the *Monastery*, we find writing as follows:—"Did you ever know the celebrated Mr Watt of Birmingham, Captain Clutterbuck? I believe not, though, from what I am about to state, he would not have failed to have sought an acquaintance with you. It was only once my fortune to meet him, whether in body or out of it, it matters not. There were assembled about half a score of our northern lights, who had amongst them a well-known character of your country. . . . Amidst this company stood Mr Watt, the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our natural resources in a degree perhaps even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination, bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth; giving

the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite ; commanding manufactures to arise, as the rod of the prophet produced water in the desert ; affording the means of dispensing with that tide and time which wait for no man, and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, or perhaps, only now beginning to be felt, was perhaps not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of power and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes, was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.

“There he stood surrounded by the little band I have mentioned of northern literati, men not less tenacious, generally speaking, of their own fame and their own opinions than the national regiments are supposed to be jealous of the high character which they have gained upon service. Methinks I yet hear and see what I shall never hear and see again. In his eighty-third year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man had his attention at every one’s question, his information at every one’s command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist ; he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus ; another was a celebrated critic ; you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles lettres all his life ; of science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk. And yet Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman, Jedediah Cleishbotham, you would have sworn he had been coeval with Claverse and Burley, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could number every shot the dragoons had fired at the fugitive Covenanters. In fact, we discovered that no novel of the least celebrity escaped his perusal, and that the gifted man of science was much addicted to the productions of your country (the land of Utopia aforesaid) ; in other words, as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels as if he had been a very milliner’s apprentice of eighteen.”—Chambers’s *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, Art. Watt, vol. iv., pp. 409-10.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE MORNING
OF THE ISSUE OF THE FIRST
ONE THOUSANDTH NUMBER OF A
NEWSPAPER.

From his slough of type nocturnal,
Up, higher than Tron steeple,
Arose the Genius of this journal,
Loud screaming to the people:—

‘Ho! ho! I’ve reach’d my thousandth number!
And, lo! I’ll tell the tale,
In waking hours, and hours of slumber—
While wit, or wheich,¹ avail!

‘To all my known converted people,
Dense planted—far and near—
My Pæan, from this ancient steeple,
Goes forth to charm and cheer!

‘For I was born and nursed in trouble,
And on the bottle rear’d;²
My baby paths were paved with rubble,
And mud and blood me smear’d!

‘My “foster-mother” was a maiden,
An “M.A.” fresh from school;
With bags of raw material laden,
She cramm’d my belly full!

¹ Whisky. ² It may be presumed that a child’s feeding bottle is figuratively meant here, seeing that neither history nor historian explain further?

‘ Therefore—tho’ terrible the struggles
Which I those days came through—
Maugre them all—jars, jams, and juggles—
I quite colossal grew !

‘ For, ever, I was of the foremost,
A child of grit and bone,
A chap as stiff as Truth’s own door post,
Even long ere I was “ known ! ”

‘ I took the line called “ Independent,”
I stepp’d aside for none ;
Hence my success has been transcendent—
My Grand Ambition’s won !

‘ “ As how ? ”—Because, ye stupid stookie,
I step aside for none !
And, tho’ all parties I o’erlook, aye,
My soul cleaves but to *One !*

‘ That “ One’s ” ourselves, and our “ success ”
To make the paper pay !
Through every party on I press—
And thus I’m thus to-day !

‘ Forward I push—triumphant always
O’er ethic falderals !
My henchmen change, but for me all days
A core make cannon balls.

‘ I shoot their best. I fired, this hour,
My first one thousandth shot !
And I’ll fire fifty thousand more,
When all my rivals rot !’

OUR LITTLE POSTMAN.

Leeze,¹ leeze me on our Little Postman !
Nae Runner on this great East Coast, man,
For onything is worth a hoast,² man,
 Whan he is bye ;
And were he for ae day but lost, man,
 Our Peg would die !

Weel kenn'd's his gait alang the street,
E'en to the far end o' his beat !
His jaunty mairch, sae licht an' neat,
 An' fou ³ o' bends,
And nods, an' booes ⁴—with which to greet
 His countless friends !

By every human tribe that creepeth—
The laughing wags, and those that weepeth,
This leesome soul, wham love aft steepeth,
 As deep's the sea,
Will be adored—ance their een ⁵ peepeth
 As far as he !

His smile is like the sunny blink
That gleams upo' the wifie's bink,⁶
Whan plates, an' cups an' saucers dink
 Its wondrous shelves,
And owre its mazes swith ⁷ shades jink,⁸
 And play themsel's.

¹ A phrase of congratulation. ² A cough. ³ Full. ⁴ Bows.
 ⁵ Eyes. ⁶ Kitchen dresser. ⁷ Rapid. ⁸ Turn quickly.

‘ We’ve haen ¹ fu’ mony Posty loons ;
 But, strecht ² their cruicks, ³ an’ heeze their crouns, ⁴
 They couldna wi’ their parritch ⁵ spoons,
 And extra inches,
 Rax ⁶ to the Little Ane’s house shoons !’
 —Swear a’ our wenches !

Wha ever saw him sulk or froun ?
 Wha ever saw him coosten doun ⁷—
 Save that sair time, whan, up the toun,
 His minnie ⁸ dee’d ?
 Lord save us ! *than*, his usual croon,
 Gaed ⁹ doun wi’ speed !

That season sad—mair than a week—
 Folk saw him into corners sneak
 And dicht ¹⁰ the wae ¹¹ tears frae his cheek
 He’d shed for her,
 But not wan ¹² thrawn word did he speak,
 Sigh, or murmur !

He’d ‘keepit’ her for years himsel’—
 Ay, keepit her like a LADY SWELL !
 I’ve seen their HOUSE at Leonard’s Well,
 —’Twas like a MANSE, ¹³
 Pang’d fou o’ comforts ¹⁴—cramm’d pell-mell—
 Butt, ben, and transe ! ¹⁵

¹ Had. ² Straighten. ³ Crooks. ⁴ Uplift their heads.
⁵ Porridge. ⁶ Stretch. ⁷ Overcome with care or grief.
⁸ Mother. ⁹ Went. ¹⁰ Wipe. ¹¹ Sorrow. ¹² One.
¹³ Dwelling of a clergyman. ¹⁴ Filled to the utmost. ¹⁵ Every
 apartment and passage.

Our door bell, 'boys' and 'butchers' jangle,
 And aften sair ¹ my musings tangle !
 But his—weel kenn'd !—nae vicious wrangle,
 To gar ² folk start,
 But jist a genty, ³ heartsome clangle,
 With hope alert !

At dark Yule time, whan gifts are rife,
 He gets frae mony a lass an' wife
 What gars him stare as far as Fife,
 And blush like 'Buntie !'—
 A neibor's wench, ⁴ whase years o' life
 Are not yet twenty.

Sae leeze me on Our Little Postman !
 Wi' our Lord Provost him I'd toast, man !
 Nae better runner—coast to coast, man—
 Wears out shae ⁵ leather,
 Sir Rowland Hill himsel' micht boast, man,
 To ca' ⁶ him brither !

A COUNTRY HIRING.

A DRAMATIC RHYME.

PERSONS.

MR ALEX. DIRLER, *Tenant Farmer of Hi-Woo.*

ROBERT WAUCHTY, *Foreman Ploughman at Cauld-Broo.*

MRS KIRSTY WAUCHTY, *His Wife.*

YOUNG ROB and WILL WAUCHTY, *their two eldest Sons yet
 resident in the Parental Home.*

¹ Sore. ² Make. ³ Gentle, delicate. ⁴ Neighbour's daughter.
 ⁵ Shoe. ⁶ Name or claim.

SCENE.—*At first, the MAIN STREET ; and latterly, the Bar Room of the BLACK BULL HOTEL of a LOTHIAN MARKET TOWN. (Both Street and Hotel full of people and very busy).*

DIRLER (*advancing to a middle-aged countryman, who is apparently seeking a new situation, standing in the street.*)

Weel!—Are ye here, my freend, to hire ?

A man like you I fain desire,

A guid fore man to ploo.

Sae, if sae be ye want a place,

We micht agree—I like yer face !

What sae ye to Hi-Woo ?

But, can ye stack ? And can ye saw ?

An's yable ¹ for the Pheerin' ? ²

Speak out richt straucht—we are but twa,

And nae else ane's in hearin' ?

Than ! say, noo—*dounricht true !*

What wey ye're gaun to flit ?

First ! what is, lat me quiz

Yer name, an' praisent bit ? ³

WAUCHTY (*modestly*). Ma name's Rob Wauchty ; at

Cauld-Broo,

Wi' Maister Gimp, I've held the ploo

Come Whitsunday twa 'eer ; ⁴

Atweel I can baith saw an' stack,

An's at the Pheerin' nae weys back—

Sirss—*thaat* ye needna fear !

¹ Capable. ² Drawing the land off into ridges, or drills, as wanted.

³ Present place. ⁴ Two years.

Aw leave Cauld-Broo an Maister Gimp
Becuz ¹ his wey's sae odd !
Siller wi' him, like sense, is scrimp,
Tho' Gear he mak's his God !
Some day, slap, he'll burst up
Auld Kirst, whan him she meets !
His greed, sir, indeed sir,
Her blude to steam hicht ² heats !

DIRLER. A' vera guid ! I ken ye noo !
I've seen yer wark, lad, at the ploo,
Sawin' an' stackin', tae !
But, man !—hae ye nae working folk,
Forbye yersel', that ane could yoke
On ony owre-thrang day ?
We've sae few o' the cottar kind,
That, whan it comes a press,
In a sair plicht oursel's we find—
Ay, aft in hopeless mess !
The young folk flee and flock
Mair tounwards ev'ry year ;
A bad job for them, Rob,
But waur ³ for us, I fear ?

WAUCHTY. Dod, Maister ! that is vera true !
For instance, here's mysel' 'enoo,
In sicna sich ⁴ a case :—
Jock—he's my auldest—but to gang,
A twalmonth syne, and by my sang,
He's haen ⁵ a thankless chase !

¹ Because. ² Height. ³ Worse. ⁴ In such a similar. ⁵ Had.

To E'nbro' aff awa he flew,
 And gat a car to drive ;
 Neist ¹ week he was braized black and blue,
 And rescued scarce alive.

'O!' he wrate,² 'sad's my state,
 Loading Leith lorries noo !
 What a shame, leaving hame,
 For this slave toil and stew !'

DIRLER. That's aye the wey ! but aff they go,
 Whether they're wantit—ay, or no—
 They think they'll storm the warld !
 Whup ! in a kennin', neck and heels,
 Aneth thon ³ roarin' traffic's wheels
 The feck ⁴ o' them is swirl'd !
 Ithers, nae doubt, do fair eneuch,
 E'en win a " bigger pay "
 Than ablins ⁵ they'd dune at the pleuch,⁶
 But whaur's their *weal*, I pray ?

Yet, alack, seldom back
 Come to the auld calf ground ⁷
 Lad or lass, ance they pass
 Inside a city's bound !

WAUCHTY. Aw hae fowre ⁸ mair—twa fit for wark,
 The ither twa's wi' Maister Starke,
 Doun at the Public Schule ;
 The twa wark-fit are callants leal,⁹

¹ Next. ² Wrote. ³ Yon. ⁴ Bulk. ⁵ Perhaps. ⁶ Plough
⁷ Native district. ⁸ Four. ⁹ Honest boys,

Ane sixteen, and his billie ¹ chiel
 Was fourteen 'eer last Yule.
 The auldest lad—for him Aw seek
 A place to learn the ploo,
 At twal ² or thirteen bob a week,
 Sir, he'd be cheap to you ?

His billie, wee Willie,
 Could gang yer workers ³ wi',
 Or in course, the odd horse
 Could ca' ⁴—an' we agree ?

DIRLER, G'wa ! and fesh ⁵ them to the Bill,⁶
 And I'se ⁷ be there belyve,⁸ I will,
 And see about the fees !
 Auchteen and tatties,⁹ and the rest,¹⁰
 Is what I proffer for the best,¹¹
 I howp ¹² that sall ye please ?
 As for the lairner¹³ —he's no cheap
 Onless he beirs ¹⁴ the ðell ;
 But, freend, owre that we shanna threep ¹⁵
 Afore ¹⁶ we see himsel'.

Be aff, than, nor laugh, man,
 Until yer laddie wins !
 May be, man, wi' me, man,
 His battle jist begins !

¹ Brother. ² Twelve. ³ Out-workers. ⁴ Drive. ⁵ Bring.
⁶ The Black Bull Tavern. ⁷ I shall. ⁸ Directly. ⁹ Eighteen
 shillings and potatoes. ¹⁰ Other usual perquisites. ¹¹ Most
 efficient ploughmen. ¹² Hope. ¹³ Learner. ¹⁴ Bears.
⁷ Shall not disagree. ⁸ Before.

WAUCHTY (*turning, and suddenly describing
his whole party.*)

Ho ! here's the faim'ly at our back—
The wife hersel', and a' the pack
O' pups we've left at hame !
Thaat big doug's ¹ ' Rob,' an' this ane's ' Wull,'
Baith ready, sir, for the Black Bill,
An' ye be wantin' them ?
Of course, baith wife an' weans can wait,
Nae baather need be made ;
They ken what's what at ony rate—
They've owre heard a' we said ?

At our backs, a' our cracks,²
They heard as weel's oursel's !
By ma sang, Aw'm no' wrang—
Their lauchin' ³ on them tells !

(*They retire to the Inn in a group.*)

DIRLER (*in the bar parlour of The Black Bull, in
which they have reassembled, having liquor and
writing materials before them.*)

Drink out, Rob, man, drink out ! Here's t'ye !
Hech ! Say what noo about the fee ?
Sayna it's no eneuch !
The man wham ⁴ ye are wantit for
Has been wi' me abune ⁵ a score
O' winters at the pleuch !

¹ Dog. ² Conversation. ³ Laughing. ⁴ Whom. ⁵ Above.

He leaves me only (puir auld Tam !)
 For that he's wearin' auld,
 And's kill'd wi' pains—tak' up yer dram,
 'Twill baulk this vicious cauld ! *(writing).*

That's a' doun ! For yer loon,
 Lat's say—hum !—ten a week ?
 Wull, of course, the odd horse,
 Micht drive—gin him we seek ?

WAUCHTY *(rising to his feet excitedly).*

Ten bob for Rob ! Na, na, dear sir !
 What wad his mither say ?—‘*hear her ?*’
 Lord, man, she'd fire the toun !
 O ca' it *twal* !—nocht ¹ less than *twal* !—
 I daurna ² tak' aucht ³ less !—nor sall,
 Altho' it bre'k us doun !
Twal it maun ⁴ be, an' *ten* for Wull,
 And no' wan ⁵ bawbee ⁶ less !
 Yes ? Did ye say ‘Yes ?’—then, sir, Aw'm full !
 And hoo Aw'll Kirsty mess !

Bring her ben,⁷ let her ken ! *(Mrs Wauchty
 comes forward to the table.)*

Kirsty ! breik up,⁸ ma dear !
 Aw hivv ⁹ a' for the twa
 Ye wantit—*written here !*

*(Displaying the written contract of service for
 himself and his two sons).*

¹ Nought. ² Dare not. ³ Aught. ⁴ Must. ⁵ One.
⁶ Halfpenny. ⁷ Further into the apartment. ⁸ Cheer up.
⁹ Have.

KIRSTY (*with ill-concealed glee*). Auld Rob, ye
 gomrell! ¹ man, be quite! ²
 Nae wonder ye learn me to flyte,³
 Gaun ⁴ on sae like an ass!
 But, sir!—I beg yer pardon, sir—
 Rob's aye a-jee ⁵ whan we're astir,
 The time the hirings ⁶ pass!
 Still—our new Maister that's to be—
 'Od, sir, I like ye weel!
 I'm awfu' gled you twa agree,
 For Rob's a thrawart ⁷ deil!
 Fraise ⁸ him an' praise him,
 Nae man on Yird's ⁹ as guid;
 But hout ¹⁰ him, or tout ¹¹ him,
 And he'd drink your heart's bluid!

DIRLER (*giving WAUCHTY and his lads their
 'arles,' or feeing money*).

Hae, Rob, *that's your's! this*, callants, your's!
 Noo we're ticht tether'd,¹² by the Pow'rs,
 And gled am I it's owre!
 Kirsty! we twa are mairried folk,
 But, were we young, and no' bespoken,
 I'd mak' Rob stand atoure!¹³
 I'd mak' him fit to hang himsel'
 E'en frae our new brig's pier!
 He'd be its first the warld to tell
 The waes o' lost love here!

¹ Madcap. ² Quiet. ³ Scold. ⁴ Going. ⁵ A little crazy,
 here. ⁶ Feeing markets. ⁷ Perverse. ⁸ Flatter. ⁹ Earth.
¹⁰ Mock. ¹¹ Anger. ¹² Securely contracted. ¹³ Off; apart.

For, ye see, his jealousy
Wad never let him live,
But rile him, syne ¹ wile him,
Himsel' full rope to give.

FRANK ANDERSON ²

Haith! I'm ae waesome wicht this day—
Here, house-tied, cobblin' an auld shae!
Man! what wad my auld mither say
An she saw me?
It's weel she's deid—tho' I've been wae
Sin' she did dee!

¹ Then.

² This is one of the 'five short minor pieces' mentioned in the Preliminary Note to this volume as having appeared in print once before—in the columns of a local weekly paper—shortly after it was written. Its subject is an old ploughman friend, who, in the latter end of his farm service, had the dreadful misfortune to fracture irremediably his right leg near the knee-cap. This lamentable accident has totally incapacitated my friend from following his first love and honourable goddess—the plough. As a result of this sad and final separation, he now resides with his family in Edinburgh, and while visiting him in his new home one day recently, he curiously—yet sincerely—requested me to write 'something' on his 'case,' and the above rough-and-round verses were the ready—if rum—answer to his humorously earnest prayer. The main, or only, merit of them, perhaps, is their harmony, with almost exact and literal truth, a doubtful poetic quality at best.

Frank's 'better-half,' who is happily and healthily still 'to the fore,' is the quondam famous 'Hind's Wife' of the series of letters on the 'Ploughman's Question,' which ran with great *clat* through the local press between twenty and thirty years ago, and a correspondent of the late 'Grand Old Man'—Mr Gladstone.

Sin' e'er I was a hopefu' halflin',
Close at the ploo's tail I've been shufflin',
And mony a rug, an' mony a rufflin'
 The warld's gien me!
But this—its warst—defied a' bafflin'
 That brak my knee!

Eh, Sirs! it's hard to maister life
On twa sticks hirplin' ¹ thro' its strife,
Like ony helpless auld dune ² wife
 O' nine an' ninety!
Never to stapp ³ nor horn nor knife
 Again in plenty!

My proud Scots bluid ⁴ boiled at the thocht
Of living on, and doing nocht!
I mindit how—lang syne—I'd wrocht
 And cobbled shune! ⁵
' Could means throo that no come, if socht,
 Whan a' is dune?'

The mair I mused, the less I mourned,
And briskly to the looms I turn'd,
Whan neibors, wi' their bauchles, ⁶ spurn'd
 Auld snabs ⁷ for me!
Fetching their mending here—I'se warrand, ⁸
 Wi' muckle ⁹ glee!

¹ Hobbling.
shoes.

² Done.

⁶ Old

³ Stick; put.
foot-wear.

⁴ Blood.

⁷ Professional

⁵ Boots and
shoemakers.

⁸ I shall warrant.

⁹ Very great.

Some o' thae ¹ freends, forbye ² their shune,
 Declared their pats an' pans were dune,
 And wad need tinkerin' fell sune,
 To haud them gaun ; ³
 Quo' I, " ye gowks ! ⁴ gae fesh ⁵ them roun,'
 I'm just yer man ! "

They brang ⁶ not only pats and pans,
 But barrels, bowies, caups, ⁷ and cans,
 Mougs, jouns, and tinnies ⁸ wantin' hauns,
 Souther, or clauts, ⁹
 Besides their stools, claes-screens, and stauns
 For haudin' ¹⁰ hats !

Hand saws to sherp, auld shears to grind,
 Cages to wire, lowse chairs to bind,
 Cradles, an' clocks to sort, or wind,
 That wadna gang ;
 A' kind o' trantles ¹¹ they could find
 They braucht ¹² along !

It sune ¹³ grew pautent, ¹⁴ ev'n to me,
 That my twa hauns—deft tho' they be—
 Could ne'er work thro' that monstrous sea
 And storm o' tredd, ¹⁵
 Tho' nicht an' day, till I did dee,
 I swat ¹⁶ an' bled !

¹ These. ² Besides. ³ Hold them going. ⁴ Fools ; cuckoos.
⁵ Bring. ⁶ Brought. ⁷ Wooden kitchen dishes. ⁸ Tankards.
⁹ Solder or patches. ¹⁰ Holding. ¹¹ Old or petty articles
of furniture. ¹² Brought. ¹³ Soon. ¹⁴ Patent. ¹⁵ Trade ;
work. ¹⁶ Sweated.

Therefore, gif ¹ I'd outlive't ava,²
 On ithers' help I boud ³ to draw ;
 Sae, baith my wife and dauchters twa,
 Aff-hand, I made
 Apprentices, strick bund ⁴ by law,
 To learn my trade !

The prime depairtment o' the shune,
 I man and maister baith my lane !
 The wifie tackles a' that's dune
 In patching breeks,
 And duds ⁵ that arena owre far gane
 For 'clouts,' or 'steeks !'

The youngest 'prentice soops ⁶ the shop,
 Does a' our chores, an' gies us scope
 In virtue's paths—but hang'd short rope
 In ony ither !
 My second bloomer fires wi' hope
 Baith me and mither !

This 'prentice is a deevil fair,
 A lingle ⁷ threider past compare !
 Send me a bauchle to repair—
 Ev'n our Lord Provost's,
 An' sune she'll mak' the Council stare
 Like Fishy-raw ⁸ ghosts !

¹ If. ² At all. ³ But. ⁴ Strict bound. ⁵ Old clothes.

⁶ Sweeps and dusts. ⁷ Shoemaker's thread. ⁸ Fisher-row,
 one of the coast towns near Edinburgh, said to have been much
 given in former times to superstition, belief in witchcraft, ghosts,
 etc.

My looms an' lap-stanes a' she kens—
 Elshins and brogs, an' lingle en's,
 Heels, uppers, taes, an' leather ben's
 For walt or sole,¹
 Ere I can speak, she apprehen's,
 An' brings the whole !

To live wi' her an' 'tither twa,
 The fient a fear ² hae I ava,
 For were the warst that could befa'
 To happen noo,
 How eithly ³ micht 'I jouk the jaw,⁴
 An' warstle ⁵ through !

My earthly trinity's thae three—
 The three as ane, and a' for me !
 A' aquals in their unitie,
 Whate'er betides,
 Ready to share, whate'er it be,
 The Lord provides !

Sae ' Frank ' sall canty ⁶ cobble on,
 And be as rich whan life hath flown
 As gif he'd been the walthiest don,
 Or millionaire,
 An' be as forrit ⁷ up abune ⁸—
 An' maybe mair !

¹ The stock in trade of a cobbler. ² The devil a fear Easily.
⁴ Evade the trouble. ⁵ Struggle. ⁶ Shall cheery. Forward.
⁸ Above.

RETROSPECTIVE RHYMES.

THE ABBEY.¹

Fringing Tyne River, winding doun
Thro' the woodlands braid an' bonnie,
It lies below John Knox's toun,
In its Valley, fair as ony.

Its ancient Mill grinds little corn ;
Its lone Kirk-yaird is kenn'd by few ;
Unto its bosom there is borne
Nane o' our 'departed' noo !

The silence o' the Past is there,
A' things show the trail o' Time ;
The rank gerse² flaunts o'er 'stane' and 'lair,'³
Of whilk⁴ there's hardly left a styme.⁵

¹ 'The Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tyne, one mile below the county town of East Lothian. . . . The village takes its name from the stately abbey that was founded there, in the year 1178, by the pious Ada, Countess of Northumberland, afterwards the wife of Prince Henry, son of David I., King of Scotland, and mother of Malcolm IV. It was in this sacred building that a Scots Parliament assembled in July 1548, and discussed, and decided in favour of, the union of Queen Mary with the Dauphin of France. The walls of the "Abbey" have long since been rendered invisible by "decay's effacing fingers," though the villagers and many others still attach the name of "Queen Mary's Room" to one of the detached houses that now form part of the out-buildings of Abbey Mill.'—Correspondent of *People's Journal*.

² Wild grass.

³ Tombstone and grave.

⁴ Which.

⁵ Vestige.

It hath a name¹ this auld wee toun
Few Scots clachans do outshine :
Here Sam was born, bapteezed, and groun,
And here's the famous Brig o' Tyne !²

¹ Being so near Haddington, the birth-place of John Knox.

² 'We have said that there are few traces now in existence of the ancient "Abbey," but those that yet remain are of much interest. The principal of these is the old Abbey Bridge, no doubt constructed to keep a free and uninterrupted communication between the nunnery and the south side of the river. Were there any reason to demur to the statements of our old annalists as to the wealth and large possessions of the Abbey, the beauty and remarkable strength of the bridge would be sufficient to dispel any doubts on this score. A finer specimen of the bridge-making abilities of that race of architects to whom we owe those magnificent ecclesiastical ruins that still stud the face of the country, does not, we believe, exist in Scotland, than in the beautiful structure which, but little impaired by the lapse of years and the progress of decay, still spans the waters of the Tyne. It is not a little singular to reflect that, while the engineers of little more than a hundred years ago were making the most bungling attempts at bridge-building, there had existed for centuries an erection in our own neighbourhood which in respect of elegance of span, breadth of roadway, and easiness of gradient, might have served as a model for the latest and best specimens of the skill of our Talfords and Rennies. The west face of the bridge, looking up the Tyne, has been constructed with a fine perception of the beautiful, and must have been designed by the same hand that fashioned the *Lamp of Lothian*, the central tower of which still remains in almost all its original grace and symmetry. There are three arches to the bridge, each of which, in its pointing and ornamentation, resembles the upper half of a Gothic window—the under face of the arches being ribbed with courses of polished masonry, that at once add to the elegance of their appearance and their strength. . . . From a point a little higher up the river, the appearance of this mediæval erection, with its beautiful arches binding the wooded banks of the Tyne together, is beautiful in the extreme, and invariably attracts the attention of the stranger. The associations of history, moreover, are not awanting to invest it with additional interest. It was over its arches that a glittering calvalcade of the Scottish and French nobility

Here young Queen Mary to the heir
 O' Gaulia's Croun was pledged richt leal;
 Here Betty Deans served mony a year
 As Howdie, wives, and ex-maids weel.

Here ance stude¹ Ada's Nunnery,
 Tho' that is mony years ago;
 And here Sam's impish gunnery
 Brang² mony a hawk and hoolet³ low.

Here sat ane Auld Scots Parliament
 What time in France wee Mary ran;
 Here little Sam to Schule⁴ was sent
 And a' his numerous ills began.

Here Katie Slicht was lost an' droun'd;
 Here Sandy Bennet lived an' died—
 Than whom a nobler, I'se be bound,
 Death never to his lang hame shied.

Here, dead, yon Deil of drollery,
 The unforgotten Bairdie,⁵ fell,
 Aneth the hand of Cholera,
 Whilk rang sae mony a neibor's⁶ knell!—

with their attendant squires and henchmen, defiled some three hundred and fifty years ago to hold that momentous Parliament which decided that the youthful Mary, then in her sixth year, should wed the Dauphin of France. That Parliament held in the Abbey on the 7th of July, 1548, and from its decision in favour of the French alliance, a train of events arose, which led to the most calamitous consequences not only to Scotland, but to the youthful monarch.'—From 'Sketches of East Lothian,' by DAVID CROAL, proprietor and editor of the *Haddingtonshire Courier*.

¹ Stood. ² Brought. ³ Owl. ⁴ School. ⁵ Alexander Baird, the chief of the wits of the village. ⁶ Neighbours.

Dick Scott and a' his family

To staw¹ that monster's maw were ta'en!—
 (Ane preach'd their funeral homily
 Wha, Sunday next, gat preach'd his ain!)

Ane hence gaed² back to heaven straight,—
 Yon Angel sent to us on loan,
 To reconcile us to our fate—
 By proving *Christ* in 'Little John.'

And here lang lived twa Michty Men—
 Warrior Pensioners of Eld!
Coroonie in a Cobbler's den,
 And *Jamie Steele*,—just as it's tell'd.³

But, first an' worst, here was done,
 Ae Sabbath e'en in twenty-nine,
 A deed of blood—enough to stun
 And gar⁴ anither airt⁵ rin Tyne.

And tho' the culprit gat his meeds,
 And tho' a stranger's⁶ was the shame,
 It yet mak's natives hing their heids,
 And sich or sweir⁷ owre their first hame.⁸

Mair than these words—mere prelude anes—
 It does seem 'hardly worth the while'
 To further indicate the stanes
 Thy servant's quarried for this pile.

¹ Siate.

² Went.

³ Told.

⁴ Make.

⁵ Another

direction.

⁶ The perpetrator of the awful crime alluded to

was a North Berwick man.

⁷ Sigh or swear.

⁸ See post—

the 'Rhyme' entitled "An Abbey Tragedy."

Ye wha that plain hame-truths do hate—
 Facts, hard and true, as bases made
 Of fanes poetic—dinna prate,
They haud¹ the heart whan a's been said!

SAM.

Upo' life's stage, doun at the Abbey,
 He debuted as a 'baaby'
 Some auchteen² inches lang;
 His Minnie³ gave him sooks⁴ for squackin',⁵
 Same's she had dune⁶ for a' her cleckin',⁷
 Noo a deil's dizzen⁸ strang.
 So he squack'd on and grew apace,
 And sune began to toddle;⁹
 He clutch'd the forelock on Time's face,
 He fear'dna aucht a boddle.¹⁰
 E'en whalpins, an' skelpins,¹¹
 Were as flae-bites¹² to him;
 Round about, in and out,
 He ran wi' tireless limb.

A little billie¹³ sune¹⁴ gat he—
 A seraph, sent doun for a wee
 To lead his first steps on;
 But ere the close o' five short years
 The seraph pales and disappears—
Anither wanted 'John'!

¹ Hold. ² Eighteen. ³ Mother. ⁴ Sucks. ⁵ Crying. ⁶ Done.
⁷ Offspring. ⁸ Thirteen. ⁹ Walk totteringly. ¹⁰ Literally a copper
 coin, value two pennies Scots, or the third of an English one.
¹¹ Beatings and floggings. ¹² Flea-bites. ¹³ Brother. ¹⁴ Soon.

Thenceforth for Sam 'a' things' were changed :

At first, he stude ¹ aghast !

Syne ² round and round for miles he ranged,

But to despair at last !

Auld Dad then, his lad then

Tauld whaur ³ the seraphs sang ;

Sam grat ⁴ mair—stamp'd, and sware

That '*Dad for John should gang!*'

Time quell'd thae bursts, and Sam renew'd

His glowering, but 'a' things' review'd

Nae second time the same !

Yet fair they were as they had been—

Death made the ae ⁵ blot in the scene

Around his native hame ;

Its fields and hills, its smoking toun,

Its pine woods towering high,

Its miles of river, up and down,

His auld delights lay bye.⁶

But 'wee John,' deid an' gone,

His weird threw over a',

And the scene, fair and green,

Life's cruelest tears would draw !

But youth, and native strength of heart,

Prevail'd owre e'en that premier smart

And nigh death-stab of woe ;

Sam, 'sent to school,' a chief became

Unto his mates in every 'game,'

And mony anither 'go'!⁷

¹ Stood. ² Then. ³ Told where. ⁴ Cried. ⁵ One. ⁶ Near.

⁷ Mischievous trick.

They saucht ¹ birds' nests mair than their books,
 And kenn'd them better far
 Than mony a lang-haired don that looks,
 But 'can't find where they are!'
 Nicht and day, wark and play,
 Were thae boy-raids for birds!
 They saucht them, they claucht ² them,
 Fiercer than 'saunts' ³ their swurds! ⁴

Anither dear, engrossing ploy,
 That held the average Abbey boy
 Surer than wizard's spell,
 Cam' of the 'trouts and mennons' ⁵ queer
 That hotch'd ⁶ wi' life the waters clear
 Which wash'd his native dell!
 O for ae hour o' Auld Lang Syne,
 When, yet unsmudged wi' ill,
 We 'fish'd,' an' plouter'd ⁷ in the Tyne,
 Doun by the Abbey Mill!
 Alas, alas! 'All flesh is grass,'
 And made but to be mown;
 Auld schule ⁸ mates dree'd their fates,
 And Sam's left bird alone!

But his king passion in those days—
 The lasses was!—a woeful craze,
 Waur ⁹ than the 'wild-birds' spell!—
 A'maist ¹⁰ ere he could lisp their names
 They lichtit in his heart the flames

¹ Sought. ² Clutched. ³ Old fighting Covenanters. ⁴ Swords.
 ⁵ Minnows. ⁶ Moved tumultuously. ⁷ Puddled. ⁸ School.
 ⁹ Worse. ¹⁰ Almost.

That ev'n age downa¹ quell !
 Yet leeze² me on thae loves untauld—
 ' Miss Mitchell,' and ' Miss Steele ' !
 ' Jean Swanson,' and yon nine-year-auld
 The matchless ' Peg Macneill ' !
 He sees yet, and drees yet,
 The flashes frae their een !
 Him, a' owre, the hail fowre,³
 Their wiles had coosten⁴ clean !

This calf-love's ' speech ' was hantrin⁵ ' tugs,'
 ' Nips,' ' pookins,' ' jags wi preens,' and ' hugs '
 The lasses ca'd ' provokin' ' !
 In winter, aft its ' langidge ' ⁶ was
 ' Ice-skids,'⁷ or warring wi' ' snaw-ba's,'⁸
 And missing *them*—*by token* !
 Miss Mitchell was the ' Prood Queen Bess,'
 Peg Macneill ' Queen Mary,'
 Sweet Miss Steele his ' Juliet ' was,
 Jean Swanson still did vary—
 Whyles⁹ she was ' Hamlet's lass,'
 Then, ' Cleopatra ' whyles,—
 Fancy clad that rare jaud¹⁰
 In mair than Shakespeare's styles !

Thus sporting, reading, and ' lass-fond,'
 He dream'd thro' boyhood, and beyond,
 And up to manhood clam' ;

¹ Cannot. ² Commend. ³ The whole four. ⁴ Thrown ; cast.

⁵ Occasional. ⁶ Language. ⁷ Slides. ⁸ Snow-balls.

⁹ Sometimes. ¹⁰ Jade.

Wae sucks!¹ this ither² stage o' life
 Was as nae flowery strath, but rife
 Wi' wearie ills for Sam!
 Jungles o' care, huge danger blocks,
 Quagmires, and swamps, and shreds
 Of bonnie greens atween the rocks,
 Whare scant joys made their beds,
 Fill'd his stage of 'full age,'
 As weel's of 'manhood's prime';
 And at last, when a's past,
 Its bouk³ o' care's nae 'styme'⁴

A', a' his young sweethearts are deid,
 A white grave stane is at each heid,
 In place o' him langsyne!
 For death he's now an 'easy lift'—
 He is sae reft of every gift,
 He has but breath to tine⁵!
 Deid, scores o' freends! his birds and trouts!
 His first-loves—a' the fowre!—
 And a' his auld mates hereabouts
 Are past that 'awful hour,'
 When Fate comes the end thrums
 To snick aff life's full wab,
 Syne throws't owre to a Power
 That ne'er was kenn'd to blab!

¹ Alas. ² Other. ³ Legacy, body of care. ⁴ The faintest
 form or quantity of anything. ⁵ Lose.

AN ABBEY TRAGEDY.

Ten year 'fore 'Sam' was born,
 Up prowling frae the sea
 There cam' ae¹ Sabbath morn
 In the month o' 'Febwaree,'²
 A demon, buskit³ an' brusht like a man,
 Tho' as ill-faured⁴ a knave as could be.

'Tis *cash* that I must have—
 Gone is my last rupee!
 But Fortune serves the brave,
 And this day she'll serve me!
Bob Emond never yet turn'd in need—
 Where Necessity points— — goes he!⁵

Awa' doun there by the Mill
 A fruitful garden spread,
 And it to tend and till
 There twa pure saints abade—

¹ One. ² February. ³ Dressed. ⁴ Ill favoured.

⁵ On this notorious crime there appeared in *The People's Journal* of March 28th, 1896, a full descriptive article from the pen of an Edinburgh journalist; and as the story of the double murder given therein, agrees substantially with that which was current in my early days, I may not do better than present my readers with a few brief extracts from it at the end of the 'Rhyme.' To do so, as 'foot-notes' here, would probably distract my readers' attention from the rhyme too much! I think, however, that these extracts should be read before the verses themselves are perused, as of course THEY have been written only more or less '*generally*.' In them will be found allusions to some facts concerning Emond which are not mentioned in the article referred to, but all these have been culled cautiously from my recollections of what I heard anent the atrocious deed long ago in the very village and place of its enactment, and as told by people who were well acquainted both with the victims and the perpetrator of their violent and untimely deaths.

A widow demure, and Madeline,
Her ain belovèd and gentle maid.

To them the demon came
Their 'relative by bluid,'¹
Altho' inside their hame
He ne'er before had stude;²
But he was true to his vile resolve³—
'It may now pay me well to be "*gude!*"'

'Good morrow, gentle friends,
My soul bends thine to greet!
Yes! Madeline, it *bends*,
It worships at thy feet!
Thou art my queenly one, and, truly,
Here, in the dust, is my place meet!'

'Robert! what dost thou mean?
Madeline is thy *niece*—
No mock fantastic "*queen*,"
Pray then, this fooling cease!
I fear sea-faring's done but little
To help past faults, or future peace'!

'Madam, I did but jest!
But still, she, without art,
So fair is,—she impress'd
My soft and simple heart!
Seafaring? Yes! it learn'd me "*little*"—
How shams to trade in true-love's mart'!

¹ Blood. ² Stood. ³ As was said he had confessed to the Prison Chaplain.

'Maddie ne'er saw before
 Her "Uncle Robert" here,
 So dinna fash¹ her more,
 And just sit down, my dear !
 Between North Berwick and The Abbey
 The lang, lang gate² makes a' folk "queer"

The demon eyed the board
 Whareon his 'welcome'³ lay,
 And deil anither word
 Did he tak' pains to say,
 Until he had stow'd his paunch as fou
 As a 'true man' ever does ony day.

He ate a' the farrels,⁴
 Mair than tastit the cheese;
 And the treacle-drink⁵ barrels
 Nae little did ease—
 For his 'conscience' ne'er hinder'd nor bather'd⁶—
 But at length he gat staw'd⁷ by degrees.

A' this time—frae the first—
 He was watching the dame,
 To find out whare she pursed
 The hain'd gear⁸ o' that hame ;
 But the Widow a Scots bairn was born,
 Sae it shored⁹ he wad gang¹⁰ as he came.

¹ Do not bother. ² Road. ³ The first refreshment given to a friendly visitor. ⁴ Quarters of a scone, or cake, of home-made bread. ⁵ A favourite non-intoxicating beverage, compounded of Venice treacle, etc. ⁶ Troubled. ⁷ Satiated. ⁸ Saved -up cash, jewels, etc. ⁹ It seemed as if. ¹⁰ Would go back.

'Twas a fine efternune,
 She invitit the brute,
 And fu' blythe took him roun'
 A' her gairden without,—
 A' the time a dreid plot he was scheming
 To encompass her doom, *branch an' root!*¹

'Twas a plan stown² frae Hell
 By the wut³ o' a deil—
 A grim death for hersel',
 And young Maddie, as weel!
 He was plackless, *therefore they must die!*—
 'To his needs he would ever be leal!'

The eves o' 'Febwaree'
 Fa' early, and that ane,
 Like those in Italie,
 Closed lown,⁴ and mild, and fain⁵:
 'Ah, I must be moving,' the demon yawn'd,
 'But, doubtless, I'll call soon again'!

'Yes, Robert, days are short,
 But Maud and I will gae,
 And see thee weel athort⁶
 The kirkyard park⁷ to-day;
 We'll put on our things and thou convoy
 As far as the Toll-house, anyway.'

¹ By his alleged confession. ² Stolen. ³ Art; power. ⁴ Quiet.
⁵ Genial; kindly. ⁶ Across. ⁷ The field so-called, which
 lay between the Garden-house and the Toll-road.

Fu' sune they at the Toll
Were 'pairted' wi' the fiend,
After a 'charming stroll'
Wi' their 'recover'd freend'!
Syne hame the twa set—puir fated lambs!—
As little 'suspeecious' as lambs unwean'd!

Safe back within their 'place,'
And 'a' things right seen to,
Straight to the 'Throne of Grace'
Thae trusty saints withdrew;
And far the enraptured stars beyond
Their hallowèd prayers and praises flew!

But hark! 'What din¹ was that'?
How loud that window shook!
What shook it?—not the cat,
For poosie's in her nook!
'Mother! O, Mother! What can it be'?
'I kenna² yet, but I'se gang³ and look.'

She drew the shutters wide,
And saw the beaming stars;
But what saw she beside,
Outowre⁴ the winnock bars⁵?—
Her 'Robert's' swoln phiz—the face of him
She'd deem'd lang back amang his 'tars'!

¹ Clattering noise.

² Know not.

³ I shall go.

⁴ Beyond.

⁵ Window frame.

His bulging een ¹ glared red
Abune ² the gallows' face,
Nae hat was on his head,
A 'nicht cowl' ³ was in's place;—
Up shot the winnock, and syne ⁴ shot in
A full-fledged devil there apace!

'Robert! is this thee back?
O Lord! Whatever's wrong'?
'Cash! Silver! Gold!—unpack—
All coffer—weak and strong!'
She saw in his belt a lang 'sea knife,'
And back thro' the house distracted sprang.

Thro' the house, thro' the transe, ⁵
Thro' the fore door she ran,
Scarce a step in advance
Of that murder-mindit man,
And the cope o' the yaird wa' had grasp'd
Whan he drew her back doun, and — — began!

'Won't thou part with thy brass ⁶?
'I hae nane to pairt wi'!'
'That's a lie! therefore pass
'Thus to hell o'er my knee!'
And the 'sea-knife' he drew threw her neck—
E'en as cool as some sea-junk war' she ⁷!

¹ Eyes. ² Above. ³ Night-cap. ⁴ Then. ⁵ Passage.

⁶ Common slang for money. ⁷ In all the local versions of the tragedy current in my boyhood, it was said that Emond was the worse of drink when he returned to the Garden to execute his fell intents, and I have assumed the very probable truth of the statement.

On the banks o' the Tyne,
To mak' known how he 'grieved,'
In the sty o' a swine
His erst 'dear friend' he heaved,
And remember'd, I trow, there was ane
He was 'bound to look up'—tho' reprieved!

Sae he swith harkit back
To the house in the yaird,
Whare Maddie, on the rack,
Waited this new 'Blue-baird,'
Screaming—'Mother! Uncle, whare is mother'?
And most mocking wise he answer'd—nor spared:

'Fair Madeline! go in,
I follow at thy heels,—
To repress soon the sin
Which thy wild cry reveals,
And to which, since old "Eden" number One,
Down to this, number Two, Woman kneels!

'It "Curiositie"
Philosophers do call;
The vulgar director be,
And say 'twas "Adam's fall,"
But thy sin, if it *was* Eden's ruin,
Ruin's here proscribed, my chosen gal'!

She stagger'd, syne she ran—
A hatchet near the porch
Lay on a log at haun',¹
And wi't he made a lurch

¹ Hand.

Sudden on the maiden, frae behind,
And struck out darkling her life's torch!

The life stream ran a-flood
And congeal'd round his feet;
But, 'not in's usual mood,
This fact he miss'd complete!'¹
And sae the life whilk² he had closed
Caused closing his whan time was meet!

The hatchet neist³ was plied
Pell mell on chest and press,
Till he the 'keys' descried
Thrust in a dolly's dress—
Some relic of a Toy o' Maddie's,
Langsyne she wad play wi' and caress.

But the 'plunder' he gat
Was e'en little, I trow,
For the dame was nae 'flat'⁴
And did 'never allow
To lie out o' the Bank ony mair
Than she needit to keep things in tow.'⁵

Bedeem,⁶ the Garden clear,
The Double Murd'rer stands,
And views, with awe and fear,
His blood-stain'd garb and hands,
Then breathes he his first pray'r—*O Lord! by me
Now broke are all thy Ten Commands!*

¹ What was commonly reported he stated in his 'confession.'

² Which. ³ Next. ⁴ Slang for fool. ⁵ Going in right and prosperous trim. ⁶ In a short time.

Frae a hole in the Wa'
 A grit ¹ sea flask he drew,
 And its liquor drank a',
 His spent 'pluck' to renew;
 Still, the cauld wind him scorch'd, and the stars
 Wi' their shooting beams piercèd him through!

'Thank God, more drink I have!
 My nerves will need it all!
 Emond! be cool, be brave,—
 One 'slip,' and thou must fall!
 Secrete the bowie and all the swag ²
 Then wash and wipe, and face the ball'!

'Twas dune, ³ but, na, na, na!
 His victims wadna gae! ⁴
 He couldna slip thae ⁵ twa,
 They dogg'd him nicht and day!
 And if ever he ventured far afield,
 They brang him slap ⁶ back the same sad way!

His hiding was a wood,
 Fell near the bloody scene!
 The lair was grim and rude—
 A 'badger's hole,' I ween!
 But even in that dark den was he
 By a mongrel cur sure track'd ae e'en! ⁷

¹ Large. ² The sea-knife and his 'plunder.' ³ Done. ⁴ Would
 not leave him. ⁵ These. ⁶ Brought him right. ⁷ One
 evening.

Next step—but ane, the last!—
Convicted, doom'd to dee,¹
Man's ruth and justice past,—
This broke law-breaker see!
He's gotten his meed, for hell is here—
His memory's veriest miserie!

He sees—*can ne'er forget*—
The last appealing look
On baith ² their faces set,
Whan he brak' in, and took
Doun frae Life's treasure ward atweel
That which God only may'st unhook!

Last scene of all—a street,
Pang'd ³ skyhigh with a croud;
A gibbet, stock'd replete—
Beam, rope, drop—stark and rude;
Syne ⁴ a writhing victim, white-cap croun'd,
Dangling o'er the howling multitude! ⁵

¹ Die. ² Both. ³ Filled. ⁴ Then.

⁵ The following are the excerpts alluded to in a former footnote. As stated, they have all been taken from an article, entitled 'The Double Murder at the Abbey: The Story of an East Lothian Crime, by a Correspondent,' which appeared in '*The People's Journal*, on the 28th of March, 1896. The writer says:—'As I stood ruminating near the old Mill' (Abbey Mill) 'the other day, I was accosted by an intelligent patriarch, a native of The Abbey. After conversing on many local things, he set out to tell me the "most wonderful story" that lingers about the place—the famous "Haddington Abbey murder." "My story," he said, "is about the murder of a mother and her daughter by their relative, Robert Emond, of North Berwick, in the year 1829. At that period, and I suppose for long before it, there lay a small market garden, immediately east from the road called the Mill Wynd, and the gardener's house stood in the midst of the garden,

half way between the Mill and the east end of the village, and back from the public road about fifty or sixty yards. The garden and house were enclosed by a big wall, pierced on the Mill Wynd side by a gateway and doorway. The gate was seldom opened, and both it and the door were seen to be securely closed and locked every night." "In the house then dwelt the widow of the late gardener—who still carried on the business—a Mrs Franks and her only child Madeline, who was now a beautiful young woman of modest mien and gentle nature, simple and good-hearted, and a general favourite with the people. Mrs Franks was a woman of superior mind and manners, and was greatly respected for her piety and other Christian virtues. Above all things Mrs Franks was industrious, and she contrived with her daughter Madeline and a little help from outside to carry on successfully the market garden." . . . "The summer was approaching when a letter from a relative of Mrs Franks, named Robert Emond, who generally resided at North Berwick, was received, informing her that he would visit The Abbey, and spend a Sunday with them soon." . . . "Mrs Franks and Madeline were delighted with this news, and wearied for their friend's coming, for it was seldom the monotony of their lives was broken by visits from their kindred." . . . "True to his written promise, he arrived at Mrs Franks' on the appointed Sabbath from North Berwick. Mrs Franks and Madeline received him with unfeigned joy; and directly on his arrival regaled him with refreshments suited to the season, etc. . . . The afternoon was a very fine one, and Madeline and her mother spent it in showing him the beauties of the garden, and the village and its vicinity. They found him 'pleasant company,' though some of the old women of the town, when they saw him that day, did not like his face, declaring among themselves that it was dark and evil-looking. This thought came neither to Mrs Franks nor her daughter, who both were of opinion that their relative was an open-hearted and kindly-disposed man." . . . "The sun was setting in glory on that Sabbath day when Robert Emond left The Abbey to return to North Berwick. Mrs Franks and Madeline accompanied him to the top of the Toll Road, scarcely a mile from the village, and there shook hands, though not before they had given their 'friend' a pressing invitation to revisit them soon. Emond profusely thanked Mrs Franks and her daughter, and declared it would give him unbounded pleasure to call upon them again in a short time." "As darkness came on, Mrs Franks locked the door of the garden wall, and hung the key on its nail in the kitchen, as was invariably her custom at the gloaming. She then locked the front-door of the house

and retired to the kitchen for good, where she and Madeline soon engaged in their usual family worship. . . . This was hardly over when a noise was suddenly heard at the kitchen window"—(Exactly as indicated in the "poem"). . . . "Mrs Franks having good reason now to expect violence to her person in the circumstances, darted out of the kitchen and ran to the front door, which she hastily unlocked, making flight as fast as she could down the walk to the garden door, with the intention of raising an alarm in the village. But the garden door was locked, and the key was hanging in the kitchen, where she had placed it only half an hour before. Still her presence of mind did not fail her. By the garden wall near the door there stood a pigsty and a small dunghill. On to the roof of this pig-house, by means of the dunghill, Mrs Franks scrambled, intending to leap the wall on the other side, and so escape the fury of her pursuer ; but she was too late. As she was about to gain a footing on the roof of the pigsty, Emond caught her firmly by the dress and dragged her to the ground ; for whenever he wriggled in by the window and saw Mrs Franks turn to leave the kitchen he pursued her pell-mell, leaving Madeline half-undressed there, and in a state of great terror. Stifling her cries as best he could, Emond laid Mrs Franks' head over his knee, and gashed her throat from ear to ear with a peculiarly shaped knife, with which he had previously armed himself for the dark deed. So effectual was the cut that the poor lady did not utter a single groan." . . . "Emond very coolly retraced his steps to the house of his victim, after throwing her dead body into the pigsty. On the steps of the front door he encountered Madeline, who was in great excitement, and still only half-dressed. When she saw Emond approach, she cried, in a voice almost stifled with sobs—"Oh, where is my mother, uncle? Oh, I hope there is nothing wrong with her!" "Don't stand there in the cold in that state. Go away into the house, and I'll tell you where your mother is," answered Emond in a calm voice, and with no excitement in his manner. At the front door there stood a little log, on which firewood was broken, and beside the log lay a little axe." . . . "As soon as Madeline turned her back he clutched the axe, and before she had gone many paces he killed her with one heavy blow of the hatchet." . . . "The spot on which Emond stood when he dealt the girl the fatal blow was easily discovered afterwards, no blood had covered it, his two footprints remaining intact, and the blood congealing quickly around them by its exposure to the cold air. There were more of the murderer's footprints in the blood of Madeline, but they had been made after it congealed, and therefore were not distinct,

This was the part where Emond forgot himself, for by not obliterating those two distinct foot-marks he gave the police a clue that greatly helped to convince them of his guilt." . . . "When he had ransacked the house, Emond passed out into the still, starry night, leaving the door of the dwelling wide open. He felt he was stained with blood and went down to the Tyne, and cleaned himself in the stream, at a short distance below The Abbey." . . . "He next thought of where he should hide the 'gullie' with which he had murdered Mrs Franks, and at last pitched the horrid blade into what he thought a safe hiding-place—the mill-lade. But as the lade happened at that time to be undergoing repair, the 'gullie' was found by one of the mill-master's men a few days after Emond had thrown it there." . . . "The morning after the crime the foreman miller at the Abbey was proceeding to his work in his usual gay spirits, when he heard Mrs Franks' pig grunting very loudly on the other side of the garden wall. The miller entered the mill and began his work without thinking more about the matter. But he was surprised to hear the same grunting at mid-day, and began to suspect that something was wrong. A heap of cinders used by the mill-master for kiln purposes lay close to the garden wall where it joined with the mill buildings, and from the top of this heap the miller got a peep into Mrs Franks' garden. The miller was greatly surprised to see neither Mrs Franks nor her daughter moving about the garden, and called on them by name several times. What could be wrong, and where could Mrs Franks and Madeline be? he asked himself. Coming down from the cinder heap, he tried the garden door. It was locked. Night came, and the pig was still grunting strangely. He was convinced now that something must surely be wrong. Before going home to his evening meal, the miller made up his mind that he would make sure. Getting again on the cinder heap, he looked into the garden, and again did not see anyone, and he now was determined to learn what reason the pig had for crying so strangely; so, jumping from the top of the wall into the garden, he proceeded at once to the pigsty. What a fearful spectacle met his gaze." . . . "The miller was horrified at the sight, and did not explore further, but hastily retraced his steps and raised the alarm in The Abbey that Mrs Franks had been murdered. The garden door was broken open by the police, and the body of Mrs Franks was lifted out of the pigsty and carried into the house." . . . "Great was the horror of the policemen and the others when they entered the now tenantless house and saw the lifeless body of Madeline on the kitchen floor, her clothes saturated with blood, and she in the half-dressed state in which she was when

the murderer's knock at the window was first heard. Next day the police were early in the village making inquiries, and were a long time in Mrs Franks' house and garden, searching for evidences that might lead to the capture of the villian who had robbed The Abbey of two of its most respected inhabitants." . . . "Several days after the crime the bodies of Mrs Franks and her daughter were interred in the village churchyard that adjoined the garden in which they had spent so many peaceful days. The funeral was largely attended, and the whole countryside pitied the hapless fate of Mrs Franks and Madeline. The story of the crime spread rapidly in all directions. Then it became known that Robert Emond of North Berwick, whom local people knew to be the relative of the victims, was strangely absent from his work and home, and this piece of information at once led them to suspect that he had been in some way or other connected with the murders, and turned the efforts of the police authorities to ascertain the whereabouts of this man whom they supposed to be the author of the tragedy, but for days, despite the vigilance of the police, nothing was heard or known of him." . . . "Close to the banks of the Tyne, about a mile below the Abbey, there is a fir plantation, which was in the days of the crime, and long after, known locally by the name of 'Cowie's Wood.' Nearer to the river runs the public right-of-way footpath, between Haddington and East Linton, and along this path one evening, several days after the crime, a man belonging to the neighbourhood passed with a little dog. True to its nature, the dog, when it reached the high sand scaur, which rises in the Southern side of the wood, began hunting and chasing the rabbits to their warren, for which the scaur was then noted. The scaur was also said to be frequented by badgers, and many large burrows in it seemed to bear out the truth of this. In a few minutes the dog began barking loudly and savagely, and this attracted the attention of its master, who went to the spot, and was surprised to see that the cur was barking and snarling at the foot, and part of the leg of a man protruding from a large hole in the sand bank. The man called back his dog, and pulling the leg of him who was in the hole, asked him to come out and show himself, and not to be hiding there, 'like a badger, or a fox.' The discoverer at first thought that the man was some poacher or drunken fellow. He may have been right as to 'drunkenness,' but he was otherwise mistaken, for the man was none other than the long sought for Robert Emond, who now stood before him, with blood-shot eyes and livid features. He had been in the scaur off and on since the night of the murder. The man who

found him knew Emond personally, and knew also that he was wanted by the police for the crime, so he took his captive tightly by the collar and called on some workmen who were returning home on the other side of the river. The workmen were naturally startled to see Emond, and crossing at the nearest shallow, willingly assisted in taking him to the Abbey, whence he was immediately conveyed under a stout escort to the county town. During his capture Emond struggled much, and declared vehemently that 'he was innocent as the babe unborn'—as most murderers do. . . . Next day Emond was examined by the Sheriff in the county town, and it was found that the authorities had good grounds for his detention. . . . At his trial in Edinburgh the chain of circumstantial evidence was so complete that Robert Emond could not discover the slightest loophole for escape. He consequently was unanimously found guilty by the jury, and was sentenced by the presiding judge to be executed on the 21st of March following, at the then usual place of execution in Edinburgh—the open space near the Tron Church in the High Street. After sentence and while occupying the condemned cell, Emond was visited frequently by the prison chaplain. On one of these occasions Emond confessed his guilt, and blamed bad company as the main agency that had brought him to such a fearful doom. He told the chaplain the whole story of the crime, and some hours afterwards died 'penitent' on the scaffold." . . . "The house in which Mrs Franks and her daughter were murdered was the finest and the best situated one in the Abbey. Notwithstanding this, no one would live in it after it had been the scene of so dark a crime; and at last sentiment proved so strong that Lord Blantyre, the proprietor, felt constrained some years after the murder to raze the whole property to the ground, and the site of the garden and house is now enclosed in the old 'Kirkyaird park.'"

THE AULD BOY.¹

I kenn'd him first, an' lispit 'Faibey !'
 Whan I was yet a poukin' baby
 Upo' my minnie's knee, and maybe
 To her breast prest;
 And sune atweel owre a' the Aibey
 Was I caress'd !

Anon, he was 'Da-da' and 'Daddy,'
 And unco thiek ² wi' his 'Wee laddie,'
 Till I grew 'wicked,' 'wild,' and 'bad' aye—
 A plague to Mither—
 Whilk, ance he learn'd, haith,³ I was glad aye
 To flee his 'Leather !' ⁴

The same he was to a' the ithers—
 Yon living units ca'd my 'brithers,'
 My memory of whom ne'er withers,
 Nor ever can !
 Puir John and Sand ! thy weird yet nithers ⁵
 This auld gray man !

'Dad' was a big, black-visaged carl,
 An' ugly chield with whom to quarrel !
 Ane born to conquer this thrawn warl',
 Which, even than,
 He aye had dune,⁶ *sans* part or parle
 Wi' ony man.

¹ The seeming irreverent, but really affectionate appellation of us boys
 for our father—when out of his hearing ! ² Uncommonly friendly.
³ Exclamatory, equivalent to 'lord' ! ⁴ Strap for correction.
⁵ Shocks ; depresses. ⁶ Done.

He'd 'startit life' a restless urchin,
 Ane wham our Granny aft laid birch on,
 For he was 'rougher than a hurcheon,'¹
 And 'mair self-will'd
 Than ony pig that strays a-lurchin'
 Owre tattie² field !'

Excep' some crunkled³ clouts o' claithing,⁴
 He just in sooth began wi' naething ;
 But, in a crack,⁵ *he* was nae wae thing
 To scorn or pity,
 Nor was his wark⁶ a bairnie's plaything
 In brugh⁷ or city.

Whan full up-grown, to turn the scale
 At auchteen stane he ne'er did fail,—
 Till he had gotten auld and frail,
 An' shrunk, an' stuntit,
 And was by Death within Time's pale
 Close getting huntit.

As the 'King Carrier' of his day
 He baith was famed and named alway,
 The twenty years he did essay
 His weekly journey—
 Between AULD REEKIE and THE BRAE,
 By Tyne's braid burnie.⁸

¹ Hedgehog. ² Potato. ³ Rumpled. ⁴ Clothing. ⁵ In a
 short unnoted period of time. ⁶ That of a carrier. ⁷ Burgh
 or borough. ⁸ A literal fact.

But he was 'owre ambitious'—far
 To live content and ca' a car!
 Sae at a' touns, ayont Dunbar
 And wast to Currie,
 He saucht a fiel' whareon life's war
 To force and hurry.

Ane said—' The Abbey Mill's to let,'
 And on it straucht his heart was set—
 Dreaming, ' Could I that Aiden ¹ get,
 Tho' I'm nae miller,
 I'd gar ² Dame Fortune pettle ³ yet
 My pickle siller !' ⁴

Sae straucht he ' offer'd for't '—an' gat it,
 Tho' scores o' richer men did spat it,
 And some for haill ⁵ weeks wadna quat it
 For lairds nor factors,
 But day an' nicht kept louping ⁶ at it
 Like daft play-actors.

A while his ' battle here was sair,⁷
 The last man left the place sae puir ! ⁸
 And for the mill—it made nae mair
 Than our ain ⁹ meal !
 In mouldy idleness doun there
 Stude ¹⁰ stane an' wheel !' ¹¹

¹ Eden ; paradise. ² Make. ³ Nourish ; increase. ⁴ Small cash savings. ⁵ Whole. ⁶ Jumping. ⁷ Severe. ⁸ Poor.
⁹ Own. ¹⁰ Stood. ¹¹ Grinding-stone and water-wheel.

But they had ane noo, by my sang,
 Wha'd mak' them boom and birl ¹ ere lang—
 A tasker wha, or 'slack,' or 'thrang,'
 Wi' pith an' vengeance
 Wad gar them like our Kirk bells clang,
 Or Glesca ² engines!

He coft ³ a gig and canvass'd meal
 Frae Prestonpans to Penmanshiel,⁴
 And wrocht ⁵ the 'business' wi' sic skeel ⁶
 That sune ⁷ that kintra,⁸
 Than him, wad thole ⁹ nae ither chiel' ¹⁰
 To 'stow its pantry!'

For lang years thus, as favourite miller,
 He gather'd baith respect and siller;
 A girnall ¹¹ toom ¹²—he'd flee and fill her,
 Be 't ear' or late;
 If guid luck wadna come, he'd till ¹³ her,
 And fetch her straight!

He grundit ¹⁴ mony a puir man's melder! ¹⁵
 The Mill slack noo—nane e'er beheld her,
 But browsters', baxters' ¹⁶ 'orders' swall'd ¹⁷ her
 Till like to burst!
 And the Auld Kirk ¹⁸ made *him* an elder,
 And no' her worst!

¹ Revolve rapidly. ² Glasgow. ³ Purchased. ⁴ Embracing,
 east and west, a little more than all East Lothian. ⁵ Wrought.
⁶ Ability. ⁷ Soon. ⁸ Country. ⁹ Suffer. ¹⁰ Other
 man. ¹¹ Meal chest. ¹² Empty. ¹³ Go to. ¹⁴ Grinded.
¹⁵ Meal ground for a farm servant from the remuneration given
 him in 'kind'—(grain)—for his services. ¹⁶ Brewers and bakers.
¹⁷ Enlarged. ¹⁸ Established Church of Scotland.

A' that, and yet he lack'd content !
 To be a ' farmer ' he was bent !
 For Clover Riggs he bade the rent
 That he did plan ;
 The factor, wha Dad lang had kent,
 Wrote—' *You're my man !*'

Weel, ' weel, alake !¹ this ill-judged stap
 Was but the first to Ruin's trap !
 Tho' ta'en, jalousing ² nae mishap,
 In simple faith,
 Nathless, 'twas wrang, and hence its crap
 Of wae and scaith.³

The ' land,' a' owre, was as a midden,⁴
 Wi' wrack ⁵ and weeds—that sprang unbidden,
 Like sins in men, not to be hidden
 If left alive,
 And not grubb'd up, abjured, gat rid on,
 That guid may thrive.

But maugre this, the warl' itsel',
 Progressit for a lease ' right well.'
 The ' farmer ' vraucht ⁶ his ' land ' pell-mell
 And ne'er did slack,
 Yet for his pains, plain truth to tell,
 Lost every plack !

¹ Alas. ² Apprehending.
 grass... ⁶ Tilled.

³ Injury.

⁴ Dunghill.

Couch

He drain'd his fields—'improved them a',
 Manyoor'd them till the soil did staw;¹
 Made a' their fences hale an' braw—
 Yetts,² dykes,³ an' stiles—
 Ye wadna⁴ seen roun' thereawa
 Their like for miles!'

Then loom'd a change!—red War came on,
 The Slav gat into grips wi' John;
 Land value, like Bell's baking scone,⁵
 Rase⁶ high, and higher.
 For toun half-nabs,⁷ 'land-grabbers' grown,
 Made a bale-fire.

So Dad, still thriving, in his pride
 Boud⁸ noo to tak' *anither* stride!
 Set stout heart to the warld's stey⁹ side,
 And higher clim'!
 'What was ae¹⁰ farm to tend and guide,
 For men like him?'

Advice meant 'spite'—'ane mair' he'd hae!—
 And 'ane' to let, out-owre the brae,¹¹
 He 'offer'd for,' and gat it, tae,
 Like a' thing else
 He ettled¹² e'er at in his day,
 Or true, or false.

¹ Was over rich; satiated. ² Gates. ³ Low stone walls. ⁴ Would not.

⁵ Cake of home bread. ⁶ Rose. ⁷ Upper-class town people.

⁸ But. ⁹ Steep. ¹⁰ One. ¹¹ Over the hill. ¹² Attempted.

This was 'rack-rented' from the first,
Three times rack-rented ere the worst,
What time the huge land bubble burst
 The war had blawn,
And markets fell, like imps accurst
 Of Sawton's spawn !

Slap at War's heels ran 'Rinderpest,'¹
And Tattie-rot² hard on them press'd,
Forbye³ that corn—the vera best—
 Brang⁴ jimp a third
Of a fair-paying price at maist
 For land and laird.⁵

The first lease, too, of Clover Riggs
Wore to its end, like ither jigs ;
'It's sae impruv'd,' quo' factor Spriggs,
 'The ferm's wuth dooble !'⁶
An "Dad" gie *that*—than "Dad" in't ligs,⁷
 And nae mair trouble."

But, an he wadna toe the scratch,
He'd hae to send him his dispatch !
'There be nae ither wey to catch
 The Laird's guid-will !
I maun be constant on the watch
 To *nurse* his till !'

¹ The terrible cattle disease so called—supposed to be of Russian origin.

² Potato-disease. ³ Besides. ⁴ Brought. ⁵ Expenses of cultivating, and paying the rent of the land to the laird. ⁶ Worth double. ⁷ Lies or sits still as tenant.

'The Auld Boy' bat ¹ his lips, and said—
 'That ferms'enoo but barely paid,
 What wad they, than, were dooble made
 Their present rents?
 For years in bank he hadna laid
 Three copper cents!'

This, notwithstanding—soon he rued,
 And slap on that the lease renew'd!
 He 'was sae sweir ² to lea' the lo'ed
 An' dear auld hame,
 Whare he sae lang had feucht ³ an' woo'd,
 And won a name!'

(And whare, as weel's twa wives, he lost
 His mither, whan she'd reach'd almost
 Life's veriest buttock; and his boast,
 His strang son, 'SAND!'
 And twa fair dochters ⁴ —ance the toast
 Of half Scot-land!)

Thus he held by the 'place'—'aye hoping
 That the *ill years* wad sune ⁵ be stopping,
 Or that the Yankees wad be dropping
 Their hang'd supplies!
 Syne, ⁶ but fair waather, ⁷ six-shift cropping ⁸
 The world defies!'

¹ Bit. ² Unwilling. ³ Struggled. ⁴ Daughters. ⁵ Soon. ⁶ Then.
⁷ With fair weather. ⁸ The system of husbandry, so called,
 then generally practised in the East of Scotland.

Ochon the day !¹ ' fair waather ' seem'd
 Existent but in what he dream'd,
 For, heedless how he pray'd an' schemed,
 Year after year
 Pour'd waur and waur² their fludes,³ and stream'd
 Aff a' his gear !⁴

At lang an' last, *sans* batheration,
 The ' ill years ' caused his sequestration !
 Whan stack-yaird, stocking, habitation—
 Sae cosh⁵ and braw !⁶
 Were seized and doom'd—like ' spoilation '
 In Africaw !

Syne cam' sic crowds ! astonishing,
 Despite the glorie vanishing—
 Unto his Roup Displenishing,⁷
 Whare auctioneers,
 Tentless⁸ what they were banishing,
 Mock'd a' his years !

Sae in his course our ' Auld Boy '
 Had paced life's round of wae⁹ and joy !
 Whare he began, Fate, to destroy,
 Had now braucht¹⁰ back
 Her victim and puir mortal toy,
 Streetch'd on her rack !

¹ Exclamatory, equal to ' Alas, the day ! ' ² Worse and Worse.
³ Floods. ⁴ Saving ; property. ⁵ Comfortable. ⁶ Beautiful ;
 rich. ⁷ Displenishing sale by auction. ⁸ Heedless. ⁹ Sorrow.
¹⁰ Brought.

Up frae the very laighest ¹ stan'
 To speel ² Mount Fortune he began,
 And, ere his prime, the strong-will'd man
 Stude ³ by the cairn,
 The richest tit-bits in the lan'
 With Big-wigs sharin'!

Ochon the cairn! he'd clim' it too!
 And, without fuss or mair ado,
 He ettled ⁴ at it—but, wow, wow!
 Sad was his case
 That slippit, fell, an' down did row ⁵
 To the hill's base!

Auld, stunn'd, and helpless, there he lay,
 Sorrowing, yet complacent aye;
 Back at his source, a 'castaway,'
 As he was first!
A hero proved, wha, in his day,
E'en his gifts curst!

A braver man ne'er faucht ⁶ sin down;
 A Scot mair leal ne'er stude ⁷ in shoon;
 A saul mair honest up aboon ⁸
 Ne'er took its flicht,
 Nor left mair freen's below the moon
 In sadder plicht! ⁹

¹ Lowest.² Climb.³ Stood.⁴ Started.⁵ Roll.⁶ Fought.⁷ Stood.⁸ Above.

⁹ The following lines were written at his grave, which is within one hundred yards of the spot of his birth. The 'lines' first appeared in the columns of the *Haddingtonshire Courier*, and are now inserted in this footnote by request, and for their apparent appropriateness at the end of

the forgoing homely sketch. To the lines in the *Courier* was appended the following brief notice :—‘ Alexander Lumsden, a singularly robust, and, in one or more ways, a somewhat remarkable man, died, overcome with agricultural disasters and domestic calamities, on the 9th of March, 1888, at East Linton, East Lothian, and was buried at Prestonkirk (East Linton) on the 12th of March, a very large concourse of the whole people following his remains to the grave, notwithstanding the fact that the weather on the funeral day was exceedingly cold and stormy.’ I give the lines verbatim from the *Courier* :—

‘ IN PRESTONKIRK CHURCHYARD.’

- ‘ MARCH 12TH, 1888.

‘ The eastlin’ wind blew cauld an’ keen,
The auld Kirkyaird was clad in snaw,
But eastlin’ wind an’ snaw, I ween,
That day I neither felt nor saw.

‘ My heart was in a coffin there,
Slow sinking doun an open grave ;
The wide world might be foul or fair
For me, sae sunk in sorrow’s wave.

‘ I kenn’d the king that coffin held,
As few on earth could ken like me ;
And loyal love would not be quell’d,
And death but quicken’d memorie.

‘ My thoughts, like birds, wing’d through the past
Dead summers blossom’d fair again ;
I saw that king, baith high and fast,
Enthroned amang his fellow men.

‘ The sceptre in his sure hand was
The carle stalk—integritie ;
His croun was truth, and for his cause
He claim’d the friend of right to be.

‘With stern, but kind and valient mien,
O’er life’s highway he march’d alang ;
Whate’er he wish’d, he gain’d bedeen—
With resolution fix’d and strang.

‘But sicker ills pursued the king,
His lofty crest was stricken low
A thousand times, but nocht could bring
That regal heart despair to know.

‘Through wreck and ruin, woe and want,
Wi’ steadfast nerve he held his way,
Nor age, nor pain, nor death could daunt
That matchless spirit to this day.

‘Wi’ swelling hearts we leave him here,
O may his sleep be deep and blest !
For never on earth’s rounded sphere
Did truer man or stronger rest.’¹

¹ He died in his 88th year.

COROONIE.¹

‘Dischairged’—he smoked and cobbled shune²

And whisky drank at a’ times—

Whan he could get it—late or sune³—

Jist as he’d dune⁴ in a’ climes.

A woman hater, he lived aye

Lanely himsel’ for lang years ;

A Black Watch Sairgeant in his day,

He was Pope⁵ on guns and spears.

That ‘Scot Immortal,’ Sir John Moore,

‘Coroonie’s’ leader years abroad,

By him was worshipping before

Ev’ry ‘hero,’ ‘saunt,’ or ‘god’!

¹ An old Peninsular soldier and reputed servant of Sir John Moore’s. In my early days, he was the cobbler to the people of the Abbey and surrounding district, and occupied and wrought in a single room on the ground floor of a tenement in the West End of the village. In his cups, after pension days, he was a very voluble man, and similiar in many other respects to old Scots country ‘characters’—particularly in regard to his drinking habits. According to his account, he became Sir John’s ‘foot sodger,’ or servant, in Egypt, and continued in that honourable capacity till the close of the great General’s career at the battle of Corunna in Spain, January 16th, 1809. The cobbler acquired his pseudonym of ‘Coroonie’ from the familiar and homely way he talked of the scene of the sad and famous fight, but he did not receive his discharge from the army until after Waterloo, at which he was also present, and where, he declared, he performed many absolutely miraculous ‘*feats of strategy and derring-do*’! The memorable accounts of his military time he invariably rehearsed, after he had drawn his quarter’s pension at the county town, when he always was “on the run.” During these merry bouts, the people used to say, he was ‘a’gab thegither, an’ nae wark ava,’ the more noticeably so, as being at all other times remarkably industrious and reticent.

² Boots and shoes. ³ Soon. ⁴ Done. ⁵ The infallible village authority.

Devoted 'Sairgeant'!¹—in thy time
 'Frenchies' thou didst slay mony!
 Reach'd in slaughter the sublime,
 Carved thy 'glory' out bonnie!

Black Watch Falstaff!—in thy cups
 Aft I've heard thee 'War' upon!
 A stumpy pipe stuck in thy lips,
 And, close by, thy 'demijohn'!²

'Sir John I fallow'd,' thou declared,
 'Through a' his raids in Ee-gypt!
 Wi' Abercromby,³ and the laird
 Of Newbathe,⁴ again we shipp'd'!—

¹ His memory and admiration for his old leader—'dear Sir John'!—were apparently perfect, and, even for an old soldier, quite phenomenal.

² Many times, when a little boy, I slipped into his 'Den' with some of the grown up neighbours, and listened awe-struck to his long and marvellous tales of his military experiences and achievements. At such times he would occasionally break down utterly, and weep and scream, and even howl actually—as is described in the last quatrain of the 'Rhyme'—at the mere mention of the death of Moore, a melancholy yet ludicrous pass which some of his young male hearers were seldom averse to bringing him to—'merely for the fun of the thing.' The Peninsular portions of his long stories are brought together, and, so far as I can remember, given almost literally in the verses.

³ Sir Ralph Abercromby, a celebrated British Commander, born at Menstry, Clackmannanshire, in 1734. He served his country with great distinction in Ireland, Holland, the West Indies, and in Egypt, and died on board ship on the 28th of March, 1800, from a wound received in action near Alexandria on the 21st of March,—same year.

⁴ Sir David Baird, Bart. of Newbyth, East Lothian. Another great British General, and one of the highest of Indian fame—the hero of Seringapatam—born at Newbyth, the seat of his family, on the 6th of December, 1757; died there on the 18th of August, 1829. He succeeded Sir John Moore in the Chief Command of the Peninsular forces.

(Triumphant bouser ! wha like thee,
Wi' a quarter's pension bless'd !
Wark free, lang days to smoke an' spree,
Deil to do but crack an' jest !)—

Go on Coroonie !—' Wi' Sir John,'
What mair—noo ye've had a drink' ?
' At Sic'ly, an' the Swaidish throne,
We made King Gustavus kink !

' Syne back to Ingland, and, at last,
With a croud to Portoogal
Of full ten thousan' strong we passed—
Ten thousan' rogues—mostly all !

' Sots, fules,¹ an' villains—*that* they pruv'd !—
But tap sodgers, ev'ry man—
Whan they furth the drink hells muved,
And left looting to their spawn !

' Arthur Well'sley than they made—
(For his sober services !)—
A high Deuk, whan hame he gaed,²
Whare each ' brave ' sae merry is !

' Sir Hairy Burrard ?³ He " resigned "—
At, for *him*, a happy time !
And our rale⁴ hero, to my mind,
Becam' Commander in that clime.

¹ Fools.

² Went.

³ A British General and Commander-in-Chief in Portugal before Sir John Moore.

⁴ Real,

‘ But doom’d his chairge was frae the first !
 “ Chief Commander ” ! “ Sir John Moore ” !
 ‘ A “ chairge ” in mid-hell, at its worst,
 Wad been preferable, I’m sure !

‘ Wearie, destitoot, an’ sterving,
 Sick an’ fever’d—there we were !
 Ane an’ a’¹ for ever swerving
 After liquor, to kill care !

‘ War munitions ? Wow ! we had nane !²
 Stores, nor magazines *en route* !
 We were as beggars wi’ nae bane,³
 Lacking liberty to *loot* !

‘ As Sir John’s sodger, I, mysel’,
 Nae doubt, teuk⁴ care, day by day,
 To stow my wame⁵ at his Hotel,
 Kenning weel I’d nocht⁶ to pay !

‘ Sae, stout an’ paunchy at Lis-bone
 “ Sir John’s servant ” grew aff-haun’ !⁷
 What was the cause o’t, thrang Sir John
 Never question’d, honest man !

‘ On that mairch, besides, I helpit
 Troops o’ comrades in distress !
 I e’en stown⁸ for them, an’ skelpit⁹
 Aft a lock aff kist¹⁰ or press !¹¹

¹ One and all.² None.³ With no bone.⁴ Took.⁵ Belly.⁶ Nought.⁷ Off-hand.⁸ Stole.⁹ Removed, here.¹⁰ Chest.¹¹ Cupboard.

‘For boots or blankets few cam’ wrang
 To the sodger of Sir John !
 An’ they but freends were, by my sang,
 Few, few left him that gat none !

‘O sweet and happy were those days—
 Ramping, raiding thro’ the touns !
 At a’ our pliskies,¹ ploys,² an’ plays
 I was Captain to the loons !³

‘But a’ our “looting” wasna⁴ *sin*,
 ‘Cause ’twas needit if we’d live !
 They’d promised—(Portoogal an’ Spain)—
 We’d ne’er want while they’d to give !

‘We cam’ amang them for their “good”
 Their fellest faes⁵ to fa’ on,
 And scatter—*eat* them if we could—
 And as order’d by Sir John !

‘And we tholed⁶ miseries ilka⁷ day,
 Miseries waur⁸ than Job e’er kent !⁹
 Thousan’s o’ strang men dwined¹⁰ away,
 With their hardships dounricht¹¹ spent !

‘Wherefore I plunder’d, and wad¹² yet—
 Sitooated same as than !
They war’ the sinners—not to get
 Rowth¹³ o’ rawtions—ev’ry man !

¹ Tricks. ² Frolics. ³ Wild fellows. ⁴ Was not. ⁵ Foes.
⁶ Endured. ⁷ Every. ⁸ Worse. ⁹ Experienced.
¹⁰ Dwindled ; pined. ¹¹ Downright. ¹² Would. ¹³ Abundance.

' Chiel's¹ dee'd² like cattle whan disease
 Like the Ploory³ veesits them !
 Steal as I could to gie them ease,
 Death afore me aft was hame !

' I burglar'd, high-way'd—what ye will—
 Daur'd⁴ my sowl's weal for these
 My fallow suff'ers, sterv'd an' ill,
 Dearer than thon⁵ Portooogese !

' To do this brawly,⁶ I boud be⁷
 Fou⁸ fed and strong, *and I was !*—
 As Sir John's servant, I was free
 With his "crumbs" to cram my hause.⁹

' And e'en I did sae—you may bet !
 I spared nowther¹⁰ grub¹¹ nor tod !¹²
 My pantry table, whan 'twas set,
 Groan'd like a Lord's neth¹³ its load !

' When Salamanca we had reach'd
 Of a' looting I let go,¹⁴
 For tho' the "Juntas" still but *preach'd*,
 A' the folk there didna so !

' But here was promised our Sir John
 A Grand Airmy—troops of Spain—
 E'en *seven* y thousan', but, och-on !
 We saucht¹⁵ for *ane*,¹⁶ and fand—*nane* !¹⁷

¹ Fellows.² Died.³ Pleuro-pneumonia.⁴ Risked.⁵ Yon.⁶ Thoroughly.⁷ Was bound to be.⁸ Full.⁹ Mouth ; palate.¹⁰ Neither.¹¹ Food.¹² Drink.¹³ Beneath.¹⁴ Let quit.¹⁵ Sought.¹⁶ One.¹⁷ Found

none, a historical fact.

‘ And Soult was on us, while Madrid
Had fa’en under Nap,¹ himsel’ !
Yet Spain lay idle, or jist slid
To her skid’s end,² and there—fell !

‘ Patrol skirmishing begoud³ now ;
Slade and Paget⁴ proved their grit,
And at Se-hagun raised a row
Whilk⁵ fair staggart Gallic wit !

‘ But, eh, sirss ! retreat was order’d !
Sir John saw the needfu’ stap !
Reinforcement Soult⁶ sae sowlder’d,
Sune his lines wad shaw⁷ nae gap !

‘ Weel ! on this retreat I saw, lads,
At the toun o’ Bembilene,
On wrang-doing sich a fa’, lads,
As Hell ne’er shamed sin’ it’s been !⁸

¹ Napoleon Bonaparte. ² Slide’s end. ³ Began. ⁴ British Generals under Moore. ⁵ Which.

⁶ Nicolas Jean De Dieu Soult, latterly Duke of Dalmatia. He was the son of a notary, but rose by sheer force of character, *sang-froid*, and ability to be ‘ Marshal General of France.’ Born at St. Amens-la-Bastide, in the department of Teru, on the 29th of March, 1769, he, in rapid succession, filled the highest posts in the armies of France, and was Chief of the Second Corps in Spain, which pursued the retreating British to Corunna. Soult, undoubtedly a great soldier, was for long a prime favourite with Napoleon—whom, however, he traduced in a book he published after Waterloo. In 1845 he retired from active service to his residence at Soultberg, where he died, November 26th 1851.—Vide, Chambers’s *Encyclopaedia*, art. ‘ Soult.’

⁷ Show.

⁸ ‘ The advanced guard, and the main body of the British army, marched ’ (from Astorga), ‘ on the 30th of December, for Villa Franca. Sir John Moore, with Paget, and the reserve, followed on the 31st.

‘ Our stampede syne to Coroonie
 Was a bluid-splairged,¹ fearfu’ race !
 Which made even bauld ² men spoony,
 And teuch ³ vet’rans pale of face !

The cavalry reach Camberas at midnight, when the reserve proceeded, and arrived next morning, remaining at the Bembilene, as the preceding divisions were marching off to Villa Franca. Here an unparalleled scene of debauchery presented itself. The stragglers from the preceding divisions so crowded the houses, that there was not accomodation for the reserve, while groups of the half-naked wretches belonging to the Marquis of Romana’ (Spanish general), ‘ completed the confusion. The French were following so close, that their patrols during the night fell in with the cavalry piquets. When Sir John Moore, with the reserve and cavalry, marched for Villa Franca, on the 2nd of January, he left Colonel Ross, with the 20th regiment, and a detachment of cavalry to cover the town ; while parties were sent to warn the stragglers, amounting to one thousand men, of their danger, and to drive them, if possible, out of the houses. Some few were persuaded to move on, but the far greater number, in despite of threats, and regardless of the approaching enemy, persisted in remaining, and were therefore left to their fate. The cavalry, however, only quitted the town on the approach of the enemy, and then, from the sense of immediate danger, was the road filled with stragglers, armed and disarmed, mules, carts, women and children, in the utmost confusion. The patrol of Hussars which had remained to protect them, was now closely pursued for several miles by five squadrons of French cavalry, who, as they galloped through the long line of stragglers, slashed them with their swords, right and left, without mercy, while, overcome with liquor, they could neither make resistance nor get out of the way. At Villa Franca, the General’ (Sir John), ‘ heard with deep regret of the irregularities which had been committed. . . . Magazines had been plundered, stores of wine broken open, and large quantities of forage and provisions destroyed. One man who had been detected in the atrocities, was immediately shot ; and a number of the stragglers, who had been miserably wounded by the French cavalry, were carried through the ranks, to show the melancholy consequences of inebriety, and the imprudence of quitting their companions ’—Chambers’s *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, art. ‘ Moore (Sir) John.’

¹ Blood-bedaubed. ² Bold. ³ Tough.

'Soul't's twenty thousan' at our heels
 Gart ¹ us use them featly, ² squire !
 Sae, also, our waggon wheels
 Shored ³ a' roads to set a-fire !

'Cairt-loads o' dollars we coup'd ⁴ down
 Mountains higher than Traprain : ⁵
 We couldna tak' them—tho' Sir John
 For the siller sair ⁶ made mane ! ⁷

'Whan that mairch endit, like a' else,
 And nae ships war' to be seen, ⁸

¹ Made. ² Actively. ³ Threatened. ⁴ Tilted. ⁵ An abrupt high hill near the middle of East Lothian. ⁶ Sore.

⁷ Lamentation. With regard to 'Coroonie's' statement of the 'cairt loads of dollars,' Dr R. Chambers, in the article quoted from, says that 'on the road to Nagles, the reserve fell in with forty waggons with stores sent from England for the Marquis of Romana's army. As there were no means of carrying them back, shoes, and such things as could be made use of, were distributed to the troops as they passed, and the rest destroyed. On the 5th, the rifle corps, which covered the reserve, was engaged with the enemy nearly the whole day, while everything that retarded the march was destroyed. Two carts of dollars, amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds, were rolled down a precipice on the side of the road which the advanced guard of the French passed in less than ten minutes thereafter. . . . It was afterwards known that this money fell into the hands of the Spanish peasants.'

⁸ With regard to this sad fact, Dr Chambers writes :—'Adverse winds had detained the transports, otherwise the whole army would have been embarked before the enemy could have come up. Only a few ships lay in the harbour, in which some sick men, and some stragglers, who had preceded the army, and represented themselves sick, had embarked. The army, though much fatigued, arrived at its destined position, and in good spirits. Bonaparte, with seventy thousand men, had in vain attempted to impede its progress; and its rear-guard, though often engaged, had never been thrown into confusion. But the

Sir John shouts to me—"Never false!
Ilka ¹ Black Watch man's my freen'!

"Come Forty-twa! thou's gang ² wi' me?
We're no' *Forty*, but we're *twa*,
Wha swith,³ this nicht, maun,⁴ fair an' free,
The morrow's battle plan an' draw"!

"Agreed!" says I, sae him an' me,
Disguised slap-bang as puir men,
Sune strack the French posts n'ar the sea,
An' fraterneez'd wi' them then!

'Wi' fuled ⁵ them richlie ⁶! hoax'd them a'!
Wysed ⁷ a' out them, bit by bit;
Roosed ⁸ sae the hoodies,⁹ they did craw ¹⁰—
Show'd us a' thing—but their wit!

"Rare Forty Second"! laugh'd Sir John,
"Thou has prued ¹¹ thysel' this nicht
One of ten muil'ons! Solomon
Couldna match'd ye in thy micht!

"Without ev'n kenning ¹² twenty words
O' their Lingo, thou didst draw
Frae them their numbers—guns and swurds ¹³—
Artillery an' cannon a'!

greatest danger was still to be incurred. The situation of Corunna was found to be unfavourable; the transports had not arrived, the enemy was already approaching on the heights, and might soon be expected in overwhelming force.'—Chambers's *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. iv., p. 38. Edition of 1835.

¹ Every. ² Go. ³ Swiftly. ⁴ Must. ⁵ Befooled. ⁶ Capitally.

⁷ Wiled. ⁸ Praised. ⁹ Prattlers. ¹⁰ Boast gaily. ¹¹ Proved.

¹² Knowing. ¹³ Swords.

“ Rare Forty Second ! ’Ithout fuss,
 I maun employ thy grand heid !¹
 To-morrow’s fecht² maun noo by us
 Be a’ schemed an’ skaitch’d wi’ speed !

“ Come then, my Wallace, come with me,
 I’s³ mak’ thee yet a great lord !
 Gin⁴ I can surveeve this rub thou’lt be
 A Scots yearl⁵ yet—tak’ my word ” !⁶

‘ Sae we went at it—a’ that nicht—
 Sir John an’ me—tho’ deid⁷ tired—
 Plotting an’ planning till day-light,
 Wi’ Auld Scotland’s juice⁸ inspired !

‘ Five thousan’ barrels o’ gunpoother
 We pat fire till that same day,—
 Which lay negleckit on the shooter
 O’ a mountain owre the bay !⁹

¹ Head. ² Fight. ³ I shall. ⁴ Should. ⁵ Earl.

⁶ ‘Coroonie’ was wont to declare to his latest day, that the death of Sir John Moore was even a greater calamity to him individually than it was to the British Empire collectively. ‘For,’ said he, ‘had Sir John lived, owre that battle’ (Corunna) ‘I wad hae been doing something else than cobblin’ bauchles, or drinking whiech like saip-graith this day ! O wearie me ! !’

⁷ Dead. ⁸ Mountain dew.

⁹ ‘On a hill outside the British posts were found this day five thousand barrels of gunpowder, which had been sent from England, and lay here neglected, though the Spanish armies were in great measure ineffective for want of ammunition. As many barrels as conveyance could be found, for which was but very few, were carried back to Corunna ; the remainder were blown up. The explosion shook the town of Corunna like an earthquake.’—Dr Robert Chambers.

‘ We fired the feck o’t, and the blast,
Like an airthquake fresh at wark,
Out owre the braid sea roaring pass’d,
And sair touzled young New York!

‘ And Soult up-jumpit an’ spat bluid!
His dandy snobs squeal’d like hogs,
Which, in ould Ireland’s times of flude,
Go down by hundreds in the bogs!

‘ Than lauch’d my Captain, dear Sir John,
“ Forty Second! Ye’se be *here*
On our Richt wing, for, my dear son,
It’s our weakest pint, I fear!¹

“ “ The *Pint of Honour* sae ’twill be,
And, therefore, *Thine! Thine*, I swear!
An thou come frae’t, an’ bear’st the gree,
Thou’s be in truth *My Son and Heir*”!

‘ Syne to Heid Quarters we slunk back,
Cuist our disguise, and pat on
The Garb of Heroes in a crack—
Twa Scots Heroes, dear Sir John!

‘ Our ships, like Britain’s paws flung out
To snatch her bairns frae that land,
Sheuk nervous in the morning route
Of haur an’ haze along the strand.

¹ ‘ This dangerous post was held by the 4th, 42nd, and 50th regiments. The position of the right wing was bad, and would, if forced, have ruined Moore’s whole army.’—Dr Robert Chambers.

‘But, by mid-day, Old Soult began !¹

Sir John, on horse, scann’d us a’,²
And owre the field nane soupler ran
To sett on—THE FORTY TWA³ !

“Remember Ee-gypt” ! he rair’d⁴ loud,

“Let them perish, stand or rin !
Pack them aff the Airth⁵ for good !
Forty Second ! Chairge ! and win” !

‘Wi’ him amang us, what could “stand” ?

Soult’s braw masses felt—and—fled !—
But swith,⁶ like wreckage on a strand,
They lay sprawlin’ a’—or—dead !

¹ ‘This evening’ (the eve of the battle) ‘the transports from Vigo hove in sight. . . . The enemy advanced to the height where the powder had been exploded ; and Colonel Mackenzie of the 5th regiment, in attempting to seize upon two of the enemy’s guns, was killed. . . . Next morning the enemy remained quiet, and it was finally resolved that the embarkation should take place that evening.’

² ‘About noon’ (of the 16th) ‘Sir John Moore sent for Colonel Anderson, to whom the care of the embarkation was confided. . . . At one o’clock his horse was brought, when he took leave of Anderson. . . . Mounting his horse, he set out to visit the outposts, and to explain his designs to his officers. On his way he was met by a report from General Hope, that the enemy’s line was getting under arms, at which he expressed the highest satisfaction ; but regretted that there would not be light enough to reap all the advantages he anticipated.’—Dr Chambers.

³ ‘Galloping into the field, he found the picquets already beginning to fire on the enemy’s light troops, which were pouring down the hill. Having carefully examined the position, and the movements of the armies, he sent off almost all his staff officers with orders to the different generals, he hastened himself to the right wing.’—Dr Robert Chambers.

⁴ Shouted.

⁵ Earth.

⁶ Soon.

‘ But some demandit—“ Whare is he ?
Bring our General to us !

‘ *Him* quarter’d safely sall ¹ we see,
Or die with him—ev’ry cuss ! ” ²

‘ Up rade Anderson the cornel ³—
(Him Sir John chairged to ship us)—
As wan’s our misery infernal
Whan the hill haurs did nip us !

‘ Laigh ⁴ he hung his head an’ lootit, ⁵
Laigh he lootit, but spak’ nane !
But his trouble—wha could doubt it—
Wha could doubt that saw his pain ?

‘ Sudden he stude ⁶ up and sabbit ⁷—
“ Comrades ! sodgers ! He is sick !
Sick, at last—ay, deidly ⁸ dabbit, ⁹
By the Gallic Vulture’s beak ! ” ¹⁰

¹ Shall. ² Every man.

‘ Sir John having ordered up a battalion of the Guards, Captain Hardinge was pointing out to him their position ’ (on the right wing), ‘ when he was beat to the ground by a cannon ball, which struck him on the left shoulder, carrying it entirely away, with part of the collar bone. Notwithstanding the severity of the wound, he sat up, with an unaltered countenance, looking intently on the Highlanders, who were warmly engaged ; and his countenance brightened, when he was told that they were advancing.’—Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, vol. iv., Art. *Sir John Moore*.

³ Colonel. ⁴ Low. ⁵ Stooped. ⁶ Stood. ⁷ Sobbed.

⁸ Deadly. ⁹ Pricked, wounded.

¹⁰ ‘ With the assistance of a soldier of the 42nd ’ (possibly ‘ Coroonie ?’) ‘ he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall ; Colonel Graham and Captain Woodford, coming up at the instant, rode off for a surgeon. . . . He was borne out of the field by six of the 42nd.

'Och-hon! och-hon! 'twas true he said!
I saw him dee!¹ Held his hand!
But Victory—ev'n his face owrespread,
It glow'd as he'd seen Happy Land!!'

Captain Hardinge remarking, that he hoped he would yet recover, he looked steadfastly at the wound, and said, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.' . . . 'A serjeant of the 42nd' (was it our 'Coroonie,' I wonder!), 'and two spare files escorted the General to Corunna, while Hardinge hastened to carry his orders to General Hope.'—Dr Chambers.

'The following is his friend Colonel Anderson's account of his last moments. "I met the General in the evening of the 16th, bringing in, in a blanket and sashes; he knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed my hand, and said, 'Anderson, do not leave me.' He spoke to the surgeons, while they were examining his wound, but was in such pain, he could say little." . . . 'After some time he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals expressed himself as follows: 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.' He then asked, "Are the French beaten? I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my Country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as possible. Tell them everything! My mother"—Here his voice failed, and he was excessively agitated. . . . "I have made my will," he continued, "and remembered my servants." . . . 'And then he said to me, "Anderson, remember you go to — and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a lieutenant-colonelcy. He has been long with me, and I know him worthy of it." He then asked Major Colbourne if the French were beaten; and on being told they were, on every point, he said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French . . . I feel so strong, I fear I shall be a long time in dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain." . . . He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanley, two of his aides-de-camp, then came to his room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked if all his aides-de-camp were well. He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.'—Dr Chambers.

'Thus died Sir John Moore in the forty-seventh year of his age, after having conducted one of the most difficult retreats on record, and

¹ Die.

Than this, 'Coroonie' never gat
 Ae wheet ¹ far'er a' his days,
 But, whan he raucht ² it, lang he grat,
 Syne ³ to Cathie's ⁴ took his ways!

LANG YOUNG TAM.⁵

A scourin' fouter ⁶ was lang young Tam,
 Our journalistic deevil,
 Wha ettled ⁷ aft at the best to glam ⁸
 By being jimply civil—
 Tho' nae O was his mither,
 Nor his daddy either,
 Over their heids,⁹ on wings never restin',
 Over their heids he ruled without question,
 Tho' nae O was his mither,
 Nor his auld daddy either!

Up i' th' morning—rubbing his e'en,¹⁰
 Yawning, raxing,¹¹ Och-heying;¹²
 Ere breakfast was set he was aye on the scene,
 And never brooking delaying,

secured the safety of the army entrusted to him. Few deaths have excited a greater sensation at the time they took place. The House of Commons passed a vote of thanks to his army, and ordered a monument to be erected for him in St. Paul's Cathedral. Glasgow, his native city, erected a bronze statue to his memory, at a cost of upwards of three thousand pounds.'—Dr Robert Chambers.

¹ Whit. ² Reached ³ Then. ⁴ His favourite public house.

⁵ A young journalist, the successive steps of whose progress are quite accurately—albeit ludicrously—alluded to in the rhyme. ⁶ Fellow.

⁷ Strove. ⁸ Grasp. ⁹ Heads. ¹⁰ Eyes. ¹¹ Stretching.

¹² Equal to, 'Oh, dear me!'

For nae spook was his mither,
Nor his daddy either,
Over the table he blinkit¹ supreme aye,
Noting the guid² things—the sugar and cream aye,
For nae ghost was his mither,
Nor his auld daddy either !

A fiend of a hecker³ was Lang Young Tam,
Aschets o' staiks⁴ were his quarry ;
Ane wad thaucht⁵ him a falcon naething could cram—
'Spite his bluidless⁶ brulzie wi' Barrie !⁷
For nae muff was his mither,
Nor his daddy either,
Over poor Barrie he tower'd lairge⁸ an' regal,
Down on poor Barrie he swoop'd like an eagle,
For nae muff was his mither,
Nor his auld daddy either !

Awa' for the West flew Lang Young Tam
On a cycle as heich⁹ as the Czar's ;
'Let them fallow,' quo' he, 'I carena a clam,
Let the centaur doun-ride me wha daurs !'
For a brick¹⁰ was his mither
And his daddy anither—
Over the country he flew like a swallow—
Over the country, high hill and hallow,—
For nae sloth was his mither,
Nor his auld daddy either !

¹ Looked sleepily. ² Good. ³ Gourmand ⁴ Large platters of
steaks. ⁵ One would have thought. ⁶ Bloodless. ⁷ His
first master. ⁸ Large. High. ¹⁰ A notable person.

At Knox-toun-on-Tyne, wearied Lang Tam
 Halted an' rested a spell,
 Then aff again faster than even he cam'!—
 'Hoo muckle?'¹ Nae mortal can tell!
 For nae dolt was his mither,
 Nor his daddy either,—
 Over the Post-road he rade² lowse³ an' lanky,
 Over the lang leagues he tore like a Yankee—
 For nae drone was his mither,
 Nor his auld daddy either!

That vera same eve, souple Lang Tam
 On the hichts⁴ o' Auld Reekie lay!
 Wi' the flock o' Saunt Giles,⁵ puir panting young lamb,
 He recruited three weeks and a day!—
 For nae tod⁶ was his mither,
 Nor his daddy either,
 Over Auld Reekie he scamper'd an' sweated,
 Over the Queen's Park he baa'd an' he bleated,
 For nae wolf was his mither,
 Nor his auld daddy either!

To ane black Coal Hole neist⁷ stray'd Lang Tam,
 Wiled thereto by a *slee*⁸ *knave*,
 Wha wi' *promishes* specious the laddie did cram,
 But only sair banes⁹ him *gave*!
 For a doo¹⁰ was his mither,
 And his daddy anither,

¹ How much faster.² Rode.³ Loose.⁴ Heights.⁵ St. Giles' Printing Company.⁶ Fox; wild beast.⁷ Next.⁸ Sly.⁹ Sore bones.¹⁰ Dove.

Over their laddie, abstracktit an' dreamy,
Over their laddie the Knave seem'd supreme, aye,
For a doo was his mither,
His auld daddy anither !

But, bless ye ! this kite's wark dune ¹ unto Tam
Proved neither fatal nor ill,—
In the mines o' St. Mungo mair ² than a balm
He fand ³ for't, an' fed on at will !
For a duck was his mither,
And his daddy anither,

Over the Knave soon his new plumes he flappit,
Deep in the kite soon his lang snout he stappit ⁴—
For a duck was his mither,
And his daddy anither !

Back in his eyrie, soaring Lang Tam
Wi' lear ⁵ his young crappie ⁶ doth fill ;
His eyrie is whaur ⁷ few folk ever clamb—
In the cluds ⁸ owre Parnassus' Hill !
Jove's bird was his mither,
His daddy anither,
Over his fellows, laymen an' legal,
Over the dullards he soars like an eagle,
For Jove's bird was his mither,
And his daddy anither !

¹ Done. ² More. ³ Found. ⁴ Thrust into. ⁵ Learning.

⁶ First stomach ; metaphorically, internal capacity. ⁷ Where.

⁸ Clouds,

JAMIE STEELE.

‘COROONIE’S’ contrast, but a ‘Pensioner’—
 Anither ancient sodger—I’d present ye, sir,
 Or madam, as my happy luck may be,
 Before we of ‘The Abbey’ shake us free.

Musing on a’ the auld folk here I’ve seen,
 What thochts¹ I think, what tears well to my een!
 Mouldering they maist² are in forgotten yird,³
 Unkenning, and unkenn’d,⁴ without ae⁵ word
 Of either praise or blame out owre their heids,⁶
 To hint what lives they led, what war’⁷ their deeds,
 What thochts they thaucht,⁸ what kind o’ dreams they
 dream’d,
 What was their *certain* worth, or what it *seem’d*.

‘Forgotten,’ truly! nae scribe but mysel’
 Deems’t worth his while to tak’ his pen and tell
 How such a folk,⁹ for mony a fatefu’ year,
 Ev’n in this clachan¹⁰ ca’d ‘The Abbey’—*here*,
 Lived lang, langsyne,¹¹ and struggled, and wrocht¹²
 hard,
 Were ‘sober’—sometimes—and had their reward;
 Or—ither times—‘gaed¹³ on the spree’ like deils,
 Sang auld warld sangs, and danced their auld warld
 ‘reels,’
 Laugh’d, grat,¹⁴ or flate an’ focht,¹⁵ syne¹⁶ turn’d again,
 Becam’ guid freen’s,¹⁷ and a’ outcasts amain

¹ Thoughts. ² Mostly. ³ Earth. ⁴ Unknowing and un-
 known. ⁵ One. ⁶ Over their heads. ⁷ Were. ⁸ Medit-
 ated. ⁹ People. ¹⁰ Little Village. ¹¹ Long, long ago.
¹² Wrought; toiled. ¹³ Went. ¹⁴ Cried. ¹⁵ Disputed
 and Fought. ¹⁶ Then. ¹⁷ Good friends.

Cuist¹ to the winds, and a' 'ill-words' forgot—
Till the neist² carnival re-roused the lot!

'Auld Jamie Steele, the Airmy Pensioner,'
Said he'd been in 'The Greys'³ owre twenty year,
And he look'd like it, verilie did he,
In his bare stockin' soles full sax fit three!
That he stude⁴ up to, 'gainst his gavel wa',⁵—
Whilk⁶ neibors⁷ o' his ain⁸ themsel's ance⁹ saw—
Ae Handsel Monday's¹⁰ blythsome efternune,¹¹
Whan the guid¹² cheer an' maut¹³ had gat abune¹⁴
His unco¹⁵ hicht¹⁶ and icy altitude
Of frozen still reserve, and thaw'd his blude¹⁷

He was dischairged 'the back o' Waterloo,'
And hame cam' straucht,¹⁸ and there his pension drew,
Without devald¹⁹ down to his end—as still
As he'd been quarried whunstone²⁰ out the Hill.²¹

'Nancy' his brisk spouse was, and, by my faith,
An he were 'still,' she spak' eneuch²² for baith²³!
She 'keepit a sma' shop,' for aye, atweel,
A sicker gatherer o' gear was Steele;
Gin²⁴ he war' out, the 'shoppie' ne'er was toom,²⁵
And Nannie's gab²⁶ gaed²⁷ like a wabster's loom;

¹ Threw. ² Next. ³ Scots Greys—the First Royal Dragoons.

⁴ Stood. ⁵ End wall of his house. ⁶ Which. ⁷ Neighbours.

⁸ Own. ⁹ Once. ¹⁰ The first Monday of the year, old

style—an old Scots festival-day. ¹¹ Afternoon. ¹² Good.

¹³ Malt; whisky, etc. ¹⁴ Above. ¹⁵ Uncommon. ¹⁶ Height.

¹⁷ Blood. ¹⁸ Straight. ¹⁹ Intermission. ²⁰ Whinstone.

²¹ Garletonrange, north-west of the village. ²² Enough. ²³ Both.

²⁴ If. ²⁵ Empty. ²⁶ Tongue. ²⁷ Went.

Yet 'clashing' ¹ Nanny' was a guid kind sowl,
 Nane hicher ² cramm'd a beggar's awmous bowl,³
 Nane brang ⁴ a cheerier, fairer face in view,
 Or help'd the needy mair the clachan ⁵ through
 Than this same canty ⁶ body, 'Nannie Steele,'
 Did a lang life-time, baith wi' mense ⁷ an' meal.

She had ae ⁸ bairn—only the ane had she,
 But bonnier wee thing never plaigit ⁹ me,
 Whan we war' brats thegither at the schule,¹⁰
 And 'Sam' her slave becam',—the love-lorn fule! ¹¹

Her Dad, the solemn, sedate Pensioner,
 And Silent Enemy of sturt and stir,
 Strade ¹² daily through the Village to his wark
 On Blackie's farm ayont ¹³ the kirkyaird park.

Squire Blackie was a fermin' 'gentleman,'
 A *Great Authority* amang his clan,
 A sort of rural 'Deuk o' Wellington,'—
 The maist ¹⁴ fit captain Steele could licht ¹⁵ upon;
 Leader and fallower war' sae similar
 In a' but gear, folk class'd the twa on par.

What was the Pensioner's employment?
That few outsiders ever truly kent,
 He daily to 'The Mains' gaed ¹⁶ mony a year,
 But whaten ¹⁷ for, gif ¹⁸ ony daur'd to speir,¹⁹

¹ Gossiping. ² Higher. ³ Dish for receiving alms. ⁴ Brought.
⁵ Village. ⁶ Cheery. ⁷ Discretion. ⁸ One. ⁹ Plagued.
¹⁰ School. ¹¹ Fool. ¹² Strode. ¹³ Beyond. ¹⁴ Most.
¹⁵ Fall. ¹⁶ Went. ¹⁷ What object. ¹⁸ If. ¹⁹ Dared to
 enquire.

He drave them aff wi' little waste o' wind,
And bade them short their *ain* affairs gae mind.

Sometimes amang the herds an' flocks awa
The great ex-trooper striding people saw ;
But what his business was—he kenn'd himsel',
If not, nae ither saul on earth could tell !
At hantrin ¹ times, some saw him setting flakes,²
Or driving, Gargantuan-wise, the stakes—
Ca'd 'stabs,' langsyne—for haudin'³ up the nets
That keep within the 'break' the shepherd sets
His feeding sheep—or 'hoggs' ⁴—upo' the neeps,⁵
The lang, lang winters through on Lawland steeps.

Steele seldom gomed ⁶ outsiders ony time,
Either in his auld age or in his prime.
In his blue bonnet, an' white moleskin suit,
He stalk'd alang the Clachan ⁷—in and out—
Stern, stiff, an' straucht—commanding, dignified ;
And unto a', with but one word replied,—
'Guid mornin', or 'guid nicht, as it micht be,
And pass'd on to his purpose—*soldierly*.

Yet there war' neibors,⁸ mony, keen to hear
The story o' the Warrior's career,
Could they hae only wysed ⁹ him on't to crack,¹⁰
But a' that tried him—a' cam' swithly ¹¹ back,
A' swearing that the Man whase name was Steele,
Was but as steel in sooth to each appeal !

¹ Occasional. ² Hurdles. ³ Holding. ⁴ Sheep after weaning,
and under one year old. ⁵ Turnips. ⁶ Noticed ; heeded.

⁷ Little village. ⁸ Neighbours. ⁹ Induced. ¹⁰ Converse.

¹¹ Swiftly.

At length the DOMINIE gat smitten too
 With the grand craze to learn his hist'ry through,
 And, being 'a man of brains and tact,' ae ¹ day
 To *Nannie* he made known what he wad hae,²
 And Nannie promish'd to 'do what she could,'
 And coax the Pensioner in 's first 'guid ³ mood,
 To tell a' owre his life's heroic page
 To 'this maist ⁴ famous learn'd man and sage!'

Deid true ⁵ to the compact atween the twa,
 Nannie, that vera nicht, her 'man' ⁶ did *draw*!⁷
 Steele stared atweel as 'twere the Deil he heard,
 And moonged an' mummelt ⁸ sair ⁹ at ilka ¹⁰ word,
 But, at the hinner ¹¹ end, he grumph'd out glum—
 '*Aweel, Guid-wife, e'en let the Gommrell* ¹² *come!*

Nannie, enraptured, this her learn'd freen'
 Advised of prompt, and he 'cam' east' bedeen.¹³
 'Good evening, Sargeant Steele!' the Pedant said,
 'E'ening,' the Warrior answer'd, none afraid;
 'Nancy has tauld ¹⁴ me that thou's fidgin' fain ¹⁵
 'To ken my ongauns ¹⁶ in the Great Deuk's train,
 'Throo a' the years I follow'd whare he led?
 'But that's abune ¹⁷ my poo'r,¹⁸ sae tak' instead,
 'The wee wheen ¹⁹ crinches o't I mind myself—
 'They'll pain as much to hear as me to tell!—
 'Into the Greys I listit just before
 'Deidly Tournay was feuchan ²⁰ sherp an' sore!

¹ One. ² Have. ³ Good. ⁴ Most. ⁵ Strictly faithful.
⁶ Husband. ⁷ Sound him on the subject. ⁸ Mumbled and
 complained. ⁹ Sore. ¹⁰ Every. ¹¹ Hinder. ¹² Stupid
 fellow. ¹³ At once. ¹⁴ Told. ¹⁵ Excitedly anxious.
¹⁶ Doings ¹⁷ Above; beyond. ¹⁸ Power. ¹⁹ Small
 number. ²⁰ Foughten.

' And all our battles, down to Waterloo,
 ' I took my share in ! Noo, sir, will that do ?
 ' I'm not like some—for instance, old Coroonie,
 ' Wast bye the village, who gets always luna
 ' At Quarter-pension times, and age and youth
 ' Deeves ¹ with his narratives of lies and truth,
 ' About his "great exploits"—nae scrimpit ² store !—
 ' And his stoopendous Idol—Sir John More !
 ' Under the Dook—(*he* was enough for me)—
 ' I did my best, let *that* suffice for thee,
 ' Coroonie-wise, I canna yarn at will,
 ' Nor wad I care to try't, tho' I'd the skill !'

Wi' these plain words, he teuk ³ his cruisie ⁴ up,
 And ben the house ⁵ to bed richt aff did whup,⁶
 Wi' fine defiant and high sodger air,
 Like Whig-buff'd Wellington thro' Palace Square.
 But, ' Losh preserve us a' ! ' fu' loud cried Nannie,
 ' Ye downa ⁷ gae ⁸ to bed 'enoo, my mannie ?
 ' The Dominie's comed yont, anes-eerand,⁹ here,
 ' To learn the truth about yer *haill* ¹⁰ career—
 ' Thon ¹¹ awfu' meelytirry sodg'rin' days,
 ' Whan your tredd wark ¹² was unco ¹³ like yer claes,¹⁴
 ' Bluidy ¹⁵ an fearsome, an' yer ain twa hands
 ' Slash'd mony Frainchies doun in mony lands !
 ' Touts, touts, my man ! jist tell him what ye can,
 ' Tho' it's against the grain—what odds is't than ? ¹⁶

¹ Deafens. ² Scanty. ³ Took. ⁴ Small household lamp. ⁵ Into the
 inner apartment. ⁶ Hasten ⁷ Cannot. ⁸ Go ⁹ Come
 along, on purpose. ¹⁰ Whole. ¹¹ Yon. ¹² Professional
 employment. ¹³ Very, here. ¹⁴ Clothes. ¹⁵ Bloody.
¹⁶ Then.

‘ Our neibors round about wad sell their sarks ¹
 ‘ Aff their fat backs to ken o’ your least warks !’

‘ Bah ! nonsense, Nancy ! Stand out o’ my road !
 ‘ The Dominie, and all his idiot squad,
 ‘ Tho’ they were threeplet, ² could not turn one round
 ‘ Who ’gainst a whole Soult’s troop once stood his
 ground !’

Thus, speaking lown, ³ but sternly, he strade ben ⁴
 ‘ Ithout anither cheep to his ain den,
 Leaving the Pedagogue and Gossip mum,
 As if their mutual maze had struck them dumb.

‘ Eh, Maister Creashem !’ Nannie gasp’d at last
 ‘ Excuse him, Maister Creashem ! for the Past
 ‘ Jimes cares as little as we twa, I trow,
 ‘ Care for the sowp ⁵ we drank, Kirn-time, ⁶ at Howe,
 ‘ Ere Mistress Creashem culyied ⁷ ye aff hame
 ‘ Afore the bile got back intil yer wame !’ ⁸

‘ No, Madam Steele !’ the Dominie replied,
 ‘ Thy husband is a man too dignified,
 ‘ Too proud, precise, concise, reticent, terse—
 ‘ (One altogether thy direct reverse !)
 ‘ To babble, *even to me*, in vain lip glory,
 ‘ The secrets of his great unheard-of story !
 ‘ But, Madam Nancy ! if thou canst acquire
 ‘ Aught, e’en the least of it, from thy close squire,
 ‘ Step west the village to my house that day—
 ‘ What time my pupils are giv’n leave to play,

¹ Shirts. ² Trebled ³ Calm. ⁴ In, further to the interior.
 ⁵ Sup. ⁶ Harvest-home time. ⁷ Enticed. ⁸ Belly.

‘ And tell it me, and I shall work it so
 ‘ That thou, and I, and all our friends will grow,
 ‘ And bloom in Fortune’s sunshine in these wilds,
 ‘ And propagate a race of Scots Rothchilds !’

‘ Eh, Maister Creashem, na !’ Nannie laugh’d loud,
 ‘ Rothchields down here wad ne’er be understood !
 ‘ Or, if they blumed ava, sich ¹ blumes, I ween,
 ‘ Wad be as flow’rs that blume an’ blush unseen,
 ‘ And waste their fine smell on the caller ² air,
 ‘ Like gowans ³ i’ the kirkyaird down bye there !
 ‘ But, Maister Creashem, I’se keep ye in mind,
 ‘ An’ what ye’ve said this nicht, *sae vera kind* !
 ‘ I’ll pit the screw on Jimsie, that sall I,
 ‘ An’ lat ye ken the outcome, by-an-bye !
 ‘ Noo ! Maister Dominie, ye’ll taste o’ mine,

‘ Glenleevit saften’d wi’ our siller Tyne ?
 ‘ Nae better tippie e’er gaed ⁴ owre Man’s craig,
 ‘ It’s Davie Dure’s, ⁵ and it wad cure the Plague !’ ⁶

‘ Well ! Mistress Nancy !—As I’m troubled sore
 ‘ With a vile cough and cold, I’ll pree thy store !
 ‘ The more especially, and readilie,
 ‘ As I have snuff’d the last of my rappee !
 ‘ So ! Here is thy good health, the Warrior’s too—
 ‘ Our unsung hero of Red Waterloo !’

¹ Such. ² Pure ; cool. ³ Wild daises. ⁴ Went. ⁵ A well-known
 licensed grocer in the town, and a Waterloo Veteran also.
⁶ Cholera.

WHERE GRANNY LIVED.

The vera *claes*¹ that Granny wore
 I min' yet were—such-and-such,—
 Fancying I see her at that door,
 In her auld '*soobackit mutch!*'²

Nae 'silly shoosie'³ faigs⁴ was Granny!
 She awed the youngsters mair than 'Cloots'⁵;
 Some gomrells⁶ said she 'wasna canny,'⁷
 And bairns seldom cherish doubts.

Nor feckless⁸ either e'er was Granny!
 Furth frae a pow⁹ nor sma' nor boss,¹⁰
 For ilka strait¹¹ she brang¹² a plan aye,
 And never ance¹³ was 'at a loss.'

Here in this wee house, 'a' her lane,'¹⁴
 Lang years a widow's weird she dree'd,¹⁵
 Keepit hens,¹⁶ and wan her ain,'¹⁷—
 And puirer wretches shared her breid.¹⁸

¹ Clothes. ² A once favourite style for old ladies' caps, or 'mutches,' for indoors, the form of which was humorously said to resemble that of a sow's back. ³ Foolish female. ⁴ Exclamatory, equal to 'By my word!' ⁵ One of the numerous Scots designations for the devil. ⁶ Stupid people. ⁷ Was not unaddicted to witch-craft. ⁸ Shiftless. ⁹ Out of a head. ¹⁰ Neither small nor empty. ¹¹ Every difficulty. ¹² Brought. ¹³ Once. ¹⁴ By herself alone. ¹⁵ Endured. ¹⁶ Kept poultry. ¹⁷ Earned her own living. ¹⁸ Bread.

But five and twenty years in pain,
 Bed-fast, did she lie and dwine;¹
 Noo, five and twenty mair² she's lain³
 In her graf⁴ beside the Tyne.⁵

My noble gran! thou pray'd for death,
 And verilie thy pray'r was heard!
 Here a' thou askit for thou hath,
 But surely mair is thy reward?

KATIE SLICHT.⁶

Proud Katie Slicht and Mathie Skaed,
 As man and wife, slipp'd into bed.
 Quo' Mathie—'Katie! lie abreid,⁷
 Yer legs are cauld as frozen leid,⁸
 Or e'en thae icicles without,
 That beard the houses round about!"

¹ Pine away. ² More. ³ Been lying. ⁴ Grave. ⁵ The river Tyne, which flows close by the Churchyard at Prestonkirk, East Lothian, wherein she was buried. She died in her ninety-sixth year.

⁶ Mrs Mathew Skaed, or Skedd, *née* Katie Slight, or Slicht, was the wife of a village mason, who was widely reputed to have been a 'splendid tradesman,' *i.e.*, artizan. She also kept a 'wee shoppie,' in which she sold much bread, and a few small groceries. She was an 'educated woman,' and refined, and otherwise somewhat above the common villagers of her day. Notwithstanding all this, it was generally believed that she was addicted too much to secret drinking, and notably so when she visited the County Town, purposely to pay her grocer's and baker's bills. It was on one of those expeditions that she ultimately lost her life by drowning, in the River Tyne—whether by accident or purpose was never known. This very sad and startling event took place exactly as described in the above 'Rhyme.'

⁷ Further aside. ⁸ Lead.

Quo' she, ' If my poor limbs are cold,
 You grumbling dotard ! then be told
 You mayn't be bother'd with them long,
 For time is ripe, or I'm far wrong !
 Thou'lt mind my words when 'tis too late—
 Ye silly, antic blatherskate ! ' ¹

* * * * *

Albeit there were an Abbey Schule,²
 Sam, and a chum named Geordie Crail,
 Gat lessons at the County Toun—
 Their Abbey hame a mile aboon,³
 To which the fairest gate,⁴ lang syne
 Was by the bonnie banks o' Tyne.'

The water there of that dear river
 Flows calm an' deep an' gently ever,
 And in the early budding Spring
 Afforded boys rare scope to fling
 Athwart its fish-teeming deep—
 (Whare aye the great 'twa punders' sleep
 The cauld days through, wi' sea-trout mated)—
 Their secret 'lines' of twine, weel baited
 Wi' curling worms, on barb'd hooks spitted,
 And, like a' laddies ⁵ thereabouts,
 Our twa were daft on 'catching trouts.'

Aneth a knowe,⁶ kenn'd as ' High-bank,'
 Twice daily they their string lines sank ;

¹ A talker of nonsense. ² School. ³ Above, up the river. ⁴ Road.

⁵ Boys. ⁶ Beneath a knoll.

It lies half way 'tween ¹ toun an' clachan,²
 Weel loe'd by poaching Bauldy Strachan!
 Wha, in the yearly ' back-end ' ³ spates,
 Used to net fish by hundredweights!

Ae efternune ⁴ in gousty Mairch,
 Whan dool ⁵ an' dust on wand'ers pairch,
 Geordie and Sam, freed for the day,
 Frae schule did hameward mak' their way;
 They saw, ' far doun the water side,'
 Before them; Katie in her ' pride,'
 Wha had been at the Toun, perhaps,
 Squaring accounts for tea and baps;⁶
 But whether she'd haen ⁷ ony skeichan,⁸
 To 'face the night,' whilk ⁹ was a dreich ¹⁰ ane,
 They couldna tell—she was a wee
 Owre far afore them *thaat* to see.

But gleg-ee'd ¹¹ Geordie sudden cried,
 ' O Sam, whare has auld Katie shied ?
 I hope she's no doun at our lines ?
 But if she is—there will be shines ! ¹²
 But gosh ! ¹³ *whare* is she ? Sam let's rin,¹⁴
 And draw the lines ere she begin !'

Awa they sped an' gain'd High-bank
 Ere many moments mair had sank,
 Whare a' things kenn'd o' sink at last—
 Into their places in the Past—

¹ Between. ² Town and village. ³ Late autumnal. ⁴ One
 afternoon. ⁵ Care. ⁶ Loaves of bread. ⁷ Had.
⁸ Intoxicating liquor. ⁹ Which. ¹⁰ Dull ; stormy. ¹¹ Sharp-
 eyed. ¹² Rows. ¹³ Exclamatory, equal to *But ah!* ¹⁴ Run.

And fand ¹ their lines, and drew them fair,
 Seeing neither wife nor woman there,
 The sole regret o' either callan' ²
 Being that they had nae trouts to haul in.

Twa weeks before, a spate at lairge
 Had left its record on the marge
 Neth ³ High-bank, in a ledge o' sand—
 A smooth, fair, bonnie crimson band—
 That fringed baith land an' water braw,⁴
 And mickle ⁵ pleased our laddies twa.
 But wow! this nicht what was upwash'd,—
 Their 'bonnie bank o' sand,'—was 'hash'd!' ⁶
 Some ane, a hunner yairds,⁷ or mair,
 Had 'walkit doun't an' spoilt it sair!' ⁸
 'Look at thae fitmarks! O, the brutes,
 To crush sich beauty wi' their cloots!' ⁹

Whan they had 'drawn' and 'set' their baits,¹⁰
 Ere they resumed their hameward gates,¹¹
 Baith noted that the 'fit-marks' stappit ¹²
 Exactly whare the lines were drappit,
 Just in between the setts belanging
 To ilk ¹³ young fisher—neither wranging—
 The westmaist, Sam's; the eastmaist, Geordie's,
 For they war' twa far-seeing wordies! ¹⁴
 Still, they were boys, and sae the fact
 Whare the 'marks' stapt did little act

¹ Found. ² Boy. ³ Under. ⁴ Gay; grand. ⁵ Greatly. ⁶ Defaced.
⁷ Hundred yards. ⁸ Sore. ⁹ Cloven feet. ¹⁰ Boys, then,
 at least in that district, so denominated their secret fishing lines.
 These, when 'set,' were generally left all night, or for hours during
 the day, unvisited. ¹¹ Ways. ¹² Stopped. ¹³ Each.
¹⁴ Worthies.

Upo' their young and wanton pows,¹
 Which straightway frae the theme did lowse,²
 And urged them hame wi' tentless³ haste,
 Whare sune⁴ 'twas 'clean forgotten,' maist.⁵

But no' sae sune!—To Sam's bed-side
 A stalwart chiel' that'nicht did stride—
 (A freend o' Kate's)—wha question'd free
 Whan and whare last he Kate did see?
 And Sam, bold boy, tell't⁶ a' he kenn'd,
 Whareat the lang man growl'd an' graned,
 For *he* 'jaloosed' the 'marks' they fand
 Upo' the bonnie fringe o' sand,
 War' luckless Kate's! 'cause to that hap
 Her absense, quo' he, pointed slap,
 And shored⁷ the warst⁸—a play'd out game,
 Whare Death wad win!—'*she wasna*⁹ *hame*!'

She had ae bairn,¹⁰ a gentle boy,
 Up from his birth her 'only joy';
 Crying, neist morn, to Sam cam' he,
 Imploring what Sam couldna gie¹¹—
 News o' his mither's safety, and
 Assurance she'd be back aff-hand!

This little follower, shivering, pale,
 And paler aye as hope did fail,
 Young as he was, Sam for him felt
 Sae vera 'baad,' he 'could have knelt

¹ Heads. ² Quit. ³ Careless. ⁴ Soon. ⁵ Mostly. ⁶ Told; confessed. ⁷ Indicated; threatened. ⁸ Worst. ⁹ Was not.
¹⁰ One child. ¹¹ Could not give.

E'en to the *Maiden*,¹ there an' than,
 And given his life up *like a man*,
 If on his playmate wadna fa' ²
 The driedfu' ³ ill his mind did shaw! ' ⁴

Meanwhile, 'the men' resolved upon
 Having the boat from Stevenson,⁵
 To drag the river-bottom o'er
 As far's High-bank, 'tween shore and shore.

Geordie and Sam this project heard,
 And they'd be in it, by the lord!
 'Raither than schule band ⁶ them that day
 The truant twenty times they'd play!'
 And so, nane backward nor afraid,
 They hid their 'books' at the Cascade,⁷
 And saunter'd back to join bedeen ⁸
 The croud now gathering on The Green,⁹
 Sam telling George they'd 'see the boat
 Close to the very Cascade float,
 And, if they dinna ¹⁰ get her, then
 They'll lainch it far'er up, I ken,
 And dregg richt up as far's our baits,
 For lying *there* I think she waits!
 Yon fit-marks, Geordie, *maun* ¹¹ be hers,
 Nae ither body that way stirs?

¹ The rude machine for effecting public decapitations in Edinburgh in former times. ² Would not fall. ³ Dreadful. ⁴ Show; portend.

⁵ Seat of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., two miles below the County Town.

⁶ Bound. ⁷ A beautiful, albeit artificial, waterfall, about a quarter of a mile above the celebrated old bridge over the Tyne.

⁸ By-and-bye. ⁹ The flat bank of the river between the bridge and the mill, the village *rendezvous*. ¹⁰ Do not. ¹¹ Must.

She wad gang on until she fand ¹
 A bit to droun her in aff-hand! ²
 Ane *deep* eneuch, ³ and at our baits
 There's water to droun a' the Kates
 That e'er war' kittled, ⁴ or will be,
 Atween the Hill-fits ⁵ an' the sea! '
 'Sammy, ye're richt!' Geordie rejoind,
 He being of the self-same mind.
 'I'se bet ye, Sammy, my best bool ⁶
 They find her in the High-bank pool—

Gin she be raily ⁷ droun'd ava, ⁸
 As, gosh! she must, sin' baith ⁹ o's saw
 Her there last nicht, an' she's no' hame,
 An' if no' droun'd—Auld Nick's to blame!'

The boat was launch'd abune ¹⁰ the Brig
 Whaur smert Dick Scott ¹¹ had a' thing trig;
 Mathie and ither fowre ¹² gat in—
 Fowre men to row, the ither ane ¹³
 Upo' her expedition drear
 The fatefu' little bark to steer.
 Silent she shot out frae the shore,
 Nae cheers gat she to speed her o'er
 Her gruesome mission, but, at atweel,
 If wishes guid an' prayers leal,
 Can bless a boatie—*she* was safe,
 If e'er was sea or river waif!

¹ Found. ² At once. ³ Enough. ⁴ Brought forth; born
⁵ The Northern border of the Lammermoors. ⁶ Marble.
⁷ Really. ⁸ At all. ⁹ Both. ¹⁰ Above. ¹¹ The then
 able and handy man of the village, albeit but a masons' labourer.
¹² Other four. ¹³ One.

They durst but twa at ance¹ let row—
 The ithers had the dreggs in tow,
 And *they* war' fashious!²—crude cleeks, an' crooks,
 Grapnels, picks, muck-hawks, and hooks
 For hauling strae,³ an' hinging⁴ swine
 That cottars stick an' scrape⁵ sae fine,
 Besides, road-harls,⁶ rakes, an' forks,
 Sae needfu' in maist⁷ kintra⁸ works,
 Of siccan⁹ gear the boat was fou¹⁰—
 A' braucht¹¹ by simple sauls,¹² I trew,
 Wha their respect for Mathie spoke
 But in this fashion—*true Scots folk!*

Between the Brig and the Cascade
 A noble pool—lang, deep and braid—
 Stretches gleaming—glassing ever
 A cloud cortege in the river,
 Whar banks and woods upturn'd appear—
 A dual warld shadowing clear—
 And March month's sun and mottled skies
 Inclose a Fairy paradise!
 Alas, betimes, things else as weel—
 The thunder wrack, the lichtnin's sweil,
 The fierce hail-pelt, the driving rain,
 The forest-tumbling hurricane,
 Aft in the March days—ilk wee while¹³—
 Sour Winter's spleen, sweet simmer's smile!

And now that pool romantic bears
 The sole ward of a people's pray'rs,

¹ Two at a time. ² Troublesome. ³ Straw. ⁴ Suspending
 as dead meat. ⁵ Slaughter and clean. ⁶ Scrapers. ⁷ Most.
⁸ Country. ⁹ Such kind of. ¹⁰ Full. ¹¹ Brought. ¹² Souls.
¹³ Every little while.

The magnet strong that draws a' eyes,
 The heart of strange anxieties,
 The cradle of baith ¹ hopes and fears—
 As doubt alternate chills and cheers.

At last—as auld Dick Scott did plan—
 This 'Stan'in' ² Water' a' was drawn,
 Dreggit an' rakit, ³ ev'ry foot,
 Yet naething fund ⁴ worth hauling out,
 Mair than tree-ruits, ⁵ bauchles an' bratts, ⁶
 Swaln ⁷ bodies o' droun'd dougs ⁸ an' cats,
 Puppies an' kittlins ⁹ by the score,
 And luckless crockery galore !

This being sae, past the Cascade
 The boat was featly ¹⁰ ta'en, and laid
 In her ain ¹¹ element again,—
 Anither ¹² half-mile water-plain,
 Whare, mid-way up, High-bank is seen
 Bulging aloft in garb o' green,
 And whare, as either lad divines,
 Are lying still their hail ¹³ six lines !

But here, as nae droun'd ¹⁴ folk war' gotten,
 The croud dispersed this half-way spot on—
 'Maist ¹⁵ but the bairns—an eager band
 Of wondering chits on either strand,

¹ Both. ² Standing, or slow-flowing. ³ Dragged and raked.
⁴ Nothing found. ⁵ Roots. ⁶ Old footwear, and remnants
 of clothing. ⁷ Swollen. ⁸ Drowned dogs. ⁹ Kittens.
¹⁰ Smartly ; cleverly. ¹¹ Own. ¹² Another. ¹³ Whole.
¹⁴ No drowned. ¹⁵ Most.

Whase open minds were stow'd that day
 Wi' ither ¹ stuff than 'books' or 'play,'
 And what that was—it was decreed,
 They'd a' mind till the day they dee'd ²!

Geordie and Sam, on the North side,
 Close by the boat, tined ³ a' their pride
 In anxious thocht ⁴ an' boyish fear,
 And a'maist henn'd ⁵ whan ⁶ they drew near
 Those secret, sacred 'baits' o' theirs—
 Equipt an' set as fellest snares,
 For tempting, an' for hooking trouts
 Securely by the gills or snouts,
 An' haudin' ⁷ them, till the twa came
 Wi' glorious glee to tak' them hame!

The boat was at them! Geordie's first
 Lay neth ⁸ its keel, but he ne'er durst
 Mak' sign, until Dick Scott cried clear
 'Hold on! hold on! what have we here?'
 And drawing in his grapnel keen
 Up to the surface poo'd bedeen ⁹
 Ten yairds o' string, with 'sinkers' wechtit, ¹⁰
 To mak' the 'bait' lie whare it lichtit, ¹¹
 And at its end a twa-pun' ¹² trout,
 As lang's its owner's sel', about,
 Whilk had been 'catch'd' some hours before,
 And was as deid ¹³ as nail in door,

¹ Other. ² Died. ³ Lost. ⁴ Thought. ⁵ Almost gave in;
 lost courage. ⁶ When. ⁷ Holding. ⁸ Under. ⁹ Pulled
 immediately. ¹⁰ Weighted. ¹¹ Alighted. ¹² Two-pound.
¹³ Dead.

Or as kirk sculpts,¹ whilk² hav'rels³ say
War' living in Saunt Dauvid's⁴ day.

Dick pluck'd the fine fish aff the hook,
But this was mair than George could brook ;
Sae loud he bawl'd—' Scott that's ma line !
An' that's ma trout—baith o' them's mine !'
Dick smiled to hear a ten-year-auld
Sing out sae crouselly and sae bauld⁵
And toss'd the 'grand prize' to'rds the bank,
But it fell short a yaird, and—sank !

Geordie's twa ither gins the punt
Slode canny owre and gave nae hint.
Instanter, syne,⁶ the boat shot on,
Into that braid⁷ and dreaded zone—
Some twenty paces wide—which lay
Between their sev'ral 'baits' that day !
Sam keekit⁸ at the 'yellow sand'
Press'd with the 'marks' along the strand ;
'They were a woman's foot-prints, sure ?
A trim-shod woman—so, not poor ?
And whatna ane⁹ wad¹⁰ come that gate,¹¹
And gang nae far'er,¹² if not Kate ?'

Straucht down¹³ the middle o' the hemm¹⁴
She plain had come wha impress'd them—

¹ Figures in stone seen in Old Church walls. ² Which. ³ Foolish talkers. ⁴ David I. of Scotland, called otherwise the "sair sanct," and the founder of many ecclesiastical buildings. ⁵ Bold.
⁶ Then. ⁷ Broad. ⁸ Peeped slyly. ⁹ What other one.
¹⁰ Would. ¹¹ Way. ¹² Go no further. ¹³ Straight down.
¹⁴ Fringe ; border.

Those boding 'marks,' which ev'n this youth
Had forced, or guided, to the truth.

They pointed down the water a'—
Except the vera hin'maist twa,¹
Which at richt angles to the pool,
Were set as square's a mason's rule.
These war' the last, as said before,
The last 'marks' on the sand inshore,
And boded to the youthfu' mind
The 'men' wad here some terror find—
Some horror that wad ² pay them full
For their blank search in the first pool!

Auld Scott this track along the sand,
Like a Red Indian, spied aff-hand,³
And nearer to the bank, or cliff,
The helmsman cried to steer the skiff;
Syne,⁴ ere a meenit mair ⁵ had flown,
Again shriek'd out—'Hold on! hold on!'

The boatmen stay'd their oars in fear,
And sat like stanes, owre scaur'd to speir⁶
What caused the halt, and seem'd to be
Deid feart⁷ to hear what sune⁸ they'd see!

For they had been 'in hopes' before,
That, as they'd dreggit,⁹ shore to shore,
Up-stream to this, and naething found
Of either man or woman droun'd,
Puir¹⁰ Katie still was safe an' sound!

¹ Hindmost two. ² Would. ³ At once. ⁴ Then. ⁵ A
minute more. ⁶ Too awed to enquire. ⁷ Dead afraid.
⁸ Soon. ⁹ Dragged. ¹⁰ Poor.

The crouds on ilka¹ side the watter—
 A' that war' left sin' the great scatter—
 Were 'muckle² o' the wey³ o' thinkin',
 That Kate was safe, an' only drinkin'!
 Maist likely she'd be hame that nicht,
 Ma faigs,⁴ nae fear o' Katie Slicht!
 She!! she could turn ye roond her finger,
 And twenty like ye!—*Gang⁵ an' bring her!*'

Amang the folk hooever were
 Three chiefs⁶ wha couldna 'think' sae fair—
 Dick Scottie and our twa wee laddies,⁷
 Three deevils as gleg-e'ed as caddies⁸
 Doun by Nor'-Berwick, or the spuirrel's
 That thro' the Laird's wood twists an' twirls,
 And eats mair nits⁹ an' pheasants' eggs
 Than wad fill mony a cadger's kegs.¹⁰

Auld Dick had twigg'd the 'marks' at wance¹¹
 The boat up near them did advance,
 And drew his sad inference slick,
 For aye a 'clever carle' was Dick!
 The callants,¹² too, an' even mair
 As they last nicht had seen her there,
 Gaeing¹³ capering doun the water side
 In a' her weel-kenn'd¹⁴ style an' pride—
 Red-shawl'd, an' basket owre her airm,¹⁵
 She'd gotten frae auld Maister Ferme,

¹ Each. ² Much. ³ Way. ⁴ Equal to "My faith!" ⁵ Go.

⁶ Fellows. ⁷ Two little boys. ⁸ Sharp-eyed as golfers' servants.

⁹ More nuts. ¹⁰ Carrier's barrels, etc. ¹¹ Once. ¹² Boys.

¹³ Going. ¹⁴ Well-known. ¹⁵ Over her arm.

For nursing him, whan he grew ill
Thro' drinking owre strong tea—or yill!

'Hold on! Hold on!' Dick twice had cried,
Nor by th' event was he belied,
Nor by the crouds gainsaid one word,
For a' stude¹ stane-still whan they heard
His ominous an' startlin' shriek,
Unable aucht² to think or speak!

Syne, sudden, rose a general 'O!!'
An abrupt, lang-drawn cry of woe!
And slap³ on that—'Look! It is her!'
Nor could they mair, nor cry, nor stir,
Sae palsied war' they a' wi' fear
As Dick up to the surface clear
Slow drew the stiff stark form of ane—
'Their life-lang neibor,⁴ out-an'-in!'⁵

Whan that her real doom he knew,
Her 'Matthew,' brave, and kind, and true,
Frae his laigh settle⁶ in the stern
Sprang upward like a startit erne,⁷
Sprang his full hicht⁸ and lap⁹ owre-board,
And raucht¹⁰ the bank, an' raved an' roar'd,
Until some pitying neibors came
And wysed¹¹ him—'fair dementit'¹²—hame.

But wha, O wha, wad tell her 'boy,'
Whase love for her held no alloy,

¹ Stood. ² Aught. ³ Fast. ⁴ Neighbour. ⁵ Always,
and all places. ⁶ Low seat. ⁷ Startled eagle. ⁸ Height.
⁹ Leaped. ¹⁰ Just reached. ¹¹ Coaxed. ¹² Utterly beyond
himself.

But was affection strong and sweet
As e'er was for a mother meet,
A love, in sooth, that youth and age,
In love with *it*, did years engage ?

—Stood forth then on that river side
Ane whom the world had bruised and tried,
An ancient crone, wha, years ago,
A like fatality had'st known,
And to her cot a husband dear
A mass of mulitated gear
Of bones and flesh and blood was brought,
Doun from the Quarry whare he'd wrought.

She said—' Sam—being the boy's chum,
'Thou's help me wi' him ? O yes, come !'
And Sam—nae haet¹ less stunn'd than she—
Assented, half unconsciouslie !

They found the little lad within
His ' mither's room,' but to begin,
And break to him the awful tale,
Sam felt himsel' ' but fit to fail !'
The auld dame saw this nat'ral fact,
And released him with dame-like tact,
But when upo' the ' boy ' the truth
Crash'd as an *avalanche* uncouth,
He only heaved ane ² heart-rung sigh,
And utter'd but ane wearie cry,
'Syne ³ closed his eyes, and fell amain
In a deid-dwam⁴, nor rose again

¹ Not a bit less.² One.³ Then.⁴ Alarming swoon.

Until, in Doctor Cruikshanks' care,
He'd struggled through a twalmonth mair.¹

In time, auld Mat did emigrate
Unto some Antipodean state,
And teuk² wi' him Kate's orphan lad,
Since whan, news of them, guid³ or bad,
Has never reach'd their anxious friends,
And so this hame-spun hist'ry ends!
Eh, me! its tragic facts and woe
Happ'd mair than fifty years ago!

AULD HANSEL MONDAY DEFUNCT.⁴

Haith! ilk⁵ thing changes, a'-thing dees⁶—
Stars, systems, badgers, butterflies,
Kings, kingdoms, fasts, festivities,
Fame, fashions, fads—
A'-thing, and ilka thing that is,
To its end hauds!⁷

¹ Twelvemonth more. ² Took. ³ Good.

⁴ This 'Rhyme' was written while on a visit to my native locality in January, 1901. In my younger and more gushing days, I wrote another poetic screed on this once great gala day in East Lothian and elsewhere, which was printed in one or more of my former books. To that effusion was appended a prose note, and at the end of the present verses I will transcribe a passage from it, as I think it may interest some of my new readers and friends.

⁵ Each. ⁶ Everything dies; comes to an end. ⁷ Holds; proceeds.

Ah, wae is me ! what ferlie,¹ then',
If Hansel Monday, too, be gane,
And sall,² amang the sons o' men
 Be straucht³ forgotten ?—
Oursel's, time-press'd, deep in our den,
 Sall sune be shotten !⁴

Yet, Hansel Monday ! do I see,
This day, in this thy main countrie,
The 'auld hinds' laab'ring variouslie,
 At pleuch an' cairt,⁵
E'en cheerie whistling owre⁶ the lea,⁷
 Richt blythe⁸ at heart ?

I hardly can believe my een⁹
That on this yird¹⁰ there can be seen
Sich¹¹ visible, sich waefu' teen,¹²
 And lack o' mind,
As this—that thou'rt discardit clean
 By herd an' hind !¹³

What ! are we livin' ? At the Toun
I frae the railway rushit down,
Half crazy and dementit groun,
 My staff in hand,
Demanding ev'ry porter loon—
 Is this Scot-land ?'

¹ Wonder. ² Shall. ³ Straight. ⁴ Soon be shoved.
⁵ Plough and cart. ⁶ Over. ⁷ Grass or swardland.
⁸ Right glad. ⁹ Eyes. ¹⁰ Earth. ¹¹ Such. ¹² Provocation.
¹³ Shepherd and ploughman.

O Hansel Monday! wearie me!
 Wi' nae wae heart nor tearfu' e'e,
 They cairt, they ploo,¹ they whustle spree,²
 And thou awa!
 Gane! like a sunk ship i' th' sea,
 Hull, masts, and a'!!

Sae, Hansel Monday, here I am,
 Set down to girn³ this forlorn psalm,
 And wail thy memorie, whan sham,
 For ae haill⁴ day,
 Used to be sack'd like Noah's Ham,
 That folk micht play!

Ah, Hansel Monday! What wast thou,
 Whan, neth⁵ his broun an' tousie pow,⁶
 'Sam's' front was brent,⁷ an' bauld⁸ enow⁹
 To please e'en Mammie,
 And mak' his Dad nae wirrycow¹⁰
 Think his 'wee Sammy!'

Owre even a' those rousin' days,
 Thou, Hansel Monday, highest rase,¹¹
 Thou gat our 'laurel wreaths' an' 'bays,
 Our love, heart-born!
 The gods wad fail to lisp the praise
 Due thy warst¹² morn!

¹ Cart and plough. ² Whistle spry. ³ Cry. ⁴ One whole.
⁵ Below. ⁶ Tousled head. ⁷ High; upright. ⁸ Bold.
⁹ Enough. ¹⁰ No phantom; apparition. ¹¹ Rose. ¹² Worst;
 poorest.

The Kintra¹ owre gaed gyte² wi' joy !
 Mirth ev'rywhere ruled man and boy !
 The vera 'bobbies'³ wad⁴ employ
 Thy hours carousing !
 Pris'ners their jailers ev'n wad foy,⁵
 And set a-bousing !

What meetings 'tween auld freens⁶ an' freens !
 What happie children, clean as preens,⁷
 A' in their dandiest dinkt⁸ like queens,
 And little lords !—
 A rising host to slay life's spleens,
 Tho' *they* are hordes !

Than,⁹ Hansel Monday ! day divine !
 Born owre a' ither days to shine !
 How couldst thou fail ? how didst thou pine ?
 What cancer ail'd thee,
 Thou Prince of *fêtes*—(a glorious line !)
 As a' folk hail'd thee ?

Droll Hogmanay,¹⁰ an' wild New Year,
 Belhaven races, Gifford Fair,
 Thrang Hiring Friday,¹¹ and lots mair
 Than eild¹² can tell ;—
 Thou whupt¹³ them a', and, ilka¹⁴ whare,
 Didst bear the bell !

¹ Country. ² Went mad. ³ Policeman. ⁴ Would. ⁵ Give a
 farewell jollification. ⁶ Old friends. ⁷ Pins. ⁸ Dressed
 out. ⁹ Then. ¹⁰ New Year's day eve. ¹¹ Local 'field
 days.' ¹² Age. ¹³ Beat. ¹⁴ Every.

And still, for a', thou dwined ¹ an' dee'd! ²
 E'en like an ord'ner this-warld weed—
 Witch-craft, or ither ³ crack-brain'd creed,
 That men mak's wud! ⁵
 Wow, wow! the doom that thou hast dree'd ⁴
 Mair than coves cudd! ⁶

This auld calf-grund ⁷ I'se ⁸ bid fareweel!
 I downa thole ⁹ this blow atweel!
 It beats the deaths o' Baird an' Steele ¹⁰
 By miles an' miles,
 And sall ¹¹ my warmest bluid ¹² congeal
 Neth ev'n Sint Giles! ¹³ *

¹ Pined away. ² Died. ³ Other. ⁴ Makes insane.

⁵ Suffered. ⁶ More than beats everything heard of before.

⁷ Native locality. ⁸ I shall. ⁹ Cannot endure. ¹⁰ Two
 unique local characters. ¹¹ Shall. ¹² Blood. ¹³ St. Giles
 Cathedral, Edinburgh.

* The following is the passage referred to in the first footnote to the above 'Rhyme':—Hansel Monday, the first Monday of the new year, was equivalent to Boxing Day in England, etc. Auld Hansel Monday was the first Monday after the 12th of January—New Year's Day, old style. Both days originated from the same ancient custom. Up to the period of the Reformation, there were certain well-defined and marked holidays and festival seasons, and Christmas, or Yule, was the chief one in Britain. Prior to the Reformation in Scotland, and in feudal times, it was customary for the lord of the Manor to present his retainers, etc., with a 'box,' or gift, hence Boxing Day. After the overthrow of the Papacy as the established religion, the stern Presbyterian divines, it is recorded, proved themselves so zealous for the new faith, that they even forbade their congregations to observe the ancient holidays, and even Christmas—in the northern part of the Island—was to be obliterated at once, as advised in every Reformed pulpit in the country. The very buskings of Popery were to be destroyed, and not a visible shred of them to remain. In pity, however, those ardent theological reformers for the loss of the old Yule, humanely

LEECHMAN'S PILLS.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.

(Unsolicited.)

YE a' hae heard o' Leechman's pills ?—
(Wha hasna ¹ heard o' Leechman's pills ?)—
A doctor's drug that never kills
 Ev'n those wha tak' them ;
And cures a' brute an' human ills,
 As fast's we mak' them !

granted their devoted followers a gift, or Hansel Day, which they appointed should be the first Monday of the year, old style. In Banff, Fife, Peebles, and other parts, Hansel Monday—the first Monday of the year, new style—is still in a fashion observed, but it was only in East Lothian that *Auld Hansel* Monday was recognised and observed in anything like its pristine glory in our day. It was there—even only a few years since—truly a hallowed name to East Lothian men, women, and children. With it were associated feelings, and thoughts, and fond longings, and memories of the human heart, peculiarly of the tenderest desires and recollections of the family and the fireside circle, and every home tie that a leal and loving heart holds dear. From the busy and confounding towns and cities came the servant girls, the shop boys, and the artisans back that day to their native calf-ground. Whole families were re-united—with, here and there, alas, a dear one amissing. In the rapid glance of the eye, in the warm and vigorous grasp of the hand, untold volumes of well-understood meaning were conveyed by Scots men and women to one another on Auld Hansel Monday morning. The village streets, from an early hour, were thronged with visitors. The early trains brought in large numbers from almost every quarter of the country. From the surrounding rural districts came all the day crowds of youngsters, well dressed young men and 'bonnie lassies,' and grave, sagacious-looking, gray-headed Scottish men—men the like of whom can be seen, it is said, in no other country.

¹ Who has not.

He won'd ¹ awa doun Steenson ² way,
 In a house howkit ³ in the clay,
 And lived on sautit ⁴ snails, they say,
 Wild weeds an' ruits,⁵
 And brocks ⁶ he trapt ere screich ⁷ o' day
 By snouts or cluits.⁸

Yet, tho' he dwalt ⁹ an' fared sae mean,
 He'd ance ¹⁰ a great Professor been
 Of Occult lore at Aberdeen,
 His *Alma Mater* ;
 But, through some clatter,¹¹ left it clean,
 A little later.

A grand Professor out o' wark—
 Tho' being extra learn'd an' clark ¹²—
 He bauldly ¹³ steer'd his ill-starr'd bark
 Whaur ¹⁴ Science bade,
 And in the depths o' forests dark
 His haven made.

Here he for years was little known,
 His pills in's heid ¹⁵ being barely grown,
 Altho'—some say—the seed was sown
 In the far North,
 And he but stay'd, till, far'er on,
 He prued ¹⁶ their worth.

¹ Dwelt.

Abbey.

⁷ Break.

slander.

¹⁵ Head.² Stevenson, on the Tyne immediately below The³ Excavated.⁸ Feet.¹² Gifted as an author.¹⁶ Proved.⁴ Salted.⁹ Resided.⁵ Roots.¹⁰ Once.¹³ Boldly.⁶ Badgers.¹¹ Idle¹⁴ Where.

The plain truth o' the maitter is,—
 He waited on a wife ca'd ' Biz,'
 Wha, in a Cavey,¹ near haun hiz,²
 Lived mony a day,—
 A carlin³ wi' a witch's phiz—
 Keen, auld, an' grey.

She was to be his '*Adverteezer*,'
 If that his promish'd⁴ fee did please her,
 Whilk⁵ e'en it did—for what he gies⁶ her,
 To vaunt his pills,
 Wad stow'd the maw o' Julius Cæsar,
 And pay'd his bills !

Wee Tibbie had the coffin cough,
 'Deed a' her life-time, on-an'-off ;
 And Mither gied⁷ her a' the stuff
 That love could gie ;
 But, deil-may-care, 'twas not enough,
 Tib but to dee!⁸

But jist afore her hinmaist⁹ day,
 The neibor¹⁰ call'd was ' auld an' grey,'
 Quo' she—' Skelp¹¹ down the Toll-road brae¹²
 To Jimsie Steele's,
 And bid his Nancy sen' this way
 Some Leechman's peels !'

¹ Small cave. ² Near his one. ³ Old woman. ⁴ Offered ;
 promised. ⁵ Which. ⁶ Gives. ⁷ Gave. ⁸ Die.
⁹ Hindmost. ¹⁰ Neighbour. ¹¹ Run quickly. ¹² Incline.

Tib had a wally ¹ doze at wance,²
 An't vrocht ³ her sae,⁴ that, in a glance,
 Ye'd thaucht ⁵ the lassie e'en wad ⁶ dance
 For vera ⁷ joy,
 And noo she to the schule ⁸ can prance
 Like ony ⁹ boy !

Auld Andra Bruce roomaticks ¹⁰ had
 In his twa big taes,¹¹ *verra* ¹² *baad* :
 But the Grey-wife says—' Androo, lad !
 'Tho' sair ¹³ it feels,
 I'se cure ye, tho' it were the Scaud,¹⁴
 With Leechman's peels !'

Auld Andra hadna ta'en a 'box,'
 Ere frae the chimla neuk ¹⁵ he cocks
 His twa big taes, 'ithout the socks,
 And bare as stanes,¹⁶
 To pruve to a' his sceptic folks
 He'd tint their pains !

Young Balder grew as lean's a rake—
 Owre lugs ¹⁷ in love wi' Susie Blake—
 And couldna for his life's-bluid ¹⁸ take
 The sma'est morsel,
 Sae hoo 'twas wi' him—guidness ¹⁹ sake,
 We ken by oursel' !

¹ Extra large.	² Once.	³ Operated.	⁴ So.	⁵ Would
have thought.	⁶ Would.	⁷ Very.	⁸ School.	⁹ Any.
¹⁰ Rheumatics.	¹¹ Toes.	¹² Extra.	¹³ Sore.	¹⁴ Scurvy.
¹⁵ Chimney corner.	¹⁶ Stones.	¹⁷ Over ears.	¹⁸ Blood.	
¹⁹ Goodness				

The Grey-wife thrappedl ¹ him ae nicht ²—
 (Gaun ³ to High-bank, like Katie Slicht!)—
 And dozed him sae that he outricht
 Leuch ⁴ at his 'ills,'
 Gat Shoosie, an' was made a 'Knicht,'
 A' throo thae ⁵ pills!

Scott's Coo, ⁶ in the deid thraws wi' fivver, ⁷
 Shored sair ⁸ she wad be nae lang-liver—
 Till that the Grey-wife thrice did give her
 A mash o' 'peels,'
 Whilk made her ailment like a river
 Strone ⁹ to her heels!

Neist ¹⁰ week to n'ar ten pints she milkit,
 The feck o' twal ¹¹ the neist she bulkit,
 And ne'er frae that again she skulkit
 The simmer through,
 But daily thrice a brimming full kit
 Yooph ¹² aff her drew.

Auld Wullie Wilkie's auld yaud ¹³ horse—
 (Of jests *par excellence* our source)—
 Whan reens ¹⁴ an' rungs ¹⁵ fail'd to enforce
 The cratur ¹⁶ forrit, ¹⁷
 And Wull's best aith ¹⁸ was lost in course,
 Loud as he swore it,

¹ Throttled ; arrested. ² One night. ³ Going. ⁴ Laughed.
⁵ These. ⁶ Cow. ⁷ Milk fever. ⁸ Threatened sore.
⁹ Spout forth. ¹⁰ Next. ¹¹ The greater part of twelve.
¹² Euph ; diminutive of Euphemia. ¹³ Old mare. ¹⁴ Reins.
¹⁵ Cudgels. ¹⁶ Creature. ¹⁷ Forward. ¹⁸ Oath.

Wi' half a ton o' coals ae ¹ day
 She reestit ² on the wee Brig brae,
 Jist as the ' Wife was auld an' grey '
 Cam' stumpin' doun,
 Roaring like wud ³—' Wull ! Wull, I say !
 Ye donnard ⁴ loon ! —

' Lowse-out ⁵ the beast, an' bather nane, ⁶
 The yaud's no' fit to stand her lane, ⁷
 Sae worn is she to skin an' bane,
 Wi' wark an' hunger !
 It's nowther ⁸ aiths, nor whup, ⁹ nor cane
 Will ser' ye langer !

' Gae hame, an' tether her in sta', ¹⁰
 And I'se gie her a denty ba' ¹¹—
 A gross o' peels doun-pouthert sma', ¹²
 An' mixt wi' saim ¹³—
 Three times a day, an' nicht an-a', ¹⁴
 To purge her wame !' ¹⁵

Thro' fricht, ¹⁶ or greed, this Wullie did,
 And, sirss, the outcome wasna ¹⁷ hid !!
 Within a month the auld meer ¹⁸ slid
 Owre braes the steepest,
 Whan tons o' coals hint ¹⁹ her war' laid,
 And snaws lay deepest !

¹ One. ² Stuck; could or would not proceed. ³ Mad. ⁴ Stupid.

⁵ Unyoke. ⁶ Bother none. ⁷ Unassisted by herself. ⁸ Neither.

⁹ Whip. ¹⁰ Stable stall. ¹¹ Dainty ball. ¹² Powdered small.

¹³ Lard. ¹⁴ And night also. ¹⁵ Inside. ¹⁶ Fright. ¹⁷ Was not.

¹⁸ Mare. ¹⁹ Behind.

Whan Inflooenza 'grew sae bad,'
 Fu' mony a lass, fu' mony a lad,
 Forbye¹ auld stocks, an' them wha had
 Sair² will to dee,³
 Upo' the douce⁴ Grey wifie ca'd,⁵
 Fell smert an' slee!⁶

She 'peel'd' them a', an' pouch'd her fee,
 And only *some* o' them did dee!
 An 'Adverteezer' but was she
 Of a great 'Boss,'
 Sae 'wasna answerable, ye see,
 For ony⁷ loss!'

The Cholera and the Sma'-pox cam'
 The 'peels' were fa'n⁸ upon ram-stam!⁹
 The drinkers ev'n steer'd¹⁰ ev'ry dram¹¹
 Wi' dozes o' them,
 And swore Death 'wasna worth a damn,'
 And 'ne'er wad know them!'

'Haill¹² multitudes o' people died?'
 Nae doubt,—*that* couldna be denied!
 But than, may be, they hadna tried
 The Leechman cure,
 Or, if they had, 'twas misapplied,
 Ye may be sure!

¹ Besides. ² Sore. ³ Die. ⁴ Sedate. ⁵ Called. ⁶ Sharp and
 cunningly. ⁷ Any. ⁸ Fallen. ⁹ Precipitately. ¹⁰ Stirred.
¹¹ Glass. ¹² Whole.

So-so! The 'peels' kept selling on;
 To grit ¹ dimensions sune ² had grown
 The Grey-wife—like a soda scone
 Weel baked an' fired—
 Desired by all, refused by none,
 Esteem'd, admired!

'And Leechman's sel', the ex-Professor?
 Was he still neth ³ the Censor's pressure?
 Whaur ⁴ was he noo? ⁵—O kindly say, sir!
 Puir, ⁶ ill-starr'd man!
 His pills war' never health's aggressor,
 Nor plague, nor ban?'

The auld saut-snail ⁷ consumer? Why,
 In a King's Palace he did die,
 Chokit wi' gowd, ⁸ and noo doth lie
 In's Mausoleum—
 To Solomon comparèd by
 A' folk that see 'im!

He left the pawtent o' his 'peels'
 Unto his offspring—canny chiels ⁹—
 Wha, if ye ask'd at Nannie Steele's
 As by ye gaed, ¹⁰
 Ye should be tauld ¹¹ they're heid an' heels ¹²
 In the auld trade.

¹ Large. ² Soon. ³ Under. ⁴ Where. ⁵ Now. ⁶ Poor.
 ⁷ Salted snail. ⁸ Choked with gold. ⁹ Quiet fellows.
 ¹⁰ Passed; went. ¹¹ Told. ¹² Heads and heels.

The Badger-catcher, ere he dee'd,
 A glorious Institoot decreed,
 Whaur Advertizeers¹ can be fee'd,
 And fear want never—
 Like princes, from all trouble free'd,
 Be kept for ever!

THE FAR EAST.²

'NORTH-Berwick,' 'Drem' an' 'Hedinton!'³
 'Coppersmith,'⁴ an' 'Elshinfuird!'⁵
 'Huckston-rigg,'⁶ an' 'Garvit' toun,⁷—
 Hoo⁸ I kinnle⁹ at each word!
 Hoo I lo'e them yet, O lord!
 Hoo my heart a moment stan's,
 Whan sich simple names are heard,
 As 'Dumbar'¹⁰ an' 'Prestonpans!'

¹ People who advertise for others for a remuneration.

² In this 'Rhyme' I have purposely spelled phonetically all the place names given as they were pronounced in the vernacular of the district in my youth, and as they are even yet, generally. This mispronunciation of names is common everywhere, and many of the corruptions must appear unique and droll to strangers, and may well do so even to natives who will take time to notice and think of them. The practice, of course, extends to the names of people. I had an uncle who married a Miss Agnes Alexander, who, during the whole of her life was known only by the appellation given her in her girlhood, to wit, 'Nanny Elshinder!'

³ Haddington.

⁴ Cockburnspath.

⁵ Athelstaneford.

⁶ Ugstonrigg.

⁷ Garvald village.

⁸ How.

⁹ Kindle.

¹⁰ Dunbar.

I first saw licht at 'The Aibey' ¹—
 Wast a wee ² aff 'Cowie's Wudd'; ³
 And at 'Steenson' ⁴—a mere baby—
 My bird-raiding life begoud ⁵—
 Reiving starlings o' their brood—
 Richt fornenst ⁶ the Mansion House,
 Whare the riven Rowan ⁷ stood,
 Like a Veteran of The Bruce!

Back unto me in my age—
 (Far remuved ⁸ in place an' time!)—
 Frae my pen upo' the page
 Drap auld names, as dewes on thyme,
 Distilling fragrance sweet an' prime,
 Frae auld fresh-blown memories,
 Leaving me wi' scarce a styme ⁹
 Of aucht ¹⁰ else than love for these!

'Emsfield' ¹¹ 'Autherston,' ¹² an' 'Audim,' ¹³
 'Bowton,' ¹⁴ 'Barry,' ¹⁵ an' 'Begone' ¹⁶
 'Bankreef,' ¹⁷ 'Bankfit' ¹⁸—(as we ca'd 'em
 In the days for ever flown!)—
 Come back to me, auld an' lone,
 And their vera soun's are moosic
 To a carle, ¹⁹ city-grown,
 Wha of a' its 'life' is noo sick!

¹ The Abbey. ² West a little. ³ Cowe's Wood. ⁴ Stevenson.
⁵ Began. ⁶ Right in front. ⁷ Rifted mountain ash tree.
⁸ Removed. ⁹ The smallest particle. ¹⁰ Aught. ¹¹ Amisfield.
¹² Alderston. ¹³ Auldham. ¹⁴ Bolton. ¹⁵ Baro.
¹⁶ Balgone. ¹⁷ Ballencreeff. ¹⁸ Bankfoot. ¹⁹ Old fellow.

Auld 'Easter-Berfit,'¹ 'Dungcrayhill,'²
 'Yowefuird,'³ 'Dunce,'⁴ an' 'Cockinny!'⁵
 (Hoo they pelt back on me still,
 Till the whalm'd⁶ Muse cries—'Dinna!'⁷
 For I'm fou,⁸ an' ev'n of hinny⁹
 Enow's¹⁰ as guid¹¹ 's a feast, ye ken,
 Sae, dear names, I howp¹² ye winna¹³
 Just sae fast rin¹⁴ to my pen!)

But we mayna get beyon' ye,
 Ye sae crop up on' a' hands!
 'Giffirt,'¹⁵ 'Guilin,'¹⁶ Glegorony,'¹⁷
 'Gilkirston,'¹⁸ 'Skoll-rocks,'¹⁹ an' 'Sands!'²⁰
 In the teeth o' a' commands,
 Ye scud in on memorie,
 Frae²¹ as far up as 'Noolands,'²²
 Doun to 'Sautcots,'²³ n'ar the sea!

'Tween as far Wast as 'Tirnent,'²⁴
 An' East as far's 'Auldhamstocks,'²⁵
 By 'Spinelsfuird,'²⁶ an' places kent²⁷
 N'ar 'Lowrince-house,'²⁸ or 'Patecox!'²⁹
 A' the herd upon me flocks
 Of the pets I lo'e sae fain³⁰—
 The auld names of farms an' folks
 I sall never see again!

¹ East Bearford.	² Duncrawhill.	³ Eweford.	⁴ Duns.
⁵ Cockenzie.	⁶ Overwhelmed.	⁷ Do not.	⁸ Full.
⁹ Honey.	¹⁰ Enough.	¹¹ Good.	¹² Hope.
¹³ Will not.	¹⁴ Run.	¹⁵ Gifford.	¹⁶ Gullane.
¹⁷ Gleg-hornie.	¹⁸ Gilchriston.	¹⁹ Scoughal.	²⁰ Tyne-sands.
²¹ From.	²² Newlands.	²³ Saltcoats.	²⁴ Tranent.
²⁵ Oldhamstocks.	²⁶ Spilmersford.	²⁷ Known.	²⁸ St.
Lawrence House.	²⁹ Pitcox	³⁰ Love so fondly.	

IN THE FAR EAST.

THROUGH Whinny-ha',¹ past Canty-ha',² an' Cross-gate-
ha' an' a',³

By Kippie-law,⁴ an' Duncan-law,⁵ we gaed to Lammer-
law;⁶

And tho' we back anither⁷ track, anither road ran hame,
We were as muckle⁸ 'ha'd' an' 'law'd' on this new
gate⁹ we came!

By Benty-ha',¹⁰ an' Rosie-ha',¹¹ 'and Chester-ha'¹² an' a'
Doun by Green-law, an' past Hunt-law,¹³ we sped frae
Lammer-law,

Sae 'ha'd' an' 'law'd, we a' were staw'd,¹⁴ yet a' 'Ha-
ha'd!' an' a',¹⁵

But made a law,

To bind us a'—

To gang nae mair ava,¹⁶

For a' the laws that e'er were law'd again to Lammer-
law!

¹ Near Haddington. ² On the public road between Haddington
and Luggate. ³ Also. ⁴ Near Traprain. ⁵ Near Gifford.

⁶ The highest summit of the Lammermoors (1732 feet), and about
three miles south of Gifford. ⁷ Another. ⁸ Much. ⁹ Way.

¹⁰ Near Gifford. ¹¹ Near Haddington. ¹² Near Longniddry.

¹³ Near Pencaitland, Tranent ¹⁴ Satiated; disgusted; bored.

¹⁵ Also. ¹⁶ To go no more at all.

BALLAD: A TRIP TO DUNBAR.¹

AIR—‘*Last May a Braw Wooer cam’ doun
the Lang Glen.*’

Wi’ a core o’ guid² fellows I gaed³ to Dunbar—
Of City life groun sort o’ sickie—
Tho’ that noble City shines out like a star,
And is nae less than Auld Reekie, Auld Reekie!
Our famous, bonnie Auld Reekie!

We travelt thegither—my freens an’ mysel’—
In State, wi’ the Wifie an’ Tittie;⁴
And proud was our train, an’ loud did it yell,
To cairry sich folk frae the City, the City,
To cairry sich Nobs frae the City!

When we got to Dunbar, hoo⁵ the people did stare!
Says my freend—Nae doubt it’s a pity
That we are sae grand, while they are sae puir,
Buried here—sae far frae the City, the City,
Like Shetlanders—far frae the City!

But throo the great crouds we elbow’d our way,
Admired by the dull an’ the witty,
For unto them a’ ’twas as clear as mid-day
We were Notable Swells frae the City, the City,
Aristocrats straucht frae the City!

¹ This ‘Rhyme’ was written for an old facetious friend on a real occurrence, and is the second of the five minor pieces mentioned in the Prefatory Note as having once appeared in print before—in the columns of a local journal. ² Good. ³ Went. ⁴ Sister.

⁵ How.

As we near'd to The Shore¹ the sodgers flock'd out,²
 All weeshin'³ an' buskit⁴ so pretty,
 Pointing, an' telling their comrades, no doubt,
 We were the Elite of the City, the City,
 The biggest Big-wigs of the City!

Frae the sea we gaed⁵ back to the noble High Street,
 Whaur⁶ aften we've warbled our ditty!
 And scores o' auld freens fu' couthie⁷ did greet,
 Speirin'⁸—Hoo's a' our freends in the City, the City,
 Were we a' doing weel in the City?

'Twas out o' the question sich freens⁹ to refuse—
 Sae we nippit¹⁰ wi' nane o' them neety!¹¹
 And were unco¹² near gettin' the edge o' a booze¹³
 Whan our train pull'd us aff for the City, the City,
 Whan the train whupt¹⁴ us aff for the City!

But, wae's me! Somehoo, thro' the darkness, or drouth,¹⁵
 'Tween my freens an' mysel' fell a splittie,¹⁶
 In ae carriage they travelt tounward in sooth,
 In anither ane¹⁷ I saucht¹⁸ the City, the City,
 In a quite ither car saucht the City!

¹ Part of the Town.² From the Barracks near the Shore.³ Washed.⁴ Well dressed.⁵ Went.⁶ Where.⁷ Affable; kindly.⁸ Enquiring.⁹ Such friends.¹⁰ Exchanged nips of drink.¹¹ Niggardly.¹² Very.¹³ Drunken fit.¹⁴ Took suddenly; snatched.¹⁵ Drought.¹⁶ Division.¹⁷ Another one.¹⁸ Sought.

There, snug in a corner, sleep closed my auld een,¹
 And wakefulness, ever sae flitty,
 Left me like a corpe,² withouten a freen,
 In a railway train bound for the City, the City,
 In a train bound for our ain City!

At Prestonpans Station the monster drew up,
 Wi' a jarr and a juggle fell gritty,
 Whilk waukened³ me sherp, wi' a start an' a loup,⁴
 For I thocht⁵ we were hame in the City, the City,
 Safe back in our cosy auld City!

Sae furth frae⁶ the carriage I jump⁷ wi' a birr⁸—
 Thirsting sair⁹ for some mair¹⁰ aquavitæ!—
 Which I'd nae suner dune,¹¹ than the train 'gan to stir,
 For it wasna¹² just yet at the City, the City,
 'Twas nine mile yet east aff the City!

Awa' sped the monster, leaving me 'lone,
 Like a suicide haunting a jetty,
 For that train was the last, my bawbees¹³ were gone,
 Sae I but tramp hame to the City, the City,
 On my auld failing shanks to the City!

But I lichtit my pipe, an' poo'd¹⁴ doun my hat,
 After thinking owre't grimly a bittie,
 And set aff like a Chapman¹⁵ there on the spat,
 Determined I'd see yet the City, the City,
 That I'd see ance mair our auld City!

¹ Old eyes. ² Corpse. ³ Which wakened. ⁴ Leap. ⁵ Thought.
⁶ Out of. ⁷ Jumped. ⁸ Fury. ⁹ Sore ¹⁰ More.
¹¹ No sooner done. ¹² Was not. ¹³ Money; small change.
¹⁴ Pulled. ¹⁵ Pedlar.

And I did!—neist ¹ morn, by three o' the clock,
Our door bell jangelt ² fu' spritty! ³
But I was sae forfouchten ⁴ wi' that chancy stroke,
I teuk ⁵ to my bed in the City, the City,
For a week an' a day in the City!

¹ Next.

² Jangled.

³ Sprightly.

⁴ Worn out; exhausted.

⁵ Took.

END OF CENTURY RHYMES.¹



I.—THE AULD AUCHTEENS.

[THE YEARS FROM 1800 TO 1899 INCLUSIVE.]

GANE, run out, finish'd—ane by ane !²
Thou dost bequeathe us mirth and mane³—
Sorrow and gladness—joy and pain,
 And sink'st to dust,
As millions erst have sunk amain,
 And millions must.

The Seeventeens, it striketh me—
E'en tho' I wasna by to see—
Just as the Nineteens now do thee,
 Thou jamm'd hard back,
And led on, snoovin', wylielie,⁴
 Thy five score pack.

¹ These 'Century Rhymes' are the remaining three of the five minor pieces stated in the Prefatory Note of this volume as having been once printed before. They were written for and appeared at the dates appended in *The Haddingtonshire Advertiser*.

² One by one.

³ Care ; mourning.

⁴ Moving quietly and

imperceptibly.

O wow! O wow! O wow, wow, wow!
 Here are ye in thy death grips now,
 No' worth eicht ¹ days mair,² onyhow,
 Than a puir ³ knave
 That comes 'still-born,' and kens, I trow,
 But womb and grave.

Yet hast thy race of stiff five score
 Braucht ⁴ to the warl',⁵ a plenteous store
 Of wauchty warks,⁶ whilk, evermore,
 Should them proclaim
 Time's supreme revellers galore
 In deathless fame?

Steamships and railways, penny posts,
 Telegraphs, telephones, and hosts
 Of lesser funks, are thy fond boasts,
 And weel may be,
 For by Auld Nick nae shadowy ghosts
 In them we see!

'Electric trams' and 'Rontgen rays,'
 Yankee 'notions,' 'jokes,' 'essays,'
 German 'critiques,' and Paris 'plays,'
 Real grit and shams,
 Alang wi' something mair. 's the 'praise'
 That thou now crams.

'Science!'—vide Geology—
 Brimful of dreidfu' ⁷ knowledge aye!—

¹ Eight.² More.³ Poor.⁴ Brought.⁵ World.⁶ Important works.⁷ Dreadful.

Which needs nae sumph's¹ 'apology'

But stands a' strokes,

Securer than Theology

Neth² ev'n John Knox—

'Trams,' 'motors,' 'cycles,' and, at last,

Thy 'turbine engines' have surpass'd,

And former michtiest wonders cast

Quite i' the shade—

Crossing a' seas, and that sae fast,

Ev'n Time's gainsaid!

Fell 'Chemistry,' and ither lear',³

On our auld faiths thou'st braucht to bear,

Exploding them in thy shrewd air

Like bairns' saip⁴ bubbles—

Leaving us dumb-struck, in despair,

To thole⁵ our troubles!

Thro' earthquakes, famines, massacres,

Wars, mutinies, and ither stirs—

Dreid pestilences, plagues, and, sirs!

What's waur⁶ than a',

Thro' sins, conceived and bred as hers,

Thou Earth didst draw!

Engulph'd in darksome ignorance,

Illiterate and mad at wance,⁷—

Oppress'd and starved—a fearfu' dance

Thou led'st our land!

Stringing her sons, like fules⁸ in France,

In scores aff-hand!

¹ Blockhead's.

² Under.

³ Other Learning.

⁴ Soap.

⁵ Suffer.

⁶ Worse.

⁷ At once.

⁸ Fools.

Doun to thy Forties, Life was pain
 To every poor man, wife, and wean ;¹
 Close misery was a' their gain,
 Hunger and toil !
 Disease and death gat swith ² their ain ³
 Of 'good' and 'vile !'

The Fifties first begoud ⁴ to mend—
 Sweerly ⁵ at first, but, ere their end,
 Themselves the puir folk hardly kenn'd—
 Sae lusty groun !—
 In coats and breeks ⁶ that thou didst send,
 A' hale ⁷ and soun' !

And e'en the Tattie ⁸ Famine folk,
 Wha frae ⁹ 'Ould Ireland' thick did flock,
 Their lowsie rags for duds ¹⁰ did trock ¹¹
 That *could be seen*,
 Some 'second-hand,' and some 'bespoke,'
 Braw,¹² warm, and clean !

Upo' the whole, then, auld Auchteen,¹³
 A weel-mix'd 'Hunner-year' thou'st been ;
 Thou micht hae pruv'd ¹⁴ a better freen',¹⁵
 And, 'deed, a *waur*,¹⁶
 No' sae far back ran some, I ween,
 Made Earth a *scaur* !¹⁷

¹ Child. ² Swift. ³ Own. ⁴ Began. ⁵ Reluctantly.
⁶ Trousers. ⁷ Whole. ⁸ Potato. ⁹ Who from. ¹⁰ Clothes.
¹¹ Trade ; exchange. ¹² Rich ; good-looking. ¹³ Old Eighteen.
¹⁴ Proved. ¹⁵ Friend. ¹⁶ Indeed a worse. ¹⁷ Scare.

Nae doubt, fu' mony a fond conceit,
 Thou frae our hearts and noddles beat ;
 Auld Hornie ¹ there has lost his seat,
 And, truth to tell,
 The vanishment is nigh complete
 Of his auld ' Hell ! '

(Nae minnie ² coves ³ her bairnie noo ⁴
 By telling brunstane ⁵ tales o' you ! *
 She can but skelp ⁶ its doupie ⁷ blue
 And let it rair,⁸
 For ev'n the silliest youngster—*true*
 Thinks thee nae mair !)⁹

On 'tither ¹⁰ hand, thou'st ope'd our eyes,
 And made our sauls ¹¹ in rapture rise—
 Seeing in neither earth nor skies
 ' A vengeful God ! '
 Like He whom we did lang surmise
 In heaven abode !

Close following on his auld ' deception,'
 Thou gav'st to man a new conception—
 Truer and higher, *sans* exception
 Mair worthy Him
 Than ever mortal yet set lips on
 To name or limn !

¹ The devil. ² Mother. ³ Intimidates. ⁴ Now. ⁵ Brimstone.
⁶ Lick. ⁷ Back ; seat. ⁸ Roar ; cry. ⁹ No more.
¹⁰ The other. ¹¹ Souls.

Noo, dear Auchteen ! here, by the rood,
 I'm laith ¹ to part wi' thee 'for good !
 Thy first-born, in a gracious mood,
 Gifted my daddy !
 Thy auchty-aucht ²—him, as he stood,
 Snatched frae his laddie ! ³

Grandads, grandams, dad, and mither,
 Uncles, aunties, sis, and brither,
 Scores o' cousins—a' thegither ⁴—
 Thou'st grund ⁵ to dust !
 And me ?—if still to strike thou swither, ⁶
 The *Nineteens* must !

Ah ! thae ⁷ Ninteens ! what *they* may bring !
 What wonders thro' the nations ring !—
 Like Sol's beams, changing ilka ⁸ thing
 We see and hear !—
 Evolving, frae this 'backward spring,'
 A glorious year !

EDINBURGH, *December 25th*, 1899.

¹ Loath. ² 1888. ³ From his boy. ⁴ Altogether. ⁵ Reduced.
 ⁶ Hesitate. ⁷ These. ⁸ Every.

II.—THE NEW NINETEENS.

[THE YEARS FROM 1900 TO 1999 INCLUSIVE.]

O FOR a prophet—ane¹ to say,
 On this thy merry natal day,
 What will be here and far away
 When thou's run out—
*That certain change Earth must display,
 And Man to boot!*

Merlin,² the seer of Ercildoune,³
 Mother Skipton,⁴ auld John Broun,⁵
 And our auld Granny—a' are flew⁶
 Far 'yond our hearing,
 And couldna tell midnicht frae noon
 Tho' kings were speiring!⁷

Nae doubt, we've wizards still alive—
 Wha on 'foretelling' seem to thrive;
 Sae 'weather forecasts,' hive on hive,
 Are 'cast' like bees—
 Like skep⁸ bees that for honey strive,
 Their 'queens' to please.

¹ One. ² The Strathclyde prophet of the (supposed) Sixth Century, A.D. ³ 'True Thomas,' 'Thomas the Rhymer,' Thomas Learmont, of Ercildoune, a village on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. ⁴ An English prophetess. ⁵ The far-famous Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, author of *The Self-Interpreting Bible*, etc., etc. ⁶ Flown. ⁷ Enquiring. ⁸ Hive.

Whyles,¹ noo and than,² they licht³ on truth,
 Whilk,⁴ east and west, an' north an' south
 Their gulls pass on frae mouth to mouth
 In proud amaze,
 Till some grow hairse,⁵ some pairch'd wi' drouth,⁶
 Bumming their praise.

But what we want 'enoo is ane
 Wha rale⁷ true prophecies can spin!—
 Nae Jeremiah fricht⁸ to din
 His 'coming waes,'⁹
 But an Isaiah—joys to win,
 And high hopes raise!

But if that nowther¹⁰ field nor fell,¹¹
 City street nor moorland dell,
 Ae¹² prophet yields, I sall¹³ mysel'
 The mantle don,
 And straucht¹⁴ this New Year's Day foretell
 What's coming on!

Before ye see thy latest day¹⁵
 The Boer War shall dee awae;¹⁶
 Bauld¹⁷ Britain and Americae
 Shall rule the roost,
 Fast France and gurly Germanae
 Wi' jibes shall joust.

¹ Sometimes.² Now and again.³ Fall upon.⁴ Which.⁵ Hoarse.⁶ Agonised with thirst.⁷ Real.⁸ Fright.⁹ Troubles; disasters.¹⁰ Neither.¹¹ Hill.¹² A single one.¹³ Shall.¹⁴ Straight away.¹⁵ December

31st, 1999.

¹⁶ Die away.¹⁷ Bold.

Cheeny¹ shall not deevided be,
South Africk be united—free!—
Rooshy² shall gnash her tusks a wee,³
 But grab to her
Nae mair⁴ than what we're pleased to gie
 Without demur.

Japan shall rise and Cheeny sink,
Ireland shall shun bombast like stink,
Brave Scotland to her limbs shall clink
 England and Walès,
And a' the Colonies will link
 On to her tails!

Thy last year—nineteen-ninety-nine—
Shall see the Boers wi' Britons dine,
And mutual mourn their wars 'langsyne'⁵
 As 'sins infernal!'
Then droun their grief in tuns o' wine
 And wheich⁶ fraternal!

But I'se⁷ doff here the prophet's cap,
And gladly frae his rostrum drap!
Why need I rave on Russ or Jap,
 Chinee or Boer?—
Me to Obscurity's loved lap
 Ye gods restore!

¹ China. ² Russia. ³ A little. ⁴ No more. ⁵ Of far back
times. ⁶ Whisky. ⁷ I shall.

But ere I toss my mantle aff,
 O! let me owre that ground ca'd ¹ 'calf' ²
 Mak' my prophetic wings to flaff,³
 And eyes to see,
 Thro' a' thy croud—ev'n thy riff-raff
 Of years to be?

In thy last—nineteen-ninety-nine—
 The New Brig's finish'd over Tyne!⁴
 But antiquarians 'can't divine'
 Wha Provost wus
 Whan it was startit, lang, langsyne,
 Wi' furious fuss!

Some sagely threep 'twas 'Weelim Briggs' ⁵—
 His vera name, like 'Clover Riggs,'
 Denotes the fact—the Great Man 'twigs'—
 By its ain ⁶ ring!
 (Let learn'd lawyers shake their wigs—
 Plain truth's the thing!)

Langyester Water ⁷ sune ⁸ ran dry,
 But we hae noo ⁹ a rare supply;
 We tunnel'd Lammer Law ¹⁰ sae high
 And tapp'd the Tweed
 Abune ¹¹ Melrose—or near thereby—
 Wi' pipes o' leid! ¹²

¹ Named.² Calf-ground; native district.³ Flap.⁴ Victoria Bridge, Haddington, the building of which was long and provokingly delayed.⁵ William Briggs, Esq., a well-known and much respected Town Councillor and Dean of Guild of Haddington.⁶ Own.⁷ The main source of supply for the district, but for long a very troublesome one.⁸ Soon.⁹ Have now.¹⁰ The largest of the Lammermoor Hills.¹¹ Above.¹² Lead.

Our streets¹ are paved wi' carpets noo,
 Saft² for the feet, and fair to view ;
 Besides, they'll last a century throo,
 And save the rates
 Some thousands—gif the theory's true
 The Provost states !

To twal³ times lairger noo⁴ has groun
 Our auncient auld John Knox's Toun ;
 Montgomerie's Mills⁵ did beat, fell soon,
 Baith⁶ steam and Tyne
 To grund their 'shepherds yitts' a' doun
 And 'Bermaline.'⁷

We have claith⁸ factories—a score !
 Distilleries and brew'ries—more !
 Tanwarks twa mile alang Tyne shore !
 Schules,⁹ coorts,¹⁰ and clubs !
 Wash-houses, hospitals, and store
 O' kirks and pubs !

Electric railways lang we've haen,
 But maist folk noo to *flee* are fain ;¹¹
 In upper air the track's their ain,¹²
 Fenceless, and—*free* !
 There 'lairds' and trespass laws are nane,¹³
 Nor 'bobbies' be ?

¹ For long deemed 'infamous' by cyclists and others for roughness and gigantic cobble stones. ² Soft ; pleasant. ³ Twelve. ⁴ Now.

⁵ The celebrated Bermaline Mills, Nungate, Haddington. ⁶ Both.

⁷ Shepherd Oats and Bermaline flour, famous products of these mills. ⁸ Cloth. ⁹ Schools. ¹⁰ Burgh Courts, etc. ¹¹ Given.

¹² Own. ¹³ None.

Hoo nice at kirk time 'tis to see
 The crouds o' weel-dress'd Christians flee,
 Thicker than wild-deuks¹ frae the bree,²
 Or cushie doos,³
 That rise frae turnip fields on hie⁴
 Whan⁵ man pursues!

Alack!⁶ thae⁷ wonders we hae seen,
 Thro' my twa auld prophetic een,⁸
 Shall only come when we're a' clean
 Swept to that bourne,
 Whase hames⁹ are grassy hillocks green
 Round kirks forlorn!

Lord! let Thy mercies all avail
 And die not as the years that fail,
 Like leaves which strow gray Autumn's gale
 Withouten stop!—
 Then in our sauls nae¹⁰ ills can quail
 One heavenly hope!

EDINBURGH, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1900.

¹ Wild-ducks. ² Water. ³ Wood-pigeons. ⁴ High.
⁵ When. ⁶ Alas. ⁷ These. ⁸ Eyes. ⁹ Whose homes.
¹⁰ No.

III.—RHYMING IN THE NEW CENTURY.

It strikes!—'tis twal ¹ o'clock!—'tis done!

Anither ² century's begun!

Anither ane auld Time hath run

To naucht ³ this hour!

An' yet, tho' myriads he hath won,

How dread's his power!

Fill up the jorum ⁴ till it flow!

We'se ⁵ never see anither go!

Ere this ane's ⁶ run, hoo lown ⁷ an' low

We a' sall ⁸ be!

Blythe New Year morns nae mair ⁹ will know

Or you or me!

But, hark! the sound of hurrying feet

Comes thundering alang the street!

Bells ring, wild cheers arise to greet

This rousing morn!

That sees a century complete,

Anither born!

A' life gaes ¹⁰ forward—ne'er lang *back*—

Time hath but progress in his pack;

If 'slow,' the carle ¹¹ is never slack

To toddle on,

And lend us aye the tither whack, ¹²

Whan e'er we drone!

¹ Twelve. ² Another. ³ Nought. ⁴ Social cup. ⁵ We
 shall. ⁶ One's. ⁷ How still. ⁸ Shall. ⁹ No more.
¹⁰ Moves. ¹¹ Old fellow. ¹² The other lick.

Weel, weel! The hunner¹ years awa'
 May e'en be missed by ane and a'!²
 Wha o' them kenn'd a curn³ ava⁴—
 Say, twa-three score—
 Alas! their guid⁵ things, grit an' sma',⁶
 Folk know no more!

The 'fine fun' o' the coaching days!—
 The schules⁷—lang lessons and short plays;
 The 'true' tales about 'oupes' and 'fays,'
 'Witches' and 'ghosts.!'
 'Highwaymen'—lurking owre the braes⁸
 In perfect hosts!

And 'ghouls,' 'ogres,' waterkelpies,
 'Giants,' 'deils' to fricht⁹ and skelp¹⁰ us,—
 Gif¹¹ our 'Scriptures' couldna¹² help us—
 O, great mishap!—
 With us, thae¹³ moments, tinklers' whalpies¹⁴
 Lives wadna swap!¹⁵

Noo, a' thae dear auld fears are sped!
 'Fore 'knowledge' they hae slowly fled,
 Until their awesomeness and dread
 Have dwindled noo
 Doun to the merest shadowy shred
 Ripe age can view!

¹ Hundred. ² One and all. ³ Number. ⁴ At all. ⁵ Good.
⁶ Great and small. ⁷ Schools. ⁸ Over rising grounds.
⁹ Frighten. ¹⁰ Flog. ¹¹ If. ¹² Could not. ¹³ These.
¹⁴ Tinkers' puppies. ¹⁵ Would not exchange.

Our late unfranchised freens ¹ hae votes,
 And maunna ² button up their coats,
 And say, as they could lang syne, 'Totts!
 What does it matter?
 Folk thrive as weel on Wemyss' "*bong notes*,"
 As Haldane's "*chatter*?"' ³

Poor wages, working hours as lang
 As working hours could be made gang; ⁴
 Dwallings like cruives, ⁵ where swine amang
 Prime swill ⁶ an' strae ⁷
 Wad ⁸ ne'er keep life in—richt or wrang, ⁹
 Pass fast awae!

'Parritch' ¹⁰ an' 'crowdie' ¹¹—fresh or stale—
 'Red herrin' ¹² 'ingans,' ¹³ 'muslin kail,' ¹⁴
 'Bannocks' ¹⁵ and 'brose' ¹⁶ o' barley meal,
 'Sour-dook' ¹⁷ in 'bickers,' ¹⁸
 Folk shun as snakes—to pick an' wale ¹⁹
 New-fangled 'liquors!'

'Sow-backit mutches,' 'snoods,' 'short-gouns,'
 'Coal-scuttle bonnets,' 'lappets' ²⁰—crouns

¹ Friends. ² Must not. ³ The Earl of Wemyss, and the Rt.
 Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., the Ex-M.P. and present M.P. for
 East Lothian respectively. ⁴ Go. ⁵ Pig-styes. ⁶ Pig-feed.
⁷ Straw. ⁸ Would. ⁹ Right or wrong. ¹⁰ Porridge.
¹¹ Oatmeal and water. ¹² Smoked herrings. ¹³ Onions.
¹⁴ Soup made of vegetables and water. ¹⁵ Cakes baked on
 girdles. ¹⁶ A pottage made by pouring boiling water on oatmeal.
¹⁷ Sour milk. ¹⁸ Wooden dishes. ¹⁹ Select, choose. ²⁰ All
 obsolete articles or items of feminine apparel.

Like Dunbar wrecks, in whilk¹ young loons,²
 The time the 'drave,'³
 Whyles⁴ in the sunny afternoons
 The brine will brave.

'Pads,' 'stiff-stairch'd coats,' and 'crinolines'
 That made our darlings like 'divines,'
 Swall out—angelic superfines,
 I' the gloaming licht,⁵
 And fenced me aff yon lass o' mine's,
 Nicht⁶ after nicht!

A' these, with the deid⁷ century,
 Are gane! and, peradventure aye,
 This may my Muse mak' canter aye
 Like our cat 'Nap,'
 Wha lacks a limb instanter aye,
 Whan catch'd in trap!

Yet, sirs! had we but only these
 To wail the loss o', peace and ease
 Micht have doun-sattled, by degrees,
 On our auld lives—
 In spite o' bathers wi' bawbees,⁸
 And wapps⁹ wi' wives!

But och, och-hon! that arch-fiend 'Lore,'
 Hath rifled our sauls' hoarded store!

¹ Which. ² Wild lads. ³ Time the *drave* or shoal of herrings
 being off the Dunbar coast. ⁴ Sometimes. ⁵ Light. ⁶ Night.
⁷ Dead. ⁸ Troubles with money. ⁹ Rows, bickerings.

Now ' simple faith ' may dwell no more
 Their bounds within !
 And doubts usurp, and rin them o'er,
 Sicker ¹ as sin !

Were it not for that hero—Hope,
 We boud ² to falter without stop
 Until we fainted, and did drop
 Beneath our care,
 Like miners, whan in vain they grope
 For licht ³ an' air !

But Hope, Heaven-born, never dies !
 But cheers our lives and dries our eyes
 Whan doubt, or ' science,' robs our skies
 Of ev'ry star,
 And we're dung gyte,⁴ nor can surmise
 Ev'n whare we are !

Therefore, may HOPE, *this hallow'd* MORN,
Shine bright, an' our board-en ⁵ *adorn !*
 This century—I will be sworn—
 For a' Man's race,
 Sall ⁶ bring that whilk ⁷ nae ⁸ prophets born
 May guess or trace !

Nae ' prophets,' sure ; but what of ' bards ' ?
 Are they no *seers* on the cards ?

¹ Immovable, dogged. ² But. ³ Light. ⁴ Driven mad. ⁵ Head
 of table. ⁶ Shall. ⁷ Which. ⁸ No.

Do they not aft fore-cast rewards
 To their kind freens ? ¹
 Whan deil ² a ' prophet ' them regards,
 Or to'rds them leans ?

Therefore, like Tam o' Ercildoune,
 An' scores o' ithers roun' an' roun',
 Wha claim nae prophet's gifted croun,³
 Nor inspired tongue,
 We dare guess what may happen soon,
 Or auld or young.

Throo-out the century now in,
 The Boers their lost States shanna fin',⁴
 But, wanting what they winna ⁵ win,
 Be as content
 As folk wha, craving brigs, had ane,⁶
 And ne'er mair ⁷ kent.⁸

A NEW ANE, whilk ⁹ they tried to build,
 For mony ¹⁰ years their best befuled ! ¹¹—
 (To build a brig folk maun be schuled,¹²
 And weel train'd till't !
 Syne ! ere the deid ¹³ century had cool'd,
 Ane micht ¹⁴ been built !)

Our streets, within the hunner ¹⁵ years,
 Of coorse sall ¹⁶ still graze goats an' steers ;

¹ Friends. ² Devil. ³ Head. ⁴ Shall not find. ⁵ Will not.

⁶ One already. ⁷ More. ⁸ Knew, possessed. An allusion to the provokingly long-delayed New Bridge at Haddington.

⁹ Which. ¹⁰ Many. ¹¹ Befooled. ¹² Schooled. ¹³ Dead.

¹⁴ Might have. ¹⁵ Hundred. ¹⁶ Of course, shall.

Our highways, public haunts, an' squares,
Than ¹ in mid-air,
 Will rugg ² nae dread rates unawares
 Aff rich or puir ! ³

Things sall be remedied a' owre,
 Our workers will alone have power,
 And dwell in mansions, dirt or stowre ⁴
 Shall never stain !
 Far from the slums whare gentles cow'r,
 An curse, an' grane ! ⁵

With reverence then, we hail this day,
 Waste not it a' on ' ploys ' or ' play,'
 But let humility have sway,
 And serious thocht, ⁶
 In fear we slip, or wend astray,
 To joys ' dear bocht ! ' ⁷

Its awfu' meanin' comes us over,
 And shakes us as the wind the clover ;
 The hail ⁸ *Cosmos* our free thoughts cover—
 Stars, ages, space !
 Till, mystified, neth ⁹ them we hover,
 And hide our face !

' Stupendous ! ' ' illimitable ! '
 The Universe appears a raible ¹⁰

¹ Then. ² Force. ³ Poor. ⁴ Dust. ⁵ Groan.
⁶ Thought, concern. ⁷ Bought. ⁸ Whole. ⁹ Beneath.
¹⁰ Tangle.

Ev'n Man's astuteness is unable
 To track or threid ¹
 Back far'er than to Thebes or Babel—
 Calf ground o's breed !

O Lord ! Creator and sustainer !
 ' Unknown ! ' ' Unknowable ' ! Thine ain ² are,
 urely, Thy children wha do plainer
 Strive to see Thee !
 Oh ! may this century a gainer
 To them a' be !

EDINBURGH, 1st January, 1901—

First Day of the Twentieth Century.

IN THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

VERSES ENCLOSED IN A LETTER TO MR GEORGE
 KING—AN OLD FARM FRIEND.

King George the Last ! I gat thy letter,
 And, sire, I couldna ³ had it fitter,
 For I was barglin ⁴ owre a whitter,⁵
 With " Paper " Broun—
 Out-threshing its same occult maitter,
 Whan 'twas flung down !

¹ Thread. ² Own. ³ Could not. ⁴ Discussing warmly. ⁵ Social cup.

Broun's a sair vratch ¹! —(thou kens him weel—
 Yon turk thou threepit ² wi' at Biel!) ³
 I'm blow'd, an he no owre my skeel ⁴
 Nigh had the better,
 Whan, pat! burst in our Posty chiel,
 Wi' thy royal letter!

I tauld ⁵ our souple ⁶ freen' about ye,
 He laugh'd, and said he durstna ⁷ doubt ye
 (Auld Reekie ⁸ has nae keener scoutie
 'Mang a' his tribe!
 he's baith ⁹ the baaby ¹⁰ and the booty
 Of Brown the scribe.) ¹¹

Quo' he—' His Mayjesty is richt, ¹²
 Auld Reekie's in a sairous ¹³ plicht?
 A burlesque in this cent'ry's sicht,
 A lang-tailed Mock—
 A contradictory Moral Fricht—
 I'm born to dock!

' Sae, Samil, write ¹⁴ and note the King
 Ane's ¹⁵ come this monstrous Farce to ping! ¹⁶
 Yea! a' its hallow shams, by jing—
 Guffaws and groans—
 He's here that sall ¹⁷ by ship-loads string
 To Davy Jones!

¹ Strange wretch. ² Argued persistently. ³ A well-known place
 near Dunbar. ⁴ Ability. ⁵ Told. ⁶ Supple. ⁷ Dared not.
⁸ Edinburgh. ⁹ Both. ¹⁰ Baby. ¹¹ Writer, journalist.
¹² Right. ¹³ Serious. ¹⁴ Write. ¹⁵ One. ¹⁶ Beat; put
 down. ¹⁷ Shall.

' Deep a' maun sink—*a' that is fause*¹—
 It canna itherwise,² because !
 Why, man, I'm ben the Age's hause³
 As far as ony,⁴
 And diagnose creeds, systems, laws,
 Flit fast to Jonnie !

' We'se sweep the Warld's boord,⁵ I trow !
 We'se mak' a bonfire and a lowe⁶
 Sall gar⁷ your great Vesuvius cowe⁸
 And crouch for shame
 That she for fierce or fiery glowe
 E'er had a name !

' Kirks ? Kick-shaws ! tubs o' truth an' trash !
 Mixt wines and slops—a nauseous hash !
 Eneuch⁹ to bring the water-brash¹⁰
 Upon a Black !¹¹
 We'se *tirl*¹² them sune¹³ wi' little fash,¹⁴
 And that's a fac' !

' Their buildings ? Poo¹⁵ them 'doun ? Na, na !
 We lo'e the temples best of a' !
 But we their pu'pits, grit an' sma',¹⁶
 Sall mak' to shine
 As lichts that truth hersel' will shaw
 I' mirkest mine !

¹ False. ² Cannot otherwise. ³ Throat. ⁴ Any. ⁵ Board.
⁶ Blaze. ⁷ Shall make. ⁸ Cool down. ⁹ Enough.
¹⁰ Heartburn. ¹¹ Negro. ¹² Uncover, overhaul. ¹³ Soon.
¹⁴ Trouble. ¹⁵ Pull. ¹⁶ Great and small.

‘ Nae mincers ! nae equivocators !
 Saying “ *lovers*,” meaning *haters* !
 Qualifeeing—(silly craiturs !)—
 Every sentence
 With the oppositest maitters—
 Wut,¹ or nonsense !

‘ Am I a Socialist ? Far mair ²—
 And chief for justice everywhare !
 I coddle nowther ³ rich nor puir ⁴
 For pelf nor place !
 Nor grab nor grant but what is fair
 For a’ man’s race !

Nae ⁵ wars !? We sall hae instant war !
 War to’ a feenish, near and far—
 ‘Gainst every blot and every scaur,
 An’ sin and shame,
 That doth full happiness debar
 Man’s humblest hame !

‘ Nae peace ? Why, Samil, whare’s yer heid ?
 To what end else does just war lead ? ⁶
 Man ! with your wife, whan disagreed,
 What fallows sure ?
 First tirrivees, ⁷ syne, ⁸ *peace* indeed,
 Deep and secure !’

¹ Intelligence.

² More.

³ Neither.

⁴ Poor.

⁵ No.

⁶ Your head.

⁷ Domestic squalls.

⁸ Then.

‘ Dick Broun ! ’ cried I, ‘ Dick, wale ¹ your words !
 At loggerheids, and e’en drawn swurds, ²
 I am with either loons or lords
 Wha daur ³ to hint
 That Tib an’ me have e’er discords,
 Out bed, or in’t ! ’

‘ Why, Samil ! wad ye bosh me, tae ? ⁴
 A waif that aft mak’s mair adae
 About a trump’ry sark ⁵ or shae ⁶
 That lacks a button
 Than did yon King whase hail ⁷ array
 Was made moths’ mutton !

‘ And if a-bed you twa agree,
 The gloris news high pleases me !
 For tho’ I like to hear a lee ⁸
 That pruves invention,
 I love connubial amitie
 Beyond a’ mention ! ’

‘ Dick,’ I retortit, ‘ hoos’t ⁹ wi’ you ?
 Is Nellie no’ on fit ¹⁰ enoo
 That ye sic freedom doth alloo—
 Yer ain lane lippens ? ¹¹
 Fears she-na, “ Dickie ” may construe
 Such “ leave ” for “ licence ” ?

¹ Choose.² Swords.³ Who dare.⁴ Too.⁵ Shirt.⁶ Shoe.⁷ Whole.⁸ A lie.⁹ How is it.¹⁰ Foot.¹¹ Trusts so far alone.

‘ Like charity, reform begins—
Whan it is true—experience fin’s—
Whaur ¹ it is born, syne outward wins,
 Just as it grows ;
But it nae ² ribald noisy dins
 Doth e’er disclose ! ’

‘ Sam ! this warld’s wrang !—its “ systems ” vile !
Outrageous contrasts shame its soil,
A few surfeiting—crouds, the while,
 For needfu’ breid,³
Chain’d slaves ! in direst misery toil,
 And doug ⁴ lives lead ! ’

‘ Wae’s me ! poor Dickie ! but, what syne ? ⁵
Think ye with blatant bosh supine
E’er to command that be divine
 What’s a’ through bad ?
Na, na ! anither ⁶ way than thine
 Succeeds, my lad !

‘ Look West, look West ! midst reek and rain,
The Warld’s redemption springs again,
And crinch by crinch ⁷ the people’s ain
 They’re winning back,
Comforting multitudes, while nane
 Is wrang’d one plack !

¹ Where.

² No.

³ Bread.

⁴ Dog.

⁵ What then.

⁶ Another.

⁷ Bit by bit.

‘ Sae, as of yore out of the East
 The “ Wise Men ” tramp’d, their sauls to feast,
 Do ye the like, my bumptious priest,
 *This verra ’oor,*¹—
 And learn that “ Heaven,”—just yet, at least,—
 Is immature !

‘ Dick ! “ step by step ” is sure, if slow,
 And, surely, *safest*, here below,
 Whaur every ither rood we go—
 Our course to bar—
 We meet a brute or human foe,
 Swamp, sea, or scaur ? ’²

‘ Weel, Samil ! ’ hen-peck’d Dick rejoin’d,
 ‘ To halt a wee I’m whyles³ inclined,
 As Nell, ye ken, is of a mind—
 “ What is, is best ”—
 And, raither than roused woman-kind,
 I’ll face the West !

‘ However, to your country crony,
 King George the Grand, ne’er let on ony⁴
 But that I am the People’s son aye,
 Their Champion chiel’⁵—
 The Thunderin’ Napoleon Bona
 He faucht⁶ at Biel !

¹ Instantly, this hour. ² Precipice. ³ Sometimes. ⁴ Say
 otherwise. ⁵ Fellow ; leader ⁶ Fought.

' Tell him his liegeman's coming out
Ance¹ Nellie weel gets owre this tout,²
To swear allegiance, kiss his foot,
Or Royal tae,³
And drink his dynasty, to boot,
May last for aye ! '

Awa' he set, the gabbie⁴ deil—
Never to do haet mair, atweel !⁵
I've kenn'd him thus harangue wi' skeel⁶
And mobs defy,
Synne hame the veriest poltroon steal—
If ' Nell ' drew nigh !

Sae, in thy lug,⁷ auld ' neibor⁸ Geordie,'
Weigh ye the scribbler word by word aye,
And mind them just as they accord aye
Wi' thine ain notions
Of what is slim, and what is sturdy,
In thy devotions !

¹ Once. ² Indisposition. ³ Toe. ⁴ Talkative. ⁵ Aught
more, indeed. ⁶ Ability. ⁷ Ear. ⁸ Neighbour.

THE END.

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